The Outlook

VOLUME 100 . JANUARY 27, 1912 NUMBER 4

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS — FIFTY-TWO ISSUES — THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

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POSTAGE is prepaid on subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 to the regular subscription price for postage.

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The Outlook

JANUARY 27, 1912

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief
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Contributing Editor

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For the cover of this month's issue Mr. Edwards has used as his motif the cartouche, which was in great favor for the decoration of books and manuscripts during the reign of Francis I and Henry II. This form of decoration was introduced into France by the Italian artists of the Fontainebleau School, and was largely employed by Primaticcio in his decorations in the Château of Fontainebleau. During the sixteenth century this style prevailed in Italy, Spain, France, Germany, the Netherlands, and England, and its influence may be felt, particularly in Germany, to the present day. It is the tradition that this form of cartouche had its origin in the decorated shields or armorial bearings of the combatants in the tournaments. These shields were hung on rich tapestries surrounding the tribune of the judges, and, being sometimes made of leather and thick pasteboard, became warped and twisted by the sun and rain into many fantastic shapes.

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A GOVERNOR AND TWO COLONELS

In lonely places, where people have not much of importance to talk about, they talk about one another. And, as a rule, what they say is not very agreeable. A stranger who had followed the course of political discussion in the newspapers last week would have reason for imagining that the United States was a very lonely place. The chief subject of political discussion seemed to be what Colonel Watterson said that Governor Wilson said to Colonel Harvey about what Colonel Harvey had been saying about Governor Wilson, and the manner which Colonel Watterson ascribed to Governor Wilson when he made his remark to Colonel Harvey. This seems to have relegated the discussion of the revision of the tariff, the President's Message upon economy and efficiency, the question as to the proper regulation of trusts, and other such questions to a position of secondary importance. It seems that "Harper's Weekly," which is generally supposed to be an independent paper with Republican antecedents, has been urging upon the Democratic party its recommendation that that party nominate for the Presidency Governor Woodrow Wilson. Suddenly, without explanation, "Harper's Weekly" dropped its advocacy of Governor Wilson. After four weeks of silence, "Harper's Weekly," in its issue for January 20, "with great reluctance and the deepest regret," announced:

> The name of Woodrow Wilson as our candidate for President was taken down from the head of these columns in response to a statement, made to us directly by Governor Wilson, to the effect that our support was affecting his candidacy injuriously.
>
> The only course left open to us, in simple fairness to Mr. Wilson, no less than in consideration of our own self-respect, was to cease to advocate his nomination.

No sooner was this announcement made than Colonel Henry Watterson, in the Louisville "Courier-Journal," of which he is the editor, issued a statement as witness of the interview between Governor Wilson and Colonel Harvey, editor of "Harper's Weekly." In this statement Colonel Watterson assures the public that nothing discourteous or unfriendly passed during the interview, although Colonel Watterson undertakes to characterize Governor Wilson's manner as austere. The one important fact that Colonel Watterson states is that the initiative did not come from Governor Wilson. Indeed, Colonel Watterson himself, according to his own statement, suggested that Colonel Harvey ought to moderate his advocacy of Governor Wilson; and at this particular interview, according to Colonel Watterson's own statement, it was Colonel Harvey who "put the direct question to Governor Wilson whether the support of 'Harper's Weekly' was doing him an injury." When Governor Wilson gave his answer, Colonel Harvey, according to the other Colonel, "was grievously wounded." In the light of these two statements by the two Colonels, it is difficult to see why Governor Wilson should be, as he has been, accused of ingratitude. On the published statements of facts, there is nothing in Governor Wilson's course that is incompatible with a sense of gratitude to a friend and appreciation of his services. If Colonel Harvey did not want his question answered, he should not have asked it; and since he did ask it, it is scarcely fair for him to give the impression that Governor Wilson "made a statement" rather than answered a question. The delight with which certain Democrats, as well as Republicans, have welcomed this incident as an injury to Governor Wilson's prospects, is a measure of the impression which Governor Wilson has made on the American people as a progressive leader.

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EFFICIENT GOVERNMENT

"I have stated that the Congress, the President, and the administrative officers are attempting to discharge the duties with which they are intrusted without full information as to the agencies through which the work of the Government is being performed." This is a statement from President Taft's Message on Efficiency and Economy which he transmitted to Congress last week. In substance this Message sets forth the main facts that have been discovered by an Efficiency and Economy Commission that was created last June. As a result of the investigations carried on by this Commission, the President states that it is beyond question that many millions of savings may be realized. For example, a million dollars, it is estimated, could be saved by abolishing the Revenue Cutter Service and apportioning its activities among other services. There are numerous other savings possible. Most people do not know what a "jurat" is. The President informs us that, as it is now used in connection with Government accounts, it costs about sixty thousand dollars a year, and is entirely unnecessary. The President also points out the great expense due to the lack of business methods. To cite a single instance, in the distribution of public documents there is a waste of a quarter of a million of dollars because of a bad system. Few people know that the annual cost of travel to the Government is about twelve million dollars. A great deal of this can be saved. It is not only money, however, that should be saved, but also the time and energy of public officials, from the President down. The removal of local officers from the realm of political patronage, the President points out, would not only reduce the pay-roll, but would also enable the President and Members of Congress to devote the time they now spend over matters of patronage to the really important questions of policy and administration. This is not merely a question of economy in the sense of saving money, but also a question of efficiency. Indeed, the best kind of economy is efficiency. There is nothing that is done so economically as that which is done thoroughly well. To secure such economy and efficiency will require further investigation and further plans. There ought to be many changes made in the organization of Departments and Bureaus. There ought to be action taken that will save this country from the reproach that it is the only great civilized country that does not make a budget—that is, that does not make its appropriations in accordance with a systematic outline of its needs. The President asks that this Commission be continued. That is a most moderate request. He has pointed out that the savings which have already been made have more than paid for the cost of the Commission. We cannot imagine that the country would credit for a moment the sincerity of a Congress which, on the plea of economy, would obstruct the continuance of investigations that are necessary before real economy can be secured.

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THE POST-OFFICE AND THE TELEGRAPH

The Postmaster-General has recommended the acquisition by the Federal Government of the telegraph lines throughout the United States, and their operation as a part of the postal system. Mr. Hitchcock's recommendation, it appears, was made without the knowledge of the President, although the matter was discussed with him a year ago, and the decision reached that that was not the proper time to bring the matter up. In a statement from the White House it is explained that the Postmaster-General intended to bring the matter to the attention of the President before his recommendation was made public, but that he was suddenly called out of town without having done so. This method of making a recommendation for such an enormous undertaking seems to be a little informal. But if the President does not object to such informality on the part of a member of his Cabinet, we do not see why any one else should. Mr. Hitchcock favors the Government ownership of the telegraph lines because the experience of other countries—fifty in all, including every great country of Europe—indicates that the government-controlled telegraph is a successful and profitable institution. In every instance, says Mr. Hitchcock, it has been found to be of immense practical benefit to the people, both in the quality and in the cost of the service. Because of the more extensive organization already maintained by the postal service, and because of the freedom from taxation and other charges which private corporations are subject to, he believes that the Government could undoubtedly afford greater facilities at lower rates. "Next to the introduction of a general parcels post, for which there is a strong popular demand," the Postmaster-General concludes, "the establishment of a Government telegraph system offers, in my judgment, the best opportunity for the profitable extension of the Nation's postal service." Mr. Hitchcock's arguments for Government ownership and operation of the telegraph lines as a part of the postal service are sound. There is no real distinction between the transmission of messages written on paper and inclosed in an envelope and the transmission of messages by an electric current over a wire, which would make one a proper function of government and the other not. And the experience of the world shows that there can be little question that government-owned telegraphs would be for the public benefit through improved facilities and lowered rates. But there are two improvements in the Post-Office Department which ought to be carried to accomplishment before the acquisition of the telegraph lines is seriously thought of. Mr. Hitchcock has pointed out one—the parcels post. The other is even more fundamental. It is the reorganization of the Post-Office Department in accordance with the principles of modern business efficiency. A plan to this effect was proposed by a Congressional commission after elaborate investigation, and was embodied in the so-called Carter-Weeks Bill. The increase of the business of the Post-Office and of its efficiency, which has transformed the former deficit into a surplus, has obscured the need for such a reorganization, but it has not done away with it. The first thing that Congress ought to do for the Post-Office Department is to enact a law equivalent to the Carter-Weeks Bill; the second thing is to establish a parcels post. Meanwhile, it will do no harm to talk about the acquisition of the telegraph lines by the Post-Office Department, provided the talk about this proposal is not allowed to interfere with action on the others.

* * *

A NEEDLESS LABOR WAR

The acts of violence at Lawrence, Massachusetts, last week were the inevitable accompaniments to the evil practice of applying the methods of war instead of those of conciliation to labor problems. Lawrence would not have seen riots in her streets, nor would it have been found necessary to repulse raging mobs at the point of the bayonet, had the question at issue been calmly considered by an adequate and impartial tribunal before hostilities in the form of strikes began. Such a tribunal, although its powers are not complete or final, exists in the State Board of Conciliation and Arbitration. Under the law of New Zealand a strike would have been impossible until after the capitalists and workmen had submitted the question at issue; and if either had refused to do so, or to abide by the decision, the law provides adequate punishment. Under the less stringent law of Canada every possible incentive would have been offered to the contending parties to present their case. In Massachusetts the Board of Conciliation offered its services, but not, as we understand it, until the war was on. The mill-workers promptly agreed to submit their side of the case; the mill-owners declined to do so. Efforts to come to terms are now being made by the two hostile forces. However these may result, it is regrettable that the whole matter has not been laid before the Board of Conciliation, for principles and questions are involved of more than local or temporary significance. A new State law had reduced the week of the mill employees from fifty-six to fifty-four hours, which is equivalent to six days of nine hours each. At the time of an earlier reduction from fifty-eight to fifty-six hours the mill-owners had continued the wages at the former rate, but at the last reduction the mill-owners refused to pay their men the same amount for a fifty-four-hour week as they had paid for a fifty-six-hour week. Thereupon the men went on strike, and, after going out, they enlarged their demands to include an increase of fifteen per cent in wages from the old sum and demanded other concessions. The two points of view are obvious. The mill-owners feel that they ought not to pay the same amount as before for a reduced amount of work; the wage-earners, on the other hand, hold that the entire purpose of the people of the State in advocating and passing the law was not to reduce what the men considered their already insufficient wage, but to establish a work-day which shall be in time reasonable and humane. Here is a serious question, with much to be urged on each side. It may at least be fairly asked whether, when the State establishes hours of labor, it should not also keep a controlling hand on the adjustment of wages to the new situation. But the matter of highest public moment is that such questions should be settled before there is precipitated a bitter conflict, involving great loss of money, great waste of time and labor, often continued suffering to the workmen, and involving also, in a town filled with fifty thousand workers and their sympathizers, deplorable violence. It is equally certain that the State and city are to be upheld in their sharp and stringent checking of violent demonstrations. When the Italian flag-bearer at the head of the mill-workers' procession shouted to the officer of the militia, "The American flag can go anywhere," that officer did the fit and right thing in first ordering his men to salute the flag, and then ordering them to fix bayonets to enforce his orders.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS

In Germany the Socialists have made a great gain. This has been shown by the elections to the lower house of the German Parliament, the Reichstag. In these elections, which have filled more than half of the three hundred and ninety-seven seats, the most notable feature was the gain of twenty-six seats by the Social-Democratic party, as the organized political body of the Socialists is called. The addition of these twenty-six seats to the fifty-three that the Socialists had in the late Reichstag, with probably more to follow, makes a remarkable showing. These seats represent a popular vote of nearly four and a half million. This enormous vote is, of course, inadequately represented by the Socialist membership in the Reichstag. This is because of the unequal distribution of seats there. Each State elects as many Reichstag representatives as it contains multiples of 100,000, but the representatives are still apportioned among the voters on the basis of the census of 1866! This means that the German cities, which have grown amazingly during the last half-century, have practically no greater representation in Parliament than they had at the close of the American Civil War. Berlin, for instance, has only six representatives; while on a basis of one to one hundred thousand it should have twenty-five. Since the Social-Democratic party has flourished mainly in the cities—nearly every urban workman is a Socialist voter—half of that party is practically disfranchised. When, despite that limitation, the Parliamentary percentage of increase is at least fifty per cent, while the popular is nearly forty per cent, then the advance of democracy is indeed impressive.

WHAT THE GERMAN SOCIALISTS WANT

The Social-Democratic programme embraces the following demands:

1. Abolition of plural voting (existing only in Prussia).
2. Local self-government.
3. The Imperial Government entirely responsible to Parliament.
4. Church disestablishment (not an immediately practical reform).
5. Free public schools.
6. Freedom of the press.
7. Lowered cost of living.
8. Lessened military burdens.
9. Gratuitous legal proceedings.
10. Gratuitous medical attendance.
11. Gratuitous burial.

Only the last three demands would seem to be Socialistic; hence the name of the party might, it would seem, be thus emphasized—Social-*Democratic*. Beginning as a doctrinaire party, its members frequently quoting Marx and Lassalle, it has apparently become an eminently practical party. While some of its leaders remain extremists—opposed to private ownership of property, for instance—most of their followers are not Socialists at all in our understanding of that word, but the kind who would be known in this country simply as "Progressives." The significance of the German Socialists' gains is discussed further on another page. The Social Democrats seem to have made their gains at the expense of the Liberals, and especially of the Radical party—the last named being now, for the moment, practically wiped out. Hence, for the first time since the founding of the Empire, Germany is divided, not so much into many political camps—Conservatives, Centrists (the Roman Catholics), Liberals, Radicals, Social Democrats, Poles, etc.—as into two great camps: aristocracy and democracy.

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SECOND BALLOTINGS IN GERMANY

The Government's majority, however, in the new Reichstag should be ample; that is, as long as the Conservative-Centrist combination—the "Blue-Black Bloc"—remains unimpaired. While the Government may thus be free to carry out its home policies (though it should head the Social-Democratic protest against taxation), it is probable that, in the ultimate analysis, its foreign policies will really be made easier by the advance of a distinctly anti-jingo, anti-militarist party. Certainly this advance must discourage the bellicose bigots not only in Germany but also in England and France. Such discouragement will be doubly felt if the Social Democrats gain largely at the second ballotings which must be held in nearly half the districts of the Empire. These are necessary because often no candidate receives an absolute majority of the votes cast. A new election must then be held in which the choice is confined to one of the two candidates who have had the highest number of votes in the first day's voting. As it is not unusual to have four or five candidates make a fair showing in a single Parliamentary district, the candidate polling the highest number on the first day does not always win on the second. The minority candidates often combine to beat him.

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THE POINCARÉ MINISTRY

Not since the establishment of the French Republic has a Cabinet been formed which more brilliantly represents a large number of groups and tendencies than does the Ministry of M. Raymond Poincaré. Something impressive had to succeed the Caillaux Cabinet if the unpleasant impressions made by the charges against its head were to be removed. When Bourse international operations threaten legitimate colonial aspirations, somebody must suffer. Somebody did, and M. Caillaux fell with an eloquent swiftness. It is interesting to observe, however, that the clever M. Clemenceau, who apparently "procured" the Ministry's fall, has not been able also to defeat the Franco-German agreement regarding Morocco. By the unprecedented vote of 440 to 6 the Chamber of Deputies has affirmed its confidence in the Cabinet of the day, whose first official utterance is that the first duty of the Government will be that of ratifying the Franco-German accord on the subject of Morocco and negotiating an accord with Spain. This will permit France speedily to organize her protectorate over Morocco, which is the logical climax of France's African policy. The declaration continues:

> A great republican democracy that seeks to improve its social organization should know above all how to harness its forces of development and submit itself freely to conditions vital to all civilized society. The maintenance of public peace, the rigid repression of crime and offenses against persons and property, and the regular and satisfactory working of the public services belonging to the people constitute the elementary duties of all governments.

The Cabinet also favors a law settling the rights and obligations of public employees; it desires changes in the electoral law granting proportional representation to the political parties, and it would promote the development of the workmen's pension scheme. It promises to defend the public schools against all aggression; it urges rigorous economy in the nation's expenditures and the granting of assistance to the country's commercial activity, while also seeking the development of industry and agriculture. In conclusion, the declaration says that the strengthening of the army and navy will receive special attention. "The army and navy must remain the sacred defenders of the republic and the fatherland. Profoundly pacific as our country may be, it is not always master of all eventualities, and it intends to remain equal to all its duties." Such a programme so outlined might have been expected of such statesmen as the Prime Minister, as ex-Premiers Bourgeois and Briand, and as the others who have been ready to accept minor places in the Cabinet—a striking evidence of patriotic solidarity and self-sacrifice in what otherwise might have been a serious crisis for France.

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A WARNING TO CUBA

Cuba, like the United States, has before it a Presidential campaign. There, as here, politics rise at such a time to a high point of excitement. It might be wished that the coming campaign in Cuba should be fought out on recognized issues relating to the future progress and advance of the country (the abolition of the national lottery ought to be one such issue), but it must be confessed that at present the struggle looks as if it were either to be personal or ultimately to revolve about questions as to who should hold the offices. The present fierce quarrel is not between Liberals and Conservatives, but between President Gomez, himself a Liberal, and the radical section of his own party, who are dissatisfied with his disposition of the offices, and who declare also that his administration has been marked by greed and tainted by fraud. In particular, the veterans of the war with Spain complain that he has allowed men to hold offices who were guerrillas or were Spanish in sentiment during the war, and that he has done this contrary to law. They demand also that more offices be given to veterans, that the preference in their favor recognized by law should be more fully observed, and that army officers be forbidden to take part in active politics. Meanwhile the old division of the Liberal party into two factions—one led by Gomez and one by Dr. Zayas—no longer exists. The factions were reconciled before the Presidential election of 1908 by a recognized understanding that Dr. Zayas should be Vice-President under Gomez and the party's candidate for President at the next election. Nevertheless, it is now generally believed that Gomez will again be the candidate for President. The cause for the remonstrance of last week by our Government was the virulent denunciation of President Gomez by the veterans' associations. Apparently the authorities of Washington were convinced that there was actual and serious peril in the present situation. Our relations with Cuba make it perfectly right for us to issue such a remonstrance on proper occasions, and it may well be that this warning of possible intervention will restrain the agitators from violent measures. On the other hand, it may be pointed out that it is bad policy for the United States to make threats of intervention too often or without the gravest cause. To act otherwise might either precipitate a quite unnecessary intervention, or, on the other hand, weaken the effect of remonstrance on our side. And it must also be remembered that language that may sound revolutionary at a distance may not really indicate pressing danger, for the Cubans are given, under political excitement, to fiery and threatening words. President Gomez has a small but efficient army at his command, and has declared his perfect ability to maintain order and enforce the law.

AMERICAN TROOPS IN CHINA

There are at present several hundred men of the United States Marine Corps in China. They have been despatched thither from the Philippines in small numbers. To this marine force a battalion of five hundred infantrymen has now been added. Our marines have a right to be in China at any time, to serve as a Legation guard at Peking, the Imperial capital. In addition, the assembling of so large a force of marines accords with the invariable practice of our Marine Corps of having a sufficient force on hand to serve as an advance guard to seize and hold landing-places for our army in any foreign operations. It may be remembered that in the Spanish War it was the marines who seized and held Guantanamo and gave the navy a base on shore days before the first soldiers landed. Two years later, in the Boxer rebellion in China, it was the marines who first penetrated into our Legation compound at Peking and enabled the tiny garrison to endure the strain until the arrival of the international forces. Finally, three years later, at Panama, it was the marines who seized the Panama Railway and prevented the clash between Colombians and Panamans. The indications that the revolutionists plan an immediate march on Peking are sufficient to call for the presence of the foreign troops authorized by treaty to guard the foreign legations there and the railway from the sea thither. Among those foreign troops our own will be likely to inspire most confidence, because of our action in resisting the Powers who would partition China. In 1899 Secretary Hay secured pledges for the maintenance of the equality of commercial privileges—the "open door"—not only in China proper, but also within the leased territories and the "spheres of influence or interest" claimed by certain Powers. The year following, right in the midst of the Boxer atrocities, when the Powers were naturally more desirous than ever of "carving up" China, Mr. Hay made a declaration in favor of maintaining China's territorial integrity, and this principle was generally accepted by all the Powers as the basis of their joint action to suppress the disorders which grew out of the Boxer movement. This principle, it is interesting to note, has been incorporated in a number of international agreements, the latest of these international understandings being the Anglo-Japanese agreement of last summer.

HENRY LABOUCHERE

Henry Labouchere, who died in Florence last week in his eighty-first year, and the well-known London newspaper, "Truth," were practically one; it was impossible to distinguish between them. "Truth" was the most personal journal in the world. It was all Labouchere, or "Labby," as he was affectionately called; a gay, irrepressible spirit; as far removed from the conventional English heaviness as George Bernard Shaw. Mr. Labouchere was a patrician, with the manners and poise of his class; but no democrat ever made a freer use of irony, ridicule, and sarcasm when he came to deal with imposing titles which happened to have unimposing persons behind them. A Liberal with a radical bias, a humorous and eloquent speaker, Labouchere lacked the seriousness and restraint which would have given him great political influence. His ability was ample; but he was essentially a critic of life and of manners; aggressive, witty, cultivated, interested in many things, afraid of nothing; a good fellow, much loved by his associates, and popular in spite of his daredevil temper and his habit of free speaking. When he spoke in the House of Commons, everybody listened. He hated charlatans, humbugs, and frauds, and more than one cheat was unearthed by his pertinacity. He did not lack courage; and throughout the Boer War he steadily opposed the policy of the Government, as he steadily denounced shady stock-jobbing enterprises and unscrupulous benevolent institutions. Born in London, educated at Eton and Cambridge, his youth did not lack adventure; for he came to America, lived for a time with a band of Blackfeet Indians, and, it is reported, followed a circus and was concerned in a revolution in Mexico. He was at that time something of a hero of the Richard Harding Davis type, but he grew up, which Mr. Davis's heroes do not always do; and he made "Truth" so interesting and in a way so useful that people had to read it in spite of its audacity and its disregard of conventions.

A JOKE AT LAST

The Outlook has more than once commented on the stupidity of some Irishmen in this country in their treatment of "The Playboy of the Western World." Instead of seeing in Synge the greatest Irishman who has appeared of late years, they have attempted to crowd his fantastic, humorous, and brilliant play off the stage. But at last, in Philadelphia, they have achieved a really old-fashioned Irish joke; for an Irish liquor dealer caused the arrest of the Irish players and their manager, or some of them, on the ground that they are producing an immoral play and violating the law of Pennsylvania, which provides fine and imprisonment for such a production! The joke of a liquor dealer trying to suppress "The Playboy of the Western World" on the ground of its immorality is so obvious that a real Irish wit like Mr. T. P. O'Connor would shudder at it; but, as the first gleam of humor which has appeared in the treatment of this play by a certain class of Irishmen, the country will be grateful for it. The fact that the liquor dealer did not see his own joke makes it all the more amusing. Mr. Yeats, the poet and playwright, says that America is twenty years behind Ireland. Mr. Yeats apparently does not know that opposition to the Irish plays has not come from Americans, but from Irishmen who have not yet imbibed the American spirit. Mr. George Bernard Shaw equally lacks discrimination, and holds the country responsible for the absurdity of a few Irishmen. He goes so far as to declare that "the American Gaels are the real 'playboys' of the Western world," and he characterizes the Irish plays as "the art and literature which has made the names of Synge, Yeats, and Lady Gregory famous, and has called the attention of Europe to the fact that Ireland is a nation with a specific and splendid national genius, and not merely a province of England." Meanwhile a little group of stupid Irishmen are advertising the plays beyond the dreams of theatrical announcements.

A RELIGIOUS WRITER ON THEOLOGY

Dr. William Newton Clarke died last week at Deland, Florida, where he had gone with his wife to spend the winter. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, coming to this country when a young man; graduated from Colgate University in 1861 and from Hamilton Theological Seminary in 1863, and became Professor of Christian Theology in Colgate University in 1890. His "Outline of Christian Theology" (1898) is the most distinctively religious work on a system of theology which we remember ever to have read. It is singularly free from that scholasticism which characterizes most works on systematic theology; deals with theology as a religious experience, not as an intellectual and abstract philosophy;

treats it as a vital and human, and therefore an interesting and valuable, topic. For this reason it is also a most readable book. It was first given to Dr. Clarke's classes as lectures, then printed for private distribution because there was so large a demand for it by his graduates, and finally was published because the public demanded it. We do not know of any work which can be more cordially commended both to laymen and to ministers who wish for a sane and orderly presentation of Christian thought as an interpreter of Christian experience. His other and smaller contributions to Christian literature are conceived and written in the same spirit.

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UNIVERSITY DEGREES

The official organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science gives a free advertisement to the Carnegie University of Wilmington, Delaware, which The Outlook is glad to pass along. This institution advertises "that it is the oldest and most celebrated institution of learning of its kind in the United States, and that, by virtue of the powers invested in the University by the State of Delaware, it confers degrees, including Ph.D.. M.D., LL.D., etc." Recently a member of the staff of the "Journal of the American Medical Association" ascertained by correspondence that the Carnegie University would give him a degree *in absentia*, if he properly answered certain questions. Here are a few of them and the answers which he sent:

Question. What is histology?

Answer. Histology is the study of the history of the anatomy and physiology of the body.

Question. What is embryology?

Answer. Embryology is the study of the new-born baby and how to care for it.

Question. Give pathology, etiology, symptoms, and treatment for malaria.

Answer. Malaria is found in the South and in swampy places. The patient should be given massage to make the bowels move and the spine should be adjusted to improve the circulation. It is also better to have the patient move from a malarial place to where it is dry.

Upon receipt of the answers to these questions the "University" wrote:

> We herewith have the pleasure to inform you that you have passed your examination very satisfactorily, and that the Carnegie University has conferred on you the degree of Doctor of Mechano-Therapy. The diploma will be forwarded to you on receipt of post-office money-order of $50.

This, we repeat, is concerning an institution in Delaware, United States of America—not Tibet or Patagonia.

SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISTS

The American who reads the news summarized on another page in this issue regarding the great gain made by Socialists in Germany should keep in mind that there are Socialists and Socialists. He is perhaps likely to think of these Socialists in terms of Moyer and Haywood, the violent agitators of the Western Federation of Miners, or of Eugene V. Debs, whose popular reputation is supported insecurely upon wild and whirling words, or perhaps of the more sober-minded but bookish visionary of the type represented by Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward." If this American reader imagines that these four and a half million German voters have been putting Moyers and Haywoods, Debses and Bellamys, into the German Parliament, he needs to revise his ideas.

Although Socialists throughout the world agree in the main in certain broad, fundamental economic beliefs, they differ widely even in matters of principle, and still more widely in matters of method. Indeed, it may fairly be said that there is a greater likeness between the views of some Socialists and some American voters who would never think of voting the Socialist ticket than there is, on the one hand, between those Socialists and others whom they call "comrades," and, on the other hand, between those American voters and others no less strongly anti-Socialist. The differences that mark Socialists one from another are in some cases those that are created by temperament, in some cases those that are created by training, and in some cases those created by nationality.

In the United States, for example, the character of the Socialist movement has been greatly affected by the fact that this is a new country, with free institutions, with several varieties of fundamental law, and with a large immigrant population. Here the Socialists have no remnants of feudalism to fight, and have had to contend with the competition of free lands in the West. Consequently they have had to emphasize their distinctly Socialistic economic theories.

In Great Britain the relics of feudalism, particularly in land tenure, and the characteristic British devotion to the practical rather than the theoretical, have driven the Socialists away from the position of the doctrinaire and toward the position of the social reformer; so that the outcome has been a natural alliance between the British Radical and the British Socialist.

In France Socialism has taken on the color of the Gallic temperament. There it is revolutionary, factional, spectacular, rather inefficient, Utopian, and at times explosive. It is in France that that type of Socialism known as Syndicalism, with its disdain for parliamentary methods and its love for theatrical display and attempts at intimidation through force, may be said to be most at home.

In contrast with these and other national types of Socialism, that which flourishes in Germany is distinctively one on behalf of popular, as distinct from oligarchical, government. The German has no special love for revolution as a game, and he has no such faith in voluntary organizations, like trades unions, as have the English and Americans. He has, on the other hand, a deeply rooted devotion to the State, not only as an efficient organization of society, but, in a sense, as the end for which every individual exists. It was inevitable, therefore, that German Socialists, in attempting to bring about the Socialist ideal, should instinctively turn to the State as the one thing that should be converted to Socialism. They found, however, the German State formed upon oligarchical and feudalistic lines; and they found that the parties which existed in Germany were, with the exception of a small group of Radicals, devoid of the elements of democracy. The German Socialists, therefore, had not only to create Socialistic sentiment, they had to create a democratic public opinion. Thus it happens that the Social-Democratic party has grown to be virtually the only party in Germany which represents those ideas in government which we Americans take for granted. A Socialist victory in Germany, therefore, is not the triumph of a band of revolutionaries or doctrinaires, but a sign of the rising tide of democracy—of the principle of government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

Those readers who wish to follow more carefully the differences in Socialists caused by nationality may find them well stated in Sombart's " Socialism and the Socialist Movement," or in that more recently published and extremely able volume by Professor O. D. Skelton, entitled " Socialism: A Critical Analysis," in which the national characteristics of Socialists are acutely discussed.

If, as Professor Skelton says, " every country gets the Socialists it deserves," the world has reason to think well of the German Empire.

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WHAT IS THE USE?

It is currently reported that the Senate is willing to ratify the pending arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France, provided that the power to determine, when any question arises, whether it is justiciable or not is left to the Senate to determine. Which recalls some interesting history.

Years ago, at the first or second meeting of the International Arbitration Conference at Lake Mohonk, held before the first Hague Conference, a distinguished member of the New York bar, not now living, prophesied that the chief obstacle to a general arbitration treaty would be the United States Senate. He said—we are quoting from memory—that the effect of a general arbitration treaty would be to transfer the settlement of international difficulties from the Executive Department to a judicial tribunal. To such a transfer the Senate would be very loth to consent. No body, he said, was ever known to be willing to part with a power which it had long exercised.

In 1904 general arbitration treaties with ten nations were negotiated. Questions of national honor, vital interest, etc., were excepted. It was left to the President to determine in any given case whether the question came within the specified exceptions. The Senate refused to ratify the treaties unless it was left to the President and the Senate acting together to determine that question. The treaties were abandoned.

In 1908 and 1909 similar treaties, with nineteen different nations, were again negotiated, but they left the Senate, acting with the President, to determine whether the question involved should or should not be arbitrated. The Senate confirmed them.

In 1911 new treaties were negotiated with Great Britain and France. The exception was changed. In the new treaty the questions not to be left to arbitration were not questions of national honor, vital interests, etc., but questions which were not justiciable. And it was left to a Joint High Commission to determine whether any special question was justiciable. The Senate refused to ratify the treaties. Now it is proposed that the Joint High Commission shall be advisory only, and that the question as to what is justiciable shall always be referred to the

President and the Senate for final determination, and it is affirmed that, *with this change*, the Senate is willing to ratify.

The conclusion is plain. The Senate does not care what the exceptions are, provided the Senate is left to determine in each particular case whether the question at issue shall or shall not be arbitrated. It is quite as easy to say respecting any question that it is not justiciable as to say that it affects national honor or vital interests.

The treaties as amended, like the treaties which they will supersede, are simply tantamount to a declaration by the Senate: We approve of arbitrating all questions that can be arbitrated, provided it is left to us to determine, when each case arises, whether it can be arbitrated or not.

It can do no harm for the Senate to say that.

And not much good.

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CHARLES DICKENS

A hundred years crowded with striking events have passed since Charles Dickens was born in Portsea on February 7, 1812, in a home in which the children were denied the gift of happiness. He became "a very queer, small boy," with no outward prospects of prosperity, and almost as far off the beaten track to fame as the boy Lincoln, who was born three years earlier on the American frontier. We talk glibly about fortunate conditions, as if good fortune rested in ease and comfort rather than in the inward and outward conditions which combine in evoking the genius of a man. If fame and love and abiding influence are to be reckoned among the greatest gifts of life, the English novelist and the American statesman were favored by fortune above all the children of their time born in the palaces of kings.

The doors of the schools were locked in their faces, but not the doors of education; for both found in the school of life a training which equipped one to be the most graphic reporter of his time, and the other to understand the heart of a people, to speak for them in the gloom of defeat and in the flooding light of triumph—too noble for passion, too great to be inflamed by victory, too full of sympathy to reckon with men save as the children of an indivisible household. Both learned to use language with a skill rooted in the vitality that gives words reality and poetic suggestion, and both were the children and, in due time, the interpreters of the democratic spirit.

It is easy to forget books; it is difficult to forget people; and it is impossible to forget people of marked features and striking individuality. If Dickens had been a great artist like Thackeray, his name would bring to mind a long row of books; it brings to mind, instead, a room full of people. To say this is, of course, to credit Dickens with extraordinary powers of characterization; it is to say that what makes him memorable is not the way he painted portraits, but the vitality of his work. Balzac created more than two thousand characters; but only three or four of them have gone into the directory of living people as have Dickens's people. Thackeray also had a genius for creating character; but his people belong in the Social Register rather than in the city directory. Dickens has created more memorable people, in the literal sense of the word, than any other novelist. Many of them are queer people, but they are not caricatures, as some critics have hastily said; they are exaggerated in manner because they over-emphasize some single trait or give permanency to passing moods. There is often too great a number of them in one place at one time; but they are all alive, and, if one will forsake the cab and ride on the top of the bus through East London, he will still find them in abundance.

These people had been in books before the Dickens stories appeared, but only incidentally. To the Greek tragedians, who were the great character painters of their race, they were subordinate and incidental figures whose human interest never passed the line of the elementary virtues, or, like Thersites in Homer's strong handling, they were braggarts or insolent and riotous. Shakespeare's view of life was great enough to include all sorts and conditions of men, but his people of low estate are mainly menial, or scheming, or humorous in a way that robs them of dignity.

Dickens knew very little of society, and was only partially successful when he attempted to paint people of the class in which Sir Joshua Reynolds found his sitters. Scott was born in Scotland, where plain people have found the doors of the universities open and have defied kings and bishops with irreverent but sturdy indifference to rank and wealth, and where independence and self-respect invested the father of Burns with as great an essential dignity as the ducal head of the great clan of the Campbells.

Dickens was born among the lowly people who have since become the rulers of England; he knew them as a boy, and, although prosperity opened a different world to him, his imagination dealt to the very end with the people he knew when life was young and his genius for observation was freshest and most sensitive. He did not select them; they selected him, and he became their painter as truly as Van Dyck was the painter of kings and gentlemen and Sir Peter Lely of the frail ladies of the Court of Charles II. A large element of autobiography runs through the novels; personal experience made a large contribution to the originality and variety of Dickens's work. "My father was waiting for me in the lodge [of the Debtors' Prison]; and we went up to his room, on the top story but one, and cried very much. And he told me, I remember, to take warning by the Marshalsea, and to observe that if a man had twenty pounds a year, and spent nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence, he would be happy; but that a shilling spent the other way would make him wretched." The elder Dickens always spent the shilling the other way, and became the parent not only of Charles Dickens, but of Mr. Micawber and Mr. Turveydrop.

Sometimes, as in Skimpole and Boythorn, Dickens drew so close to life that, like the artist who unskillfully takes off the plaster mask, he gave pain to his subjects. "David Copperfield" is likely to remain his most convincing and characteristic story; perhaps because he drew so largely upon the privations, the sadness and struggle, of his own youth. But a creative force so vitally energized as was the genius of Dickens, while greatly aided and steadied by that instinctive observation which is the reflective use of experience, is not limited by what it sees and knows at first hand; and the Dickens people took on the representative character of types as diverse as Sidney Carton, the Cheeryble Brothers, Squeers, Dolly Varden, Betsy Trotwood, Dora, Agnes, Silas Wegg, Dick Swiveller, the Peggottys, and Bill Sikes; a strange company, but all intensely human and intensely alive.

Sympathy with the poor was a personal virtue when Dickens began to write; it had not yet been formulated into a political creed and organized into party platforms. To-day the English-speaking world is translating sentiment into legislation, but is mortally afraid of any expression of emotion. Our age has the courage of its convictions; Dickens had the courage of his emotions. He was not ashamed of the good, old-fashioned Christmas sentiment before Santa Claus had become an organized charity. He belonged to the time when kind-hearted people "tipped" the poor instead of legislating for them, and sent around Christmas dinners instead of sending meal tickets. Dickens piled the logs on the hearthstones, fanned the fire until it went roaring up the chimney, and then invited everybody to come and warm himself; we are trying to make the whole house comfortable by a huge central heating-plant with pipes to every room. Ours is the more effective way, but the generous blaze on the friendly hearth has still its place. The open fire, around which the family of the race can gather and stretch out its hands hard with labor, and gladden its heart often heavy with sorrow, must still fill the world with light and cheer while the great heating-plant warms it.

Dickens never exploited the poor, as so many writers are doing to-day; he was too thoroughly an artist. He did not parade his democracy; he was too vitally a democrat. He saw the rich and various humanity of a great group of men and women who had never been adequately portrayed in literature, and for love of the humanity in them, and with the freedom of humor which lies deep in human nature and sweetens and gladdens the common life, he brought them within the range of art without the blight of didactic method, or the self-consciousness of the reformer who makes his character preach for him instead of letting life teach its own vital lessons.

Dickens does not find a place among Mr. Brownell's "Victorian Prose Masters." His strength did not bear the discipline of art, and art did not find its consummate revelation in him. He is sometimes melodramatic; he is often sentimental; his observation does not range over the whole surface of life; his imagination, always vivid, is at times fantastic; his style, occasionally eloquent, becomes stilted; he loses the charm of comedy in broad farce. These qualifications of his work must be made, and time has made them: "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," "Dombey and Son," have gone to the upper shelf. But, after all the changes of taste and style, how much remains and will remain part of the great store of English literature! What a wealth of kindness, prophetic of the new day that already glows in the east! What a fountain of humor flows from him to bring laughter in the work of the world; what a deep sense of the common fortune and the common lot issues like a refreshing stream from the copious fountain he opened; what vitality and health of heart and soul he has made contagious; above all, what a genius he had for the old-time and all-time art of the story-teller!

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WHEN EDUCATION BEGINS

The story of the education of Karl Witte, which Mr. Bruce tells in this issue of The Outlook, and his references to three American youths whose education, begun early, has produced remarkable results, open great possibilities of increased efficiency for the race. It becomes increasingly clear that a better society must come through better children, and that the chief importance of social, economic, and vital conditions lies in their influence on little children. This seems a radical position to take, but it is the radicalism of the fact as investigation brings the fact into clear light. Juvenile courts, reformatories, schools for neglected children, are becoming more important than criminal courts and jails; but there is still another step to be taken if we are to substitute for prevention and punishment creative moral and intellectual energy. The real reform which is to make a clean and humane world must begin before the child is born; and the chief reason for setting the social house in order, getting rid of grime and misery and hideous sights and sounds, is to make ready for the coming of the little child. The overwhelming mystery of life is not death, but birth; the most awe-inspiring of miracles is the coming of a human soul into the world.

Dr. Holmes's advice to select the right sort of parents was not only witty but wise; and if children had any choice in advance of their coming they would choose the most intelligent society to be born into. No society is more than half civilized to-day; a really civilized society would not tolerate conditions which taint the child before it is born and saturate him with evil influences as soon as he gets into the hall of a tenement-house or on to the street. These things cannot be changed in a day; they are the results of centuries of slow ascent in civilization; this generation is not responsible for their existence; it is responsible for any lack of energy and intelligence in changing them.

If methods of education were as luminous with vision as they are orderly and systematic, the little child would be helped as soon as he goes through the school door; he is helped in many ways, but in fundamental ways he is not helped. He needs the individual touch which we call motherly; he gets the impersonal care of a system. He has no key to his own nature, and he needs to be unlocked; he is given information instead of freedom. He is a discoverer on the most wonderful of voyages through strange seas; he has no language, but he has visions, intimations of what he is, mysterious stirrings of his soul, restless movements of his imagination; he needs to be fed with ideas, he is fed with facts; he needs explanations of the mysterious world in which he finds himself, he is taught not to ask but to answer questions; he is a poet, and he is set at the tasks which will fit him later to buy and sell in the many markets of the world.

This education of drill and of the impartation of facts is essential, but it begins too soon. A child is a miracle before he is a manufacturer, a poet before he is a trader, a human spirit born into a universe before he is a worker in one of the many kinds of shops. The shop is here because it is part of the great plan; but shops are not places to be born in. A practical society, conducting business on a vast scale and more keenly aware every year that science is the controlling factor in success, does not take the trouble to become acquainted with little children. It dismisses them as too young for serious attention, and does not know that the ideas it unconsciously gives its youngest children make tragedies later for men and women, and that the issues of life are often decided by what the little child sees and hears when it is supposed to be without sight or hearing. If one speaks of the supreme importance of the first years in a child's life, society, which keeps its hands busy and its soul idle and so has become the victim of cynicism, smiles complacently at what it regards as a kindly illusion of ardent women or of impractical men. Meantime a one-sided education goes on manufacturing practical people who deal strongly with affairs and do not know that the capital of civilization is not in their keeping, but in the hands of women who have the passion for motherhood, of poets, idealists, and men of moral enthusiasm. Between the demands of business, the superstitious faith in system, the confusion of education with discipline and information, and the neglect of the imagination, the human spirit has become mechanically efficient instead of joyously creative, and has perfected its toys at the cost of its capacity for playing with them.

Froebel was a prophet, not an organizer; in his eyes a child had a divine as well as a human parentage, and was born into a world fashioned by a heavenly Father and not into a vast department store, a machine shop, or a gigantic bank. To him motherhood was not only the most holy and wonderful function, but a teaching office and opportunity so near the gate of heaven that it kept the only School of the Soul. In every man of creative genius there is a blending of the feminine with the masculine; and such a man is counted, therefore, a visionary by practical people. But the man of vision is the one man who sees among many blind; it was this man that Emerson had in mind when he said that he was never confused if he could see far enough! Froebel saw that education deals with a spirit even more than with a brain, and that the fundamental things of life are vital, not intellectual; that men are fashioned to create, not to imitate; to work with their imaginations, not simply with their tools; to be artists, not artisans; to be citizens, not blind partisans; to be servants of their country, not victims of their prosperity. Being a prophet, he saw that the great things of life are not planted in the soul from without, but developed from roots set deep by the hand of God; that life begins to stir as soon as the child begins to move, so that the first motions of its hands determine which lobe of its brain shall be the instrument of its thought; that the earliest years afford the richest soil; that education begins before it is born; and that the most important person in society is not the man in the last year of the professional school, but the little child who is being crippled or set free.

The mother pours herself into the child when it seems isolated by senses not yet unfolded. "At the close of each day the mother bids her child sleep by singing lullabies and hanging mystic poppies over wide-awake eyes. She speaks in the highest type of language, in poetry adorned with song, to this little unconscious scrap of humanity. In other words, her mystic sense is pressing upon the mystic sense of her child as naturally and fittingly as her arms fold the infant body and her lips touch its cheek," are the words, not of a German dreamer a hundred years ago, but of an American State-builder of to-day in the Far East; a prophet, teacher, and statesman.

It is only mothers and men of great soul who know little children, and understand the mystery of spiritual education, and have learned that the golden years lie at the very beginning, and the deepest education is imparted in the light of dawn; an education that cannot be measured by the tests of the primary grade.

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THE CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IN theory it is quite unnecessary to say that a church is made for people and not people for a church. In practice, in all our great cities, we find, especially among the Protestant denominations, that when masses of people move into a neighborhood the churches tend to move out; that churches are fewest in the very districts where the population is densest. In New York City there are any number of churches in the rich, spacious residence regions, and at the same time in the older portions of the city church after church has been abandoned as those regions became settled by a dense population who work with their hands and live in tenement-houses. I do not suppose that any human being will in theory maintain that such a condition is right or healthy. But in practice it has proved very difficult to prevent it.

We need to have our Christianity made what it originally was, a religion primarily for the people as a whole; and, while it should meet the religious needs of every class, yet most of all should it keep in view the needs and hopes and desires and lives of those whom Abraham Lincoln called "the plain people." In the past this has been measurably true in our country districts, although even in many of our country districts where the population has declined there is urgent need of active and intelligent work, such as has already been begun, to put the country church and the country Young Men's Christian Association and similar institutions in the forefront of the movement for the betterment of country conditions. In the big cities, where the conditions are such as were entirely unknown to the founders of this Republic, church work has never been on a really satisfactory basis.

But most emphatically it can be put on a satisfactory basis. In such matters an ounce of performance is worth a ton of preaching. As instances there may be mentioned a couple of places right here in New York where there has been a good deal more than an ounce of performance: the Bowery Mission of the Holy Name, under Father Rafter, and, on Second Avenue, the Labor Temple, of which the superintendent is the Rev. Charles Stelzle. It would be quite out of the question in any brief article even to outline the admirable work that is being done in these two places. In The Outlook for July 22, 1911, Mr. Stelzle has described the work of the Labor Temple. Any one who will communicate with him, or with Father Rafter, 227 Bowery, New York City, will be able to get full information about what is being done. These men and their associates are spending all their strength in disinterested work which is not only for the benefit of those immediately concerned, but immensely for the benefit of all of us who dwell in this Republic. Naturally, they are not men of means. Father Rafter is a priest, who of course has no fortune; Mr. Stelzle is an ex-machinist, a former wage-worker and member of a labor union, to whom the Labor Temple is the realization of a dream of his machinist days, when he felt the biting need of just such a religious enterprise as that which he is now superintending. These two men and their associates are doing a very great work, and they will continue to do it; but surely genuinely philanthropic men of means who are interested in the welfare of their kind—not only in the welfare of the wage-workers, but in the welfare of our Nation—should give them the heartiest financial backing. In no other way could a man of means use his money more wisely and with greater certainty of its doing far-reaching good.

When I visited the Holy Name Mission in the Bowery, situated in an utterly inadequate house, I found the lower hall jammed with men. With most of them it was evident that life had gone hard, and yet it was equally evident that most of them were at bottom good men and only needed the chance that it was sought to give them. Father Rafter unconsciously gave me the key to his work when, in asking me to speak a few words to those assembled, he added: "Let them be words of encouragement and friendship, and of comradeship." His effort has been not only to give comfort to bruised souls but to care for the body, and to help each man in the only practical way, by helping him to help himself. Wherever he can he tries to help the man to get employment. Above the main hall upstairs there are rooms which can be used as club-rooms. There were half a dozen men in these rooms who had been asked to meet me, and two of these illustrated by their presence the broad, non-sectarian spirit in which the work is being done. Catholic and Protestant and Jew are received alike; and if the Protestants and Jews can be reached by religious appeal, the endeavor is made to get them in touch with some Protestant pastor or Jewish rabbi.

Among the visitors upstairs was a young Jewish policeman, a member of the mounted squad, who was taking an immense interest in the mission, largely because Father Rafter had once stood by him on an occasion when he needed support. He had brought with him his brother, a medical student whom he was himself educating out of his salary as policeman. Naturally, I have a strong feeling of affection for the members of the New York police force, and I was both pleased and amused to find that the young policeman, who had come on the force long after I left, knew many of the "Roosevelt cops," and was eagerly anxious to show me that he was familiar with various stories and traditions connected with my management of the force; of how I selected an ex-man-of-war's-man named Burke, now a captain, and made him a roundsman within a month of his joining the force, on account of the summary way he put a stop to the lawbreaking of one "King" Callahan, and of how this same Burke, when the war with

Spain occurred, took a holiday of six months in order to return to the navy, in which he served gallantly and efficiently as captain of a gun; of how I had appointed Otto Raphael, a young Russian Jew, whom I got from the Bowery Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, my attention having been called to him by his gallantry in saving life at a fire—the result of his appointment being that he not only educated his brothers and sisters, but actually got over to this side one or two relatives who had been left in Russia. Indeed, I could have spent an hour or two listening to his accounts of the past and present of "the force." Our people must make no mistake; the New York police are a very fine body of men. No trouble has ever come in connection with them when they have been handled aright. Like the men of the Fire Department, the policemen are men to whom their fellow-citizens owe much, and they represent a fine type of citizenship.

At the Labor Temple I found Mr. Stelzle giving a curious and most interesting proof that the right type of church can successfully meet the religious needs of the people in the crowded working quarters of our great cities. The Labor Temple was formerly a church of the usual kind. Its congregation diminished steadily until it became evident that it was not worth while keeping up the church at all unless there was a complete change of attitude and activity on its part. The conventional type of church activity, which entirely satisfies certain congregations and meets their needs, was wholly ineffectual in the face of the actual conditions of the neighborhood. At this moment, when the church was about to be abandoned, Mr. Stelzle stepped in and asked to be allowed to try the experiment of conducting the church literally as a labor temple, a temple in which the working people should feel the sense of possession, of proprietary right, and where both the preaching and the practice should be aimed at actually grappling with and remedying what was evil in social life, at supplying what was lacking not only spiritually but materially.

On Sundays there are almost continuous services, song playing a great part in them; and the singing is done by men and women who work hard for their daily bread, and who are glad in addition thus to give their time and talents to the service of others. The keynote of the Labor Temple is social service. The spirituality, taught not only by precept but by example, is both broad and deep; and I was interested to find that not only were men of all Christian creeds present, but also many men and women of Jewish faith. All were able to work together, earnestly and zealously, to meet the social needs with which all were familiar. Whether the church activity takes the form of warring against vice and the instruments that pander to vice, or of warring for better conditions in tenement-houses, or of endeavoring to get higher wages for the men and women who work, or of endeavoring to get a higher standard of individual and family life among the workers—no matter what the form of work, equal zeal is put into it. The preaching and ministering are aimed not only to care for the sore at heart, the broken in spirit, but also to try to benefit bodily conditions.

It is no small thing to have as the pastor a man who was a member of a labor union, a toiler who worked with his hands, a man who sympathizes with the desires and needs of his people because they have been and still are his own desires and needs. It is hard to benefit men from whom we are sundered by aloofness of spirit. The best work must be done by men whose sympathies are so broad and keen as literally to give fellow-feeling, and the understanding that can come only from fellow-feeling. Such fellow-feeling means a realization of the fundamental equality of all of us in need, in shortcoming, in aspiration—in short, in the fundamental things of our common brotherhood. When, added to this fellow-feeling, this broad and tender understanding and sympathy, there are power, courage, and rugged common sense, then, and then only, is it possible to give the spiritual aid and social service which the Labor Temple is now giving.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY

A POLL OF THE PRESS

THERE is no other political office which the people watch as they do the most exalted of all our political offices, and there is no other struggle for nominations which the people watch as closely as they do the contest for the first place on the National tickets of the great political parties every four years; the result is that in no other phase of political activity is the average voter better qualified than he is to choose candidates for the Presidency of the United States. These reasons move the Cleveland "Leader" (Rep.) to the following conclusion:

> It is difficult to perceive how any one who believes in direct primaries under any circumstances can fail to favor that method of making nominations for President. If there is one step in the working out of a National campaign which ought to be more directly watched by the people than any other and more absolutely placed in their hands, it is the selection of the men between whom lies the highest and most powerful official position in the country.

A Presidential primary, properly conducted, should mean the downfall of the bosses and office-holders as controlling the nomination for the Presidency. Such a system, as the Chicago "Tribune" (Ind. Rep.) says, was born of a desire "to rid city, county, State, and country of boss-picked candidates. It was, in fact, the voters' Emancipation Proclamation."

> The primary law is primarily for the benefit and use of the people, to make possible entire freedom of choice, and only secondarily for the convenience of candidates. That being the case, if some of the citizens of Nebraska, California, North Dakota, Oregon, New Jersey, Kansas, and other States want to . . . find out just exactly what and who the people want, the "open door" is the only fair and safe policy. . . . Give the people a chance to pick their standard-bearer. Use the primary law where it exists and create a substitute for it where it does not exist. A man so chosen will have won half the fight for election.

The Presidential primary is a device to enable voters to be in closer touch with the naming of the Presidential candidates. It exists in six States as a statute: New Jersey, Wisconsin, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oregon, and California. In California, for instance, under the new law, the name of any person may be put upon the ballot at the Presidential primary election to be held next May, through filing a petition signed by one per cent of the voters of any party in each Congressional district. But, as the Sacramento "Bee" (Ind.) reminds us, it is provided that any such person may, within thirty-five days of such filing of a petition, file a declaration that he is not a candidate and does not wish his name to be put on the ballot, in which case his name shall not appear thereon.

A peculiarly interesting circumstance in California is that now the Republican Insurgents are in control officially. They are thus no longer Insurgents, but Regulars, and, as they are in possession of the Republican State Committee, they have the privilege of naming the delegates to the next Republican National Convention. Thus they could send a solid delegation to the National Republican Convention for a Progressive—say Senator La Follette—for President, under the usual machine fashion in obedience to a law enacted by their opponents. But, believing that every elector in 1912 should have the opportunity to express his preference for President, the Progressive Republicans yield the advantage which is technically theirs, and will submit to the people a primary for the expression of Presidential preference.

Aside from the States which have the Presidential primary provided by formal statute, South Dakota and Louisiana have it as a party rule. Some other States have what seems practically its equivalent. For instance, Pennsylvania elects delegates to the National Conventions by direct primaries, and permits a candidate or delegate to print on the ballot the name of the candidate for President whom he will support.

The Presidential primary has the indorsement of many Republican and Democratic Progressives throughout the country, among the latter Mr. Bryan. The New York "World" (Ind. Dem.) thus snaps at him:

> The newest paramount issue which Mr. Bryan wants the Democratic National Committee to adopt appears to be a Presidential-preference primary. As this promises useless discord and trouble in the party, there is no reason to doubt the correctness of the report.

This brings us to a consideration of the more serious objections to the Presidential primary. The first has already been mentioned, and is included in an interesting letter recently printed by Republican National Committeeman John W. Blodgett, of Grand Rapids, Michigan: "It would intensify factional bitterness."

Secondly, Mr. Blodgett objects to the use of the Presidential primary this year because "it confines the choice of all Republicans to the candidacy of Mr. Taft and Mr. La Follette, who are the only avowed candidates. In any primary we could only place on the ballot the names of such avowed candidates, and a large element of the party that is for neither of these men would be practically disfranchised."

A third argument in opposition to the adoption by State Committees of the principle of the Presidential primary this year is the fact that our National Committees derive their authority from the last National Conventions, that those Conventions said nothing to the Committees concerning the Presidential primary, and hence the Committees must not exceed their authority.

A fourth objection to the primary is that of expense. A Presidential primary might cost something in a few States, admits "Collier's" (Ind.), but not a hundredth part of what the Republican Committee could readily raise if it wanted to! "In the majority of the States a Presidential primary would involve practically no expense. Most of the States, like Illinois, for example, will hold a primary for Governor, Congressmen, and other officers; to hold a Presidential primary on the same day and at the same polls would be a simple matter." Regarding this, the Emporia (Kansas) "Gazette" (Ind. Rep.) says as to Kansas:

> The Legislature can meet, pass the Presidential Primary Law, and adjourn, and cost the State about $20,000. . . . The $20,000 cost of the Legislature will be the only cost of a vote upon President. That would be fifteen votes for a penny. Any penny-pincher who objects to paying one-fifteenth of a cent for the right to vote on President . . . should not be considered. The enlightened element of the community is entitled to a vote on President at the price.

A strong objection to a primary voluntarily established is that without a statute the votes are not protected against fraud.

So much for the objections. They do not seem to be hindering the introduction of the Presidential primary in the States. In Arizona, for instance, the Democratic State platform is committed favorably to the establishment of the reform, and as the first Legislature of the State will be four-fifths Democratic, the prospect for the immediate institution of a Presidential primary is certainly bright. As to its introduction in other States, the Republican State Committees of Massachusetts and Ohio openly support it. The Massachusetts Committee has already prepared a bill for such a primary, and, according to the Chicago "Record Herald" (Ind.), it is to have the solid support of the Regulars. As for the Massachusetts Democrats, "they had hoped to monopolize the thunder and get credit for it. They are strongly for the idea." On this the Topeka (Kansas) "Capital" (Rep.) comments thus:

> Who would believe that Massachusetts would beat Kansas to the Presidential primary? Yet that is likely to happen. The Democrats in the Massachusetts Legislature, which has just reassembled, had been working on such a measure, when the Republicans surprised them by coming out with a bill backed by the State chairman, not objected to by Senators Lodge and Crane, and openly supported by the whole Republican membership, so that the prospect of a Presidential primary in the Bay State looks good at the present writing.

In Kansas and Missouri the establishment of a Presidential primary is warmly advocated by the Progressives of both parties. The Folk-Clark issue in Missouri has brought the subject before the public with special point. The Democratic State pledge of 1910 has been "bolted" by Speaker Clark and others, who do not wish to have ex-Governor Folk profit by any convention pledge. Certainly such a pledge could not keep the people from exercising their right in an open Presidential primary, were that established; but as among the delegates themselves, it is a queer doctrine that such a pledge is not binding. While the above and other issues point to the demand for a Presidential primary in various States, the movement has not affected National Committees of the parties as much as was expected. In the recent meeting of the Republican National Committee Senator Borah's proposal, that the delegates to the Republican National Convention next June shall be chosen by the people at direct Presidential primaries, was lost by an overwhelming vote. The Republican call for delegates simply permitted, at the discretion of State Committees, primary elections in those States where there is a primary law, and did not make it mandatory even there. The Democratic call may work out in just about the same way. At the meeting of the Democratic National Committee, Senator Chamberlain's resolution permitting, but not directing, the primary election of delegates from all States was adopted, with the following amendment: "If they can be properly safeguarded."

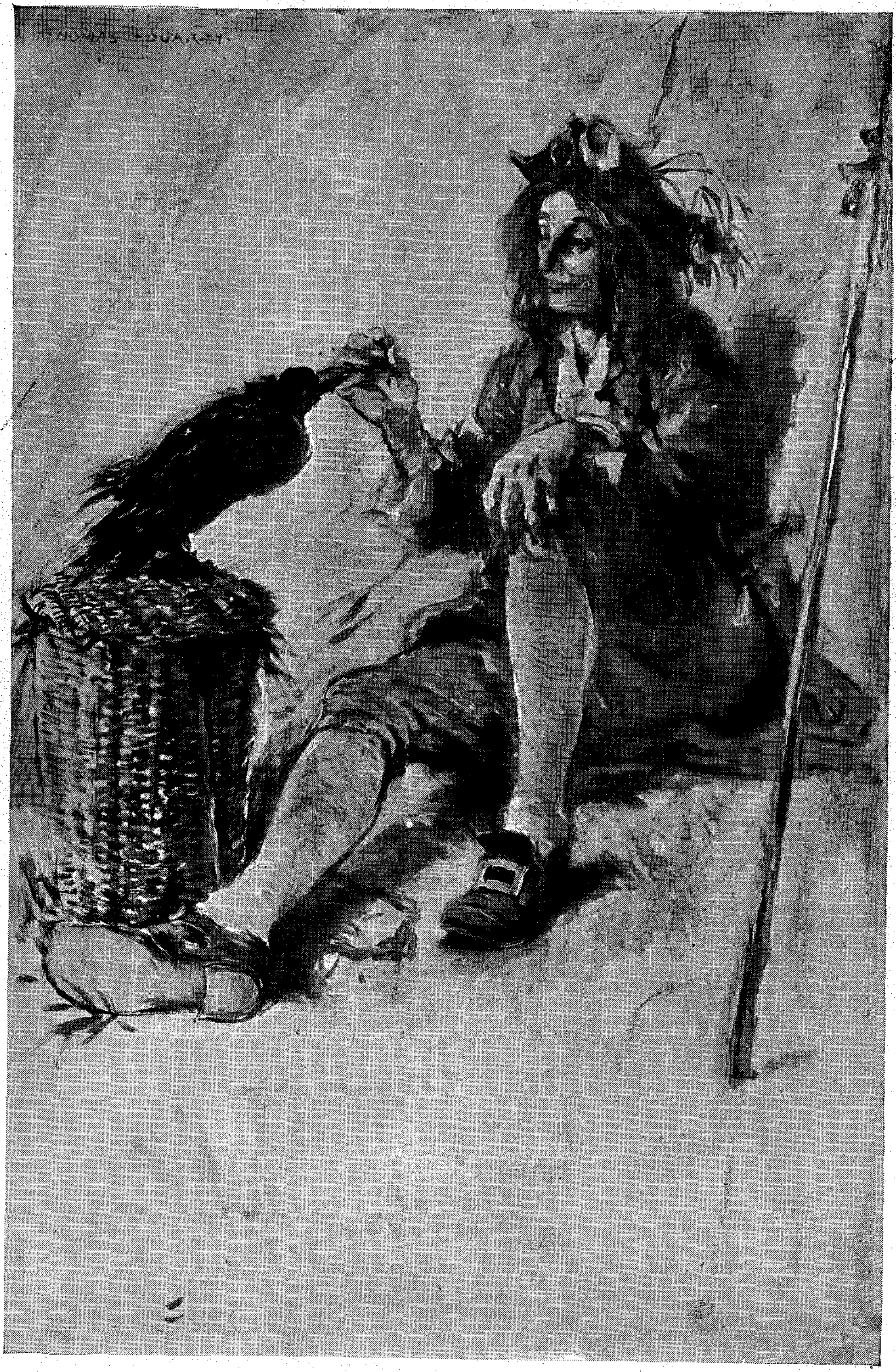
INTRODUCING

Barnaby Rudge
Alfred Jingle
Wilkins Micawber
Mr. Pecksniff

PAINTED FOR THE OUTLOOK BY

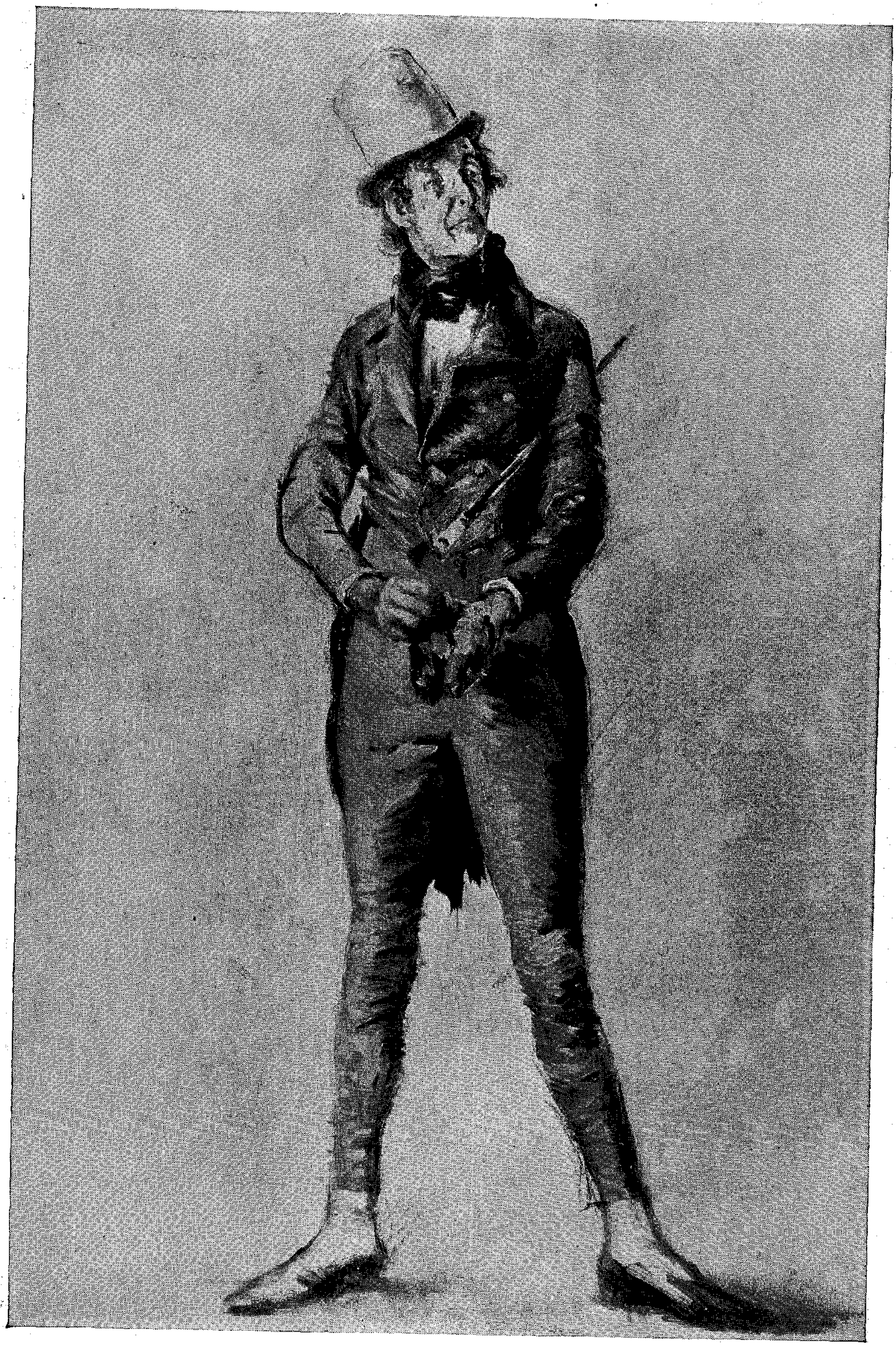
Thomas Fogarty

ON THE OCCASION OF THE
DICKENS CENTENARY


THOMAS FOGARTY

BARNABY RUDGE

"The raven gave a short, comfortable, confidential kind of croak"



ALFRED JINGLE

"An indescribable air of jaunty impudence and perfect self-possession pervaded the whole man"

THE ADVENTURE OF BEING HUMAN

BY ZONA GALE

A WONDER of the day is that the social instinct—the instinct for getting together for wholesome recreation and talk—should for so long have been left to satisfy itself by chance and mischance. It has been left to the more idle folk in the community, and has become a silly passion or a stupid paying of obligation, or, for the young people, a stolen thing, subject to reproof and "correction." Only of late has the truth grown to recognition that the health of the community depends largely on the wholesome satisfaction of this wholesome need, and that the way to that satisfaction it is the province of the community to work out. And Social Centers have arisen.

I have a friend who says:

"When I saw the Oriental rugs of the professor of our new red brick high school building's wife, hanging on the line, I says to myself, 'No. Not that woman. I won't never vote for her for president of the Ladies' Aid. She ain't one of us.' And while they was votin' that day I set over in one corner, feelin' mean, and thinkin', 'No. You don't get no ballot out of me. You ain't folks.'

"And then the next mornin', while I was gettin' breakfast, she come walkin' acrost the yard between our houses, and she says:

"'Oh, Mis' Arthur, I'm makin' johnny-cake, an' I can't tell whether you put in soda or baking powder. Which do you?'

"And when I'd told her how, and she'd started back, I stood inside the screen door just looking after her. And I thought:

"'Why, my land! Underneath your Oriental rugs you was like that all the time! Why, you're folks!". . .

And once in a little town a team ran away, dashed across a trim lawn, overturned the latticed well-house, injured a young catalpa, and came to a standstill by a flower-bed. The householder emerged furiously from his castle, unhitched the team, and led it into his stable. And to his assembling neighbors he breathed out the threatening that he would be paid by whoever owned that team, and paid well, for this damage, before the owner should ever have back his horses.

A while later a tired man came hurrying up the little street and saw his wagon marooned by the householder's tulip-bed. He came to the man's door. And the neighbors who were thereabout heard what the owner of the injured property said. It was:

"Why, hello, Cal! Was them your colts? Never recognized 'em. Oh, they're all right now. I've got 'em in my barn. Dinner's just ready. Come on in!". . .

In these incidents lies a part of the rationale of the Social Center Idea. Namely, that, if you know people, things look different. We have always felt this. We have agreed that the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin, and that a touch of nature makes the whole world kin. But we have never institutionalized that universal feeling. The Social Center does that. It consciously seeks to express and to develop the common humanhood. For this, it says, is the basis of democracy.

Here and there among the people who watch life and help it to live there is the spirit that rejects the conscious notion of clearing up the world. Perhaps more people have this spirit than ever may show it, because the stress and conflict of things most worth while constantly make the talk take to itself terms more or less militant. But deep within the insufficient things said about right and reform and improvement lives this spirit which knows that unless the thing done is done for its own sake, for the joy of the doing, and as a spontaneous expression of the human being behind it, then it is born without wings.

It is precisely this spirit that the Social Center Idea expresses. It says that the common thing about people is that they are human beings and want to be with other human beings. It says that to bring this about in right relations, and to let people act upon it and express it spontaneously, is to let more result for humanity than can result from the conscious nurturing of specific "reforms." It instills, not the rules of democracy, but the zest of the game.

In more than one hundred cities and towns in the United States social centers have been developed within the last few years: in Rochester, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, Baltimore, Cleveland, Columbus, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, and Toledo. Now the University of Wisconsin has a Department of Social Centers and Civic Development, in charge of Edward J. Ward, who was director of the Rochester social centers and who instituted the movement. That is, the Wisconsin University has created an office whose duties are to develop neighborhood centers throughout the State, and to assist in their activities. One result of this has been the recent National Convention at Madison, with delegates from sixteen States, and the formation there of the National Association of Social Centers and Civic Development, with headquarters now established in New York City. And the University of Virginia has followed Wisconsin in the establishment of a Social Center Department; and other universities have afoot similar plans. It is felt to be eminently the province of the universities, since their occupation is the making of citizens. Thus the little towns and villages are growing into the movement, too. And it is as if the adventure of being human were something new. It is not new. It is the ancient and simple way to accomplishment.

The Social Center, then, is the place in any community where the people of that community meet, discuss, enjoy, co-operate upon a common ground as citizens in a democracy, as members of a neighborhood, as human beings, without regard to party, creed, class, or difference of possession.

With the need for such a place as this arises the realization of citizens that they have made a certain investment which could pay more than it is paying. The public schools are open only about six hours a day. The rest of the time they lie useless, making no return on the billion-dollar investment which taxpayers have made in them. The schoolhouse is the logical place for social center activities. It is giving the citizens the use of their own property, long subject to the "permission" of school boards. The Legislature of Wisconsin lately passed a bill granting the use of all school-houses for free discussion and recreation purposes, on application by an organization of citizens. Wisconsin is the first State to write such a bill on its statute-books, thus recognizing its function as a State to minister to the social needs of its citizens just as it ministers to their other vital needs.

The idea having arisen and the place having been opened, the development everywhere proceeds along the same natural lines: the organization of a Recreation Department in the school or in the town, the engaging of a salaried civic club organizer or director who helps with the various club meetings, with the public lectures, the motion picture entertainments, dramatics, orchestras, choruses, and the gymnasium. The spirit of the social center is the spirit of neighborhood, and its method is the method of Christmas and Thanksgiving extended to take in the family of the neighborhood, of the town.

As in every other movement, the appeal varies with the community. In one the need is recognized as the demand for social life. In another the need is for recreational life for the young people, "to keep the young people off the streets," they say. In another it is to satisfy the instinct for organization. In another too many organizations have rent the life of the town, until a common meeting-place is needed to win back the town's dignity and its unity—its sacred unity. And in these days of social readjustment the blunders committed because some folk are the first by whom the new is tried and some are the lingering last by whom it is laid aside would be far less frequent, the Social Center Idea maintains, if there were some place for general discussion of new community and State measures besides saloons and partisan political meetings—if there were a citizens' forum. But, whatever the specific appeal, always the starting-point is everybody's starting-point: being human, needing to meet as citizens, as neighbors, as human beings, for wholesome recreation and talk.

Being human is everybody's starting-point. And, some relevant—or irrelevant—cycle having been run, being human is, of course, the great goal. Only children and sages know that folks are folks. The relevant cycle is simply the course of the Great Adventure.

THE PASSING OF A BRIGADIER

BY WILLIAM HARDING CARTER

MAJOR-GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

"One finds the rose and one the rod;
The weak achieve, the mighty fail;
None knows the dark design but God,
Who made the Knight and made the Grail."

FROM the throes of Reconstruction he had come, the chosen of his people, to represent them once again at the capital of the reunited Nation. He came, not to apologize for his acts or his principles, but to render his modest share in the upbuilding of Southern commonwealths from the very ashes of war. His constituents of high and low degree, impoverished by four years of conflict and the overturning of their industrial system, had laid down the sword and rifle and taken up the hoe and the plow. Politics interested them only that two hundred and fifty years of Anglo-Saxon civilization might not pass from the South, and there be substituted for it a saturnalia of uncurbed ignorance and license.

He was one of the old régime, and had long been a leader of his people in peace and in war. He had marched with Campbell across the Rio Grande in '46 and had come back with a Mexican bullet and a halting gait as a perpetual reminder of his campaign in the land of the Aztecs. He had come from Shiloh and Chickamauga with grievous wounds that bore silent testimony that he was ever in the forefront of battle. Thrice had his people called him to the Governor's chair during a period when the kindly heart and the iron hand must needs work in unison that the unfortunate be encouraged and the criminal be rebuked. And now, in their hour of direst need, he who had commanded them in battle and led them through the slough of despond in a peace second only to war must further sacrifice himself upon the altar of duty.

He had come imbued with the profound feeling that the great war was over and that its scars were best blotted out. He credited his foes with the same pride of accomplishment in battle that suffused his own soul, for, next to personal honor, courage was, to him, the badge of manhood. When he found himself classed by a hostile press as one of the "rebel brigadiers," it did not disturb his quietude, for he felt assured of the personal regard of his associates who had fought on the other side.

But there are ever men of vengeful spirit, and some to whom the sound of parliamentary battle is sweeter far than the whistle of bullets, and these must needs revive old scores and salt the wounds of hate. The old warrior had believed that the war ended when the great leaders had concluded the armistice at Appomattox, and this aftermath of malice and hatred amazed him much. To him there was no pride akin to that of having rendered the State some service, yet he had determined never to be drawn into unseemly and unprofitable discussion of questions which had been settled through the arbitrament of arms.

He found himself upon one occasion, along with the nuts and wine, in conversation with a general who had commanded with great distinction the lines opposed to his own at Chickamauga. He listened with great interest to the general's explanation of defeat, until the suggestion came that if some one had not blundered the result would have been different. Then there came an explosion, quickly and tactfully warded by his sympathetic spouse, who looked kindly into the old warrior's face and said: "My dear, we must get the recipe for this wild-grape jelly; it will be so nice when you kill a deer next fall."

The arrow found its mark, and soon the small company was entranced with the simplicity and enthusiasm which characterized his vivid description of the chase in the days of the old plantation life. As the curtain rolled back in his fond memory, war and rumors of war were dissipated and there gathered again on the spacious lawn of "Castilian" the kinsmen and clansmen of long ago. The sounding of horns, the hallooing of huntsmen, the baying of the hounds, came back ringing in his ears. Oh, the memory of it all! And then the hush of silence, and tear-stained eyes, as his face saddened and his words died away. In the midst of it all his mind had drifted to the changed scenes, and once more he saw brave women struggling, with the aid of the faithful blacks, alone on the plantations, during those long years of travail and blood, when men shot and stabbed that their ideas of right might prevail. And then came the hour when fair hands, unused to labor, gave an example of heroism that will bring tears to the eyes of generations of yet unborn kinsmen. And when the silence was most profound the warrior's wife whispered softly to their host, "Now you know why I love him so."

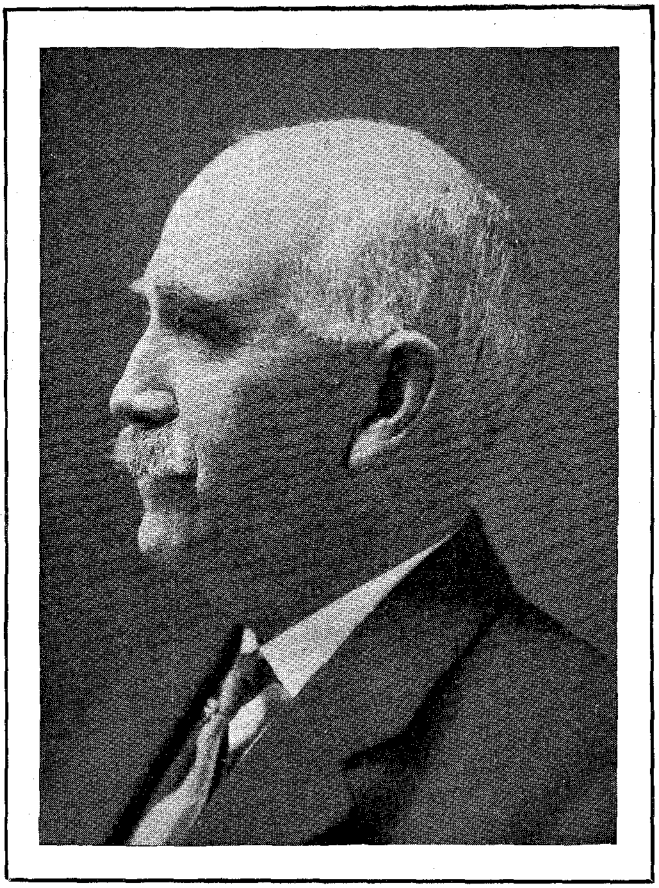
These inborn traits followed him in all his public career. He was noted, not for the frequency of his speeches, but for the vein of humanity which ran through them. When one of opposite political faith was being scourged in debate for his conduct of a public office, the old brigadier resented what he deemed unfair criticism of an opponent, and said: "Whoever in public office holds to the line of any policy adopted for the general good, and which conflicts with individual or local interests, may have friends, but he will certainly have enemies, and they will not scruple to hamper him in every possible way and gloat over his discomfiture and downfall." He had learned early in political life that the creed of many public men is to learn what one's constituents want and then see that they get it, and that failure to accomplish such selfish ends is not infrequently the basis of criticism.

He had long observed with mental anguish the changing personnel of our distinguished lawmaking bodies. The wave of industrialism, railway absorption, and great aggregations of capital, and their manifold influences, did not disturb his ideas of statesmanship until he thought he saw their interests represented too brazenly in conference and debate. He had often heard the charge that men who had not brains enough to accumulate fortunes should not presume to intervene in legislation involving the rights of capital. To this his code of ethics admitted of but one reply: "We must rise above the vulgar test of success, and discriminate in favor of him who deserved it rather than of him who attained it. The ends do not justify the means when moral principles are involved."

Whenever he encountered a criticism involving the integrity of his fellow-lawmakers, he brooded over it as an assault upon the dignity of the Nation. And when he finally brought himself to a conviction that wealth was intrenching itself under the dome of the Capitol, it made his heart bleed. Not that he discredited wealth or the ability required to amass it, but he foresaw that the effect upon the younger generation was to place the acquisition of money above character.

He had lived beyond the allotted span, and had seen the Southern brigadiers gradually fall away. They had come from the wreck of war in poverty; they had served the united Nation with honor and fidelity, and of his associates not one had placed greed and pelf above his good name. Their race had been run with a fair field and no favor. The traditions of their Anglo-Saxon majorities meant more to them than worldly success; and extravagance, in their eyes, was but vulgarity.

He had devoted his mind and body unselfishly and without stint to his country's service, and now, at the end of a long and honorable career, and with the undying affection of all his people, his soul went forth to his God, unafraid and without reproach.



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JUDSON HARMON—HIS RECORD AND HIS VIEWS

AN AUTHORIZED INTERVIEW

"WE invite the attention of the Nation to Judson Harmon and the work he is doing for Ohio. Two years hence it will have been completed; then we can spare him for larger duties. He believes that 'guilt is personal'—is acting on that belief at home, and would act on it in larger fields. A high sense of duty provides his only motive for official actions, and his sense of justice alone compels judgment."

In that resolution the Democratic State Convention in Ohio last year, when it had named Governor Harmon for another term in the chief magistracy in his own State, presented him to the Nation as the choice of the Ohio Democrats for the Presidental nomination of their party in 1912.

My impression of Governor Harmon at that time, founded upon a slight knowledge of his career and an even slighter personal acquaintance, was that he was decidedly a Conservative, rather than a Progressive, in political tendency and belief. This impression received pointed expression in a jest at a dinner of the Gridiron Club in Washington last winter—after Governor Harmon had obtained his smashing majority on re-election. He was one of those who saw the Gridironers devote themselves for a few minutes to the question of selecting the Democratic Presidential nominee for 1912. They brought forward—vicariously, of course—the newly elected Democratic Governors to plead their own causes. As the pseudo Harmon approached the Democratic band-wagon and endeavored to climb up on it, Miss Democracy, who was guarding it, sternly demanded to know by what right he assumed to take such a place.

"Because I catch 'em coming and going," was the reply. "I am the friend of the masses, and the classes are friends of mine."

Only a few weeks after that a voice which ought to speak with authority was raised in Ohio to contradict the Gridiron jest and to proclaim Governor Harmon as a genuine Progressive. This was the Cuyahoga County Democracy—the old Tom Johnson organization—the Progressive wing of the party in the Buckeye State. It adopted a resolution pledging its cordial support to the Governor for next year and saying:

"Governor Harmon's well-known views upon the tariff and other National questions commend his candidacy to a people who have long suffered under a system of favoritism and extortion at the hands of privileged interests. His brave insistence upon the carrying out of distinct pledges of our party, and particularly of the adoption of the Oregon plan of electing United States Senators, makes him a leader among those who believe in restoring the powers of government to the people."

Now, the strict fulfillment of party and platform pledges and the Oregon plan of electing Senators have not usually figured as paramount issues with the "classes," and this Cuyahoga indorsement of Governor Harmon increased my desire to have a first-hand, authoritative answer to the question inevitably suggested by the Gridiron jest. Consequently, when the opportunity came for an extended talk with him, that question naturally was uppermost in my mind.

The Governor came into his little office in the Ohio Capitol looking as fresh and fit as a man less than half his age. The record shows that he was born at Newtown, Ohio, on February 3, 1846, and that is more than sixty-five years ago. His crown thatch is not as heavy as it used to be, but there are plenty of men of thirty-five who are whiter on top. His complexion is clear and ruddy, and his face singularly free from the wrinkles of sixty-five. His gray eyes have the twinkle in them that belongs to physical well-being. He is an enthusiastic baseball "fan," and they say he can play a mighty good game himself.

"Governor," I said, "do you remember the shot the Gridiron boys took at you last winter about being the friend of the masses while the classes are friends of yours?"

"Oh, yes," he answered with a good-humored laugh, "I remember it well enough."

"How about that?" I asked.

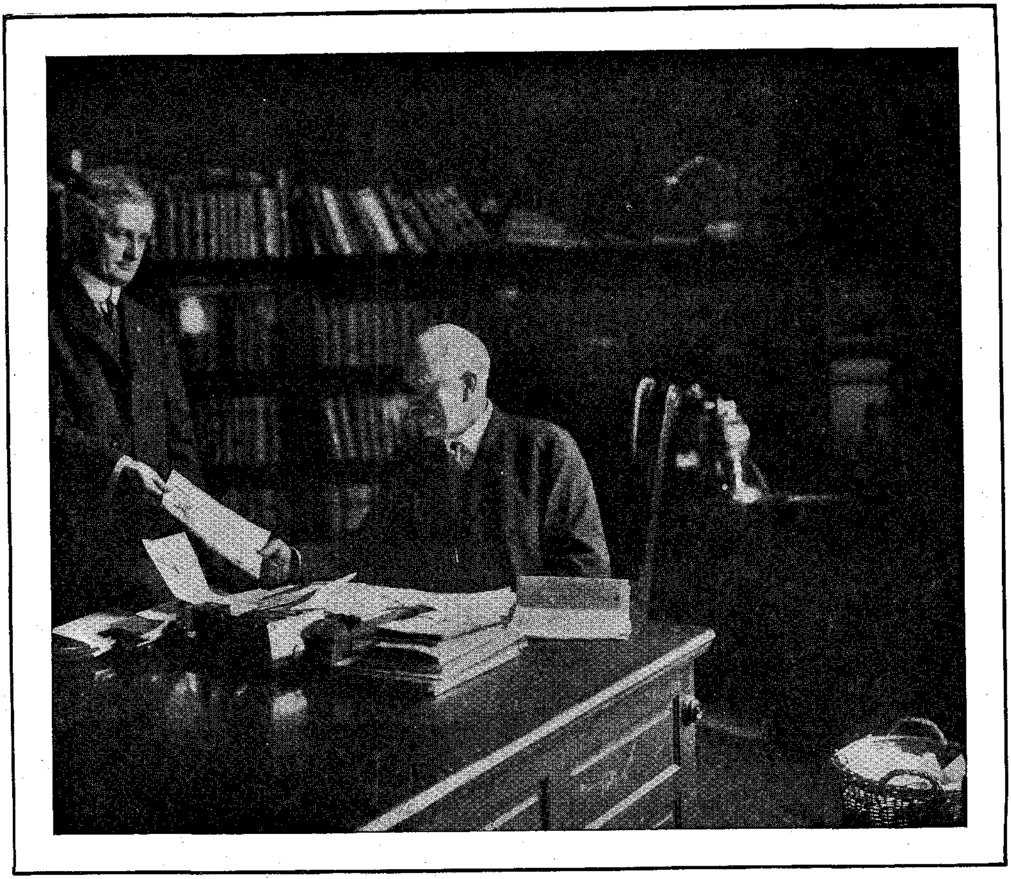
"Well, the impression recorded in that joke seems natural enough with a good many people," he replied, directly, "for so many of us are prone to let our attention rest on the surface without going to the facts underneath. As for being the friend of the masses, I hope it's true. I hope it's true, too, of the classes, if there are any classes in this country. I want to be the friend of everybody who is straight and square, and I don't care whether he is a farm laborer or the president of a corporation, or who he is, if he is right. The only fellows I'm against are the grafters, and I'm glad to have made some of them squirm, although not as many as I would have liked.

"As for the classes being friends of mine, I don't know whether they are or not. If they are, and think they can get anything out of it that they ought not to have, they are fooled.

"Of course I know how such talk starts. It comes, no doubt, from my having been receiver of two or three railways. Well, the record of those receiverships will stand for itself. None of them was of long duration, and the affairs of each road were straightened out and the property turned back to the company without the loss of a dollar to creditors, stockholders, or employees. If there is anything bad in that, I am guilty, but it has never seemed to me to be especially wicked.

"This is like the talk about being a 'corporation lawyer.' There is a curious hysteria that makes many good people in this country think there is something peculiarly wicked about working for a corporation. Well, it depends upon the work and the corporation. There are some corporations in the United States that have been proved to be bad, and no doubt there are others just as guilty, although they have escaped the courts thus far. But no corporation is bad just because it is a corporation. It's what it does that makes it bad if it is bad.

"Now I have done work for a good many different corporations, first and last, but I have often been against corporations too, and corporation work has been much the smaller part of my practice. I have never had a regular connection with any corporation. I wouldn't take it. I would never tie myself down to any client or any particular kind of work. I am an old school 'general practi-



THE GOVERNOR AT WORK

tioner.' I suppose I might have had more money if I had been willing to do the other thing, but I preferred to keep myself free to do as I chose. and to accept or decline a case as I saw fit. And I have always held myself free to withdraw from a case if I became convinced that there was anything wrong with it. Sometimes, you know, a client will not be entirely frank with his counsel and tries to make a bad case seem all right, and then when you find it out you have to quit."

Governor Harmon's remark that it is what a corporation does that determines whether it is good or bad suggested at once the "guilt is personal" phrase which he used when he recommended personal prosecution of some of the officials of the Santa Fé Railroad for rebating.

"Of course it's so," he replied to my question. "In itself a corporation is neither good nor bad. It is only what its officers make it. As far as effective punishment is concerned, you might as well prosecute a locomotive for violating the Inter-State Commerce Law as the corporation that owns it, There is no use in fining a corporation, and you can't put it in jail. Fines do not affect the officers who are responsible for the infraction of law, and they are too easily passed along to those who deal with the corporation. But proper and effective punishment of the men who are really responsible for the wrongdoing, who are the truly guilty, would have an immediate and most wholesome effect. Guilt is personal and animate. It is neither corporate nor insentient.

"But I'd rather talk of what we are doing in Ohio," went on the Governor. "I think we have made a record here that is worth while. It is made up of things accomplished and not of subjects for discussion as things to be done some time in the future.

"I am willing to admit that I made my first campaign for the Governorship largely on suspicion; but after I was elected we proved that my suspicion was correct. I didn't want the nomination. I am not a man of large fortune, and I had a pretty good law practice, and wanted to keep it up. I felt that I owed it to myself and my family to put them in as comfortable a situation as I could. It was a Presidential year, with an Ohio man nominated by the Republicans, and it didn't look as if there was much chance to elect a Democratic Governor. Maybe that's why they came to me to run. Conditions were peculiar in this State that year, though, and it was represented to me that I had some special qualifications that would make my candidacy strong. So I finally agreed.

"As I said, the campaign was made largely on suspicion. It had been charged for some time that the Republican officials responsible for handling the State funds were keeping considerable sums in banks owned by their friends and profiting by the interest. When I was elected, I started in to clean this up if I could. They had been pretty sharp, and about all the documentary evidence had been removed or destroyed. But we finally found a letter that settled it. It was from the State Treasurer to the Treasurer of the Cincinnati Trust Company, saying: 'Our quarterly settlement comes on Saturday, February 4, so I wish you would kindly have the currency held by you here not later than Friday, the 3d. Should you wish it, you can have it back the following Monday.'

"We found the bank officer's reply promising to have the cash there on Friday, and after that our course was not so difficult. It has been hard to secure evidence to sustain criminal prosecutions in some cases, but where the facts warranted it cases have been submitted to the State Department of Justice. One former official paid back a considerable sum to avoid proceedings.

"We had some graft cases, too, in the Legislature. Under our law those who testify before a legislative committee in such cases receive immunity from prosecution, and when these bribery charges were made there was a prompt movement for a legislative inquiry that would have furnished a possible means of escape for some of the accused. I strongly opposed that, and favored letting the grand jury conduct the inquiry. As a result, some men were indicted and tried. Other cases are still pending."

Besides these graft cases the main thing that has occupied Governor Harmon has been his fight for readjustment of the system of taxation in Ohio. There is a provision in the State Constitution that all property shall be assessed, for purposes of taxation, at its true value in money. That provision had been a dead letter for many years. In the play of the counties, one against another, in the effort to escape their due share of State taxation, assessments had been hammered down until gross inequalities existed. Appraisals were as low as 30 per cent in some counties, but as high as 70 per cent in others. That was on real estate. Railways and public service corporations, as usual, had benefited most by this inequality. Their average assessment was under 20 per cent, going as low in some cases as 15 per cent.

Low assessments always mean high tax rates, and that in Ohio had crawled up above 3 per cent generally, sometimes as high as 5 per cent. The law provided for a general appraisement of real estate once every ten years. Governor Harmon thought that too long a period, as it gave unfair advantage to the owners of city real estate, which increases in value, as a rule, much more rapidly than farm property. He declared for an immediate reappraisal and the fixing of a quadrennial instead of a decennial appraisal thereafter.

There was no State tax commission, and the Governor believed that this lack cost the State large sums every year. He urgently recommended the creation of a tax commission with broad powers to insure the equalization of assessments in all the counties and the proper enforcement of the constitutional provision as to valuation. He specially emphasized the necessity of assessment at the true value in money.

The Governor's proposals met with vigorous opposition, and it was not confined to the other political party. The cry was raised at once that such an increased tax duplicate as appraisal at full value would mean that an enormous sum would be raised and the State would be plunged into a debauch of extravagance.

Governor Harmon met that by declaring for a law limiting the amount to be raised to that raised under the old valuation and to the rate of one per cent for all purposes. He made estimates, based on careful study, showing that on the increased duplicate the reduced rate would raise enough for the public needs, and if it should not raise quite enough the shortage could easily be met by economies in administration. But he could not induce the Republican Legislature to give him the law. It had spent some time over a law limiting the rate to one and one-half per cent, but it would not come down to one per cent.

The Governor made that the chief issue of his campaign for re-election. The Democratic platform declared for the one per cent limit, and the Republicans finally had to admit its popularity and put the same plank in their platform. But it was too late to do them any good, after the action of the Legislature. The Governor went around the State explaining his taxation plan and appealing for the election of a Democratic Legislature to put it into law. He won easily, not only being re-elected himself, but carrying the entire State ticket and the Legislature with him. In his inaugural address and his message to the Legislature he again urged this reform.

But now, despite the plain promise of the Democratic platform, there arose opposition in the Legislature among his own party men that for a time threatened to defeat the Governor's plan. The end of the session drew near, and no action had been taken on this as well as on several other recommendations that were in conformity with the party and platform pledges.

Then one morning Governor Harmon asked for a caucus of all the Democrats in both Senate and House. A special call was issued, and that night they met in the Capitol, with only two or three absentees. The Governor talked to them very much as a grieved father would reason with an erring son. There was no threat of war or discipline, no brandishing of a club. It was just a plain case of reasoning with them. He talked about the responsibility that lay upon the legislators jointly with himself, and of the certain condemnation that would be visited upon him and them if they failed to keep their promises. He urged the desire of the majority of the people of the State for the proposed measures, but said that, nevertheless, if the majority of the caucus, in their calm judgment, decided that the bills should not pass, he would bow to that decision.

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THE GOVERNOR AT PLAY

Right after that talk the Legislature began to transact business, and when the session ended practically all of the Governor's recommendations and the platform promises had been enacted into law.

"We got our one per cent tax limit and the Tax Commission," said the Governor, "and we have made the new general appraisal of real estate and of corporate and other property. Although the new laws have not been in operation very long, we have already seen enough of them to know that they are going to accomplish a great reformation in taxation in this State. We have obtained results that are really astonishing.

"The increase in valuation of the property of railways and other corporations has been enormous. We have no machinery as yet for making an elaborate physical valuation of railways, and the Tax Commission has had to do the best it could with such help and advice as it was able to secure. The appraisement of railways was raised from $166,469,599 to over $580,000,000—an increase of more than $413,530,000. For this year the railways will pay about $1,650,000 more taxes than they paid last year, and the farmer or home owner who has suffered from unequal assessment heretofore will benefit by the readjustment. His appraisal has gone up, but his tax rate has come down, so that his tax is smaller.

"Of course the big railway systems feel the change most. The new valuation of one system alone is about $18,500,000 more than the total appraisal of all the railways in Ohio last year. All have been treated alike and exactly the same as all other property.

"Local public service corporations also show a great increase. The assessment of the traction lines was raised $53,000,000, and that of electric lighting corporations $21,250,000. Our old friend the Standard Oil Company came in for a raise of about $24,500,000 on its Buckeye Pipe Line Company. The assessment of banks was raised about $94,500,000.

"These things count when it comes to the question of the tax on real estate. The real estate duplicate was increased from $1,661,669,958 in 1910 to $4,246,428,559 this year, but, owing to the decrease in the rate, real estate will pay $7,385,813 less taxes this year than last.

"The personal property duplicate shows an even greater increase. It rose from $827,370,943 in 1910 to more than $2,500,000,000 this year. You see, we appeal to all holders of personal property to declare their holdings, and it's a pretty poor conscience that won't be honest with itself at one per cent. We got a great deal of personalty in this way that had not been taxed before.

"And then the property of public service corporations in Ohio is assessed as personalty. We had some difficulty in getting at a fair appraisal in some cases, but we have generally reached it by capitalizing the net earnings. And the corporations are not making any fuss about it. In spite of the fact that heretofore they usually paid so much less than their fair share of taxes, they were not always treated fairly as among themselves. Now they have been freed from unfair discriminations, and are submitting without protest.

"The fact is that, for the first time in a great many years, we are having a square deal in Ohio on taxation, and the corporations realize it as well as everybody else. And when they realize that, they are willing to pay their honest share.

"Economies in administration have set in generally, except in a few places, and we are going to come out just as well off as ever, so far as public funds are concerned, and a great deal better off in other ways."

"What sort of economies did you make, Governor?" I asked.

"Well, there were several of them," he replied. "Some of them were vetoes of appropriation bills. One in which I was especially interested was in the administration of the various State institutions, such as hospitals and asylums. We have nineteen of them. Each one had its own board of five trustees, with its own superintendent and steward. I got all these boards abolished, and substituted one of four members, with a general purchasing officer for the whole nineteen. That made me considerable trouble, for it legislated some of my friends out of office, and several of them were not pleased. Most of them realized, however, that it was in the public interest, which required the abolition of these positions.

"You know some find it hard to realize that when a man comes to be Governor of a great State he can't use the office merely to reward personal friends without regard to the needs of the public. It is curious how many there are who denounce special privilege for the other fellow and yet want it for themselves. And often they cannot see that what they want is really a special privilege. They seem to think that they can get the Governor to do for them as friends what he would not do for others because it would be contrary to the interest of the public, and they are disappointed when he cannot oblige them. I always like to recognize friends when I properly can, and I do it too.

"We got through a Workmen's Compensation Act," continued the Governor, "that I believe will stand the test of the courts and escape the fate of the New York law. It provides for a voluntarily subscribed fund, the employees giving 10 per cent and the employers 90 per cent. There is a fixed scale of compensation according to the injury, and it is intended to operate so that an injured man shall not be compelled to go to court for redress. Of course employers do not have to go into it if they do not want to, and so it makes no forced draft upon them. But if they do not, the law takes from them the right to plead the fellow-servant rule or assumed risk or contributory negligence as a defense. I believe it is a good law and that it will give great and needed relief to our workingmen.

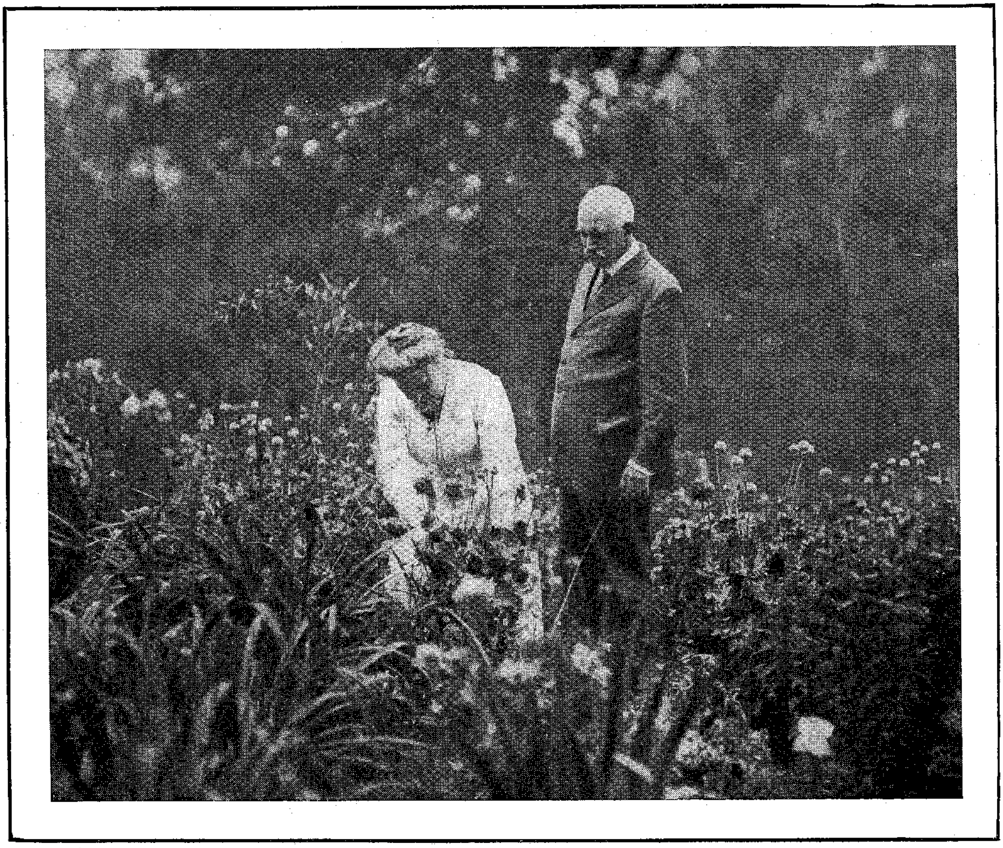
"Another thing we accomplished was a law following the Oregon plan for the direct nomination and election of United States Senators. When the direct election of Senators was first proposed, I was inclined to be against it. I thought that the way provided by the framers of the Government was the best. But there were so many cases to which the taint of one kind or another of scandal attached that I changed my mind. And, after all, there is no sound reason why we should not change this method, just as we have departed from the method of electing Presidents prescribed by the Constitution. So I favored the Oregon plan, and told our people that if they declared at the polls in favor of a Republican in preference to a Democrat I would be willing to vote for that Republican if I were in the Legislature. Now we are going to try it, and we have memorialized Congress in favor of a Constitutional amendment on the subject."

"There was also a law for the initiative and referendum?"

"Yes, in municipalities only. If these will work well anywhere, they should there. Both are already employed in them to some extent, and the idea was to try the experiment of broader use there, as we have a Constitutional Convention next year, where the subject will come up. We are always open to conviction in Ohio about any proposal for improving the conduct of public affairs, but there is grave doubt of the practicability of these changes in our system if applied generally."

"And then the recall?"

"No, we do not have that. Incompetent and unworthy officials are rare exceptions. The vast majority are faithful and devoted, especially where the people take the interest they should, and now do, more than ever before. Under our Government by parties the interruption of public business by attempts to unseat officials generally would outweigh the advantage of ousting an unworthy one now and then. Our short terms of office give pretty prompt occasion for needed changes, and regular proceedings for removal, with specifications of cause and opportunity for evidence, should be improved and oftener resorted to. The recall of judges by mere vote would, I think, be especially



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THE GOVERNOR AT HOME

injurious to the administration of justice. This is the great safeguard of the rights of individuals, which are the most precious to every citizen and which it is the chief object of government to secure.

"We have taken a step in Ohio in the direction of improving the judiciary which I approve most heartily. The Legislature passed a bill, on my recommendation, providing for the non-partisan nomination of all candidates for judicial office. All nominations are to be by petition, and at the election the names of the nominees will appear on a special ballot without party designation or emblem of any kind. The names will be rotated on the ballot, so that no candidate will have the advantage of being always first on the list. This ought to eliminate partisanship in the selection of candidates, and give better and more independent judges.

"We passed a very good public utilities bill—better, I think, than that of Wisconsin or that of New York. The Commission has control over security issues and over mergers, which are permitted, on certain conditions, under its supervision.

"We enacted reforms in the registration and ballot laws, and passed a strong Corrupt Practices Act.

"In addition to the Workmen's Compensation Act, of which I have told you, we passed a bill limiting the hours of labor of employed women to fifty-four a week, not more than ten to be in one day. And we passed a law authorizing the State factory inspectors to close up, after due notice, factories not properly equipped to protect their employees from fire.

"We ratified the pending amendment to the Federal Constitution giving Congress the power to levy a tax on incomes.

"And we changed the sessions of the Legislature from annual to biennial.

"Altogether it is a pretty good record. There were one or two minor matters that I should have liked to see go through, but I cannot and do not complain. As I said about taxation, we have started out to give everybody in Ohio a square deal all around. We are trying very hard to succeed in this, and I think we are doing pretty well."

"But this is nearly all State work, Governor. What about National issues?"

"I am more interested in State matters than in National issues just now," replied the Governor. "These are all practical things that we are actually working out. Many of the National issues are questions on which we cannot have much effect here at home. But you know my views on the chief National issues. First of all, there is the tariff. I am for a tariff for revenue, and against 'favor tariffs' all the time.

"I am a good deal of a State's righter. The recent tendency to look to the Federal Government for many of the things that ought to be done by the States is due, I regret to admit, to the unsatisfactory action, or inaction, of many of our home governments. But these are waking up to their duties, and I have no doubt that they can and will discharge them properly in the end.

"The trust question is one of these. The States create the corporations, and undoubtedly have the power to control them. The only question is whether or not they will exercise that power fully."

"Do you take any stock in the new theory that we have outlived the economic principle of competition, and that combination has supplanted it?"

"No, I do not. I am an old-fashioned believer in competition, and I think it should be left free. You cannot make men compete by law, but you can prevent them from disabling themselves from competing by contracts and combinations to stifle competition. Then, when conditions would naturally lead them to compete, they will do so, and the public will get the benefit."

The Governor paused and looked at his big desk, piled high with letters and documents that demanded his attention.

"I am too busy with these things right here at home," he went on, with a quick smile, "to give much time or attention to National questions. There are new things coming up here all the time, and each one has to be worked out for itself. But there is an intense joy in doing it, and in feeling that one is giving the very best there is in him to the task. I have never worked so hard or been so busy in all my life as since I came here.

"But, after all, it has its ample reward. It is the call of the people that counts," and the smile on the Governor's ruddy face shifted into an expression of sober earnestness. "That is the real inspiration of an honest man, and it is the only thing that makes holding public office worth while—the faith of the people that, when they trusted you, you can and will serve them faithfully and squarely."

"But, Governor," I interrupted, "you are talking the archaic language of Grover Cleveland, and saying that 'public office is a public trust.'"

The quick smile came again on the Governor's face. "No," he replied; "it is not archaic. It's truer to-day than when Cleveland said it. More men believe it now and more men act on it. And to have such belief and action universal in this country will be the salvation of our institutions. If we cannot have it, the day of representative government is gone and the American experiment will fail."

He paused, musing over what he had said. "Five hundred and fifty-two thousand men voted for me last fall," he went on presently. "Think what that means! More than half a million in my own State said to me, 'Harmon, we take you at your word. We believe that if we put you in the Governorship you will do the best you can for everybody in Ohio, big and little, rich and poor, treating everybody alike, and that's what we want.'"

The Governor straightened up and his gray eyes snapped. "Oh, I tell you," he exclaimed, "the people of this country are tired of special privilege, and they're just as tired of it for the little chap as for the big fellow. There's a lot of prating about special privilege for the big fellow, but once you get in a place like this you find out that there are a lot of little fellows who want special privileges for themselves, and they come to you to get them. And right there is where the call of the people—the whole people of the State, not just those who may have happened to vote for you—comes in; there's where public office is a public trust as well as in the big cases.

"The people want men in office whom they can trust not to do more for one than for another. They want to feel that there are none who can go to the Governor and by special appeal get a favor which others do not enjoy. That is the personal application of special privilege, and avoiding it is the hardest thing a man in office has to do. But that is just what he is elected to do, and it is the call of the people that gives him the inspiration to face his task and fulfill his duty to the uttermost."

The Governor stood up and stretched out his hand as I rose to say good-by. I shall carry long in memory the picture of that smiling, good-humored, patient six-footer, waiting for the chance to get at that heaped-up desk-load of work. They told me that he weighs 210 pounds. I hadn't thought he was so big a man.

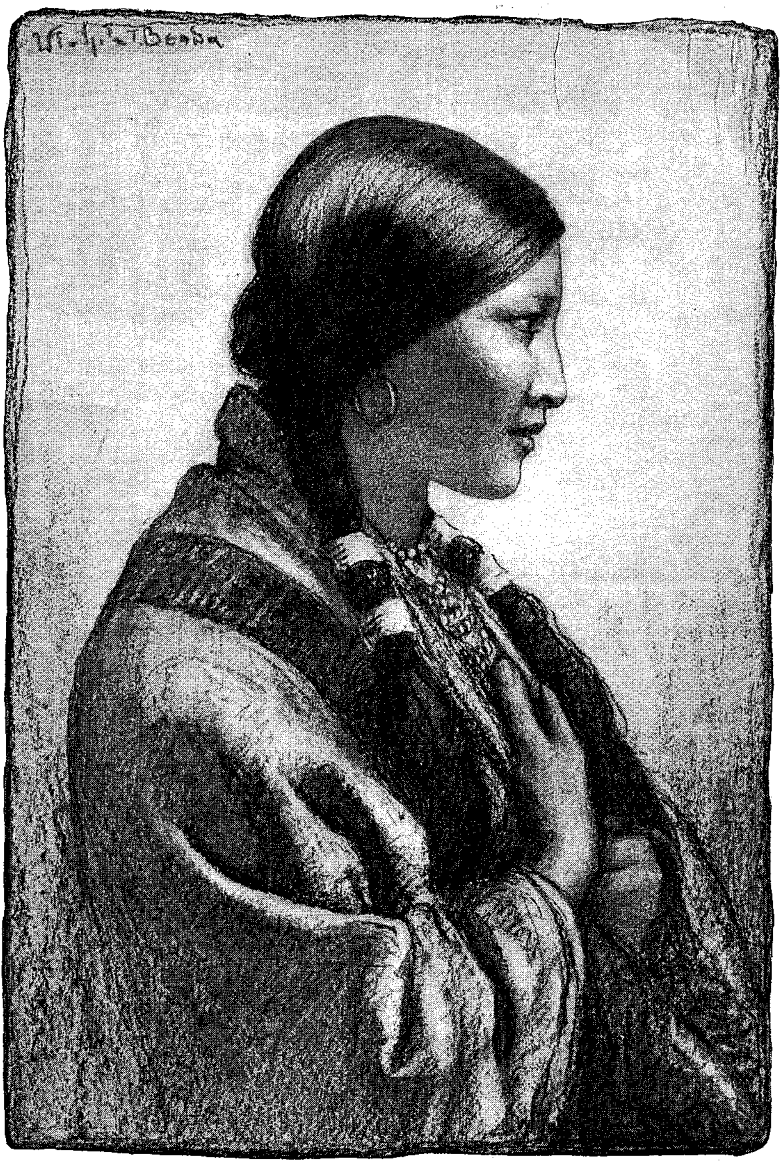
ARCADES AMBO

BY HELEN COALE CREW

See yon glad lover piping there
  To Amaryllis sweet?
He hears the hum of golden bees
Soft murmuring in the blossoming trees;
He hears the tinkling of the bells
Where feed his flocks in grassy dells;
From out his lithe throat, glad and strong,
He breathes a lover's joyous song,
  And pours it at her feet.

Mark you this lover, thin and white,
  Beneath these somber skies?
He sees a narrow, paven street
At whose high top tall factories meet;
He hears the shrill, metallic roar
That shakes the trembling wall and floor.
She toils beside him. He lifts high
His passionate heart, with voiceless cry,
  To her young, patient eyes.

Arcadians both—young Corydon
  At dalliance in the grassy grove,
And he, with drudgery wan and worn,
  Whose soul is big with pain and love.



"DEEP LAUGHTER"

THE WOMAN SPOKE

BY KEENE ABBOTT

WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

TRACED with paint upon a rectangle of buckskin, this message was sent by an old Indian of the Omaha tribe to a friend of his living among the Poncas in Oklahoma:

"The old life is gone; the life of the tepee, of the chase, of the wild game, has vanished utterly away.

"Now comes the era of the plow. Out of the earth, the nourisher of all, must we, and our children, and our children's children be forever sustained.

"At the price of toil our feet press the paths of peace. The bison comes not back again. The bow is broken.

"But we who labor with our hands may

have many cattle. Plenty is ours. The fire burns under the pot. We smoke our pipe. In contentment we lie down to sleep."

So has everything come to pass exactly as was prophesied generations ago by Chief Iron Eye of the Omahas.

Curiously picturesque is a cavalcade of some two hundred Indians. Wrapped in bright-hued blankets, with earrings, bracelets, and metal arm-bands agleam in the sun, the men upon their ponies lead the advance. They, and the women who come after them, go herding leisurely along, while in the arid and sandy regions of the South Platte country the dragging poles of the travois stir up a smudge of dust. The pack ponies, each with his swollen burden, come toiling along behind the women, like so many lazy poodles.

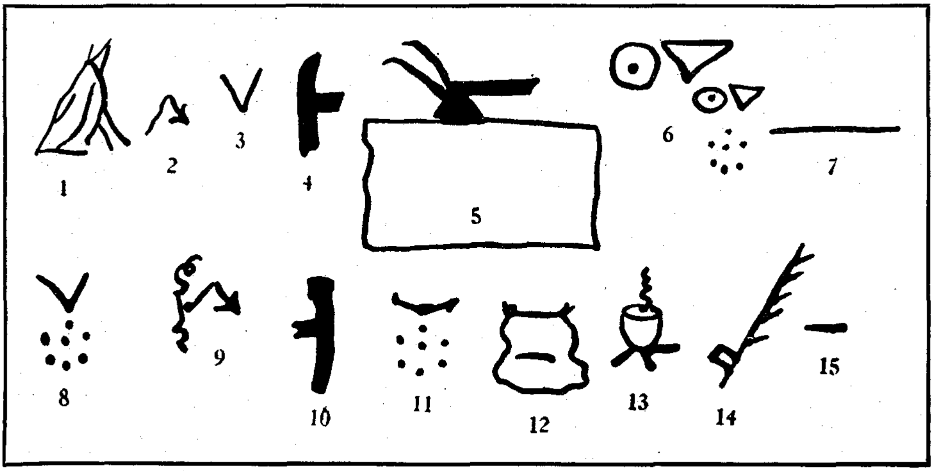
Such was one of the fur-trading expeditions of Chief Iron Eye, after the powerful white race had come westward to claim the land and wantonly to destroy the game. Long was he identified with the well-remembered trader Peter Sarpy, their post on the west bank of the Missouri River having served as the nucleus for the first white settlement in Nebraska Territory. That was the village of Bellevue, and a few miles north of it the town of Omaha, now grown to a city of some two hundred thousand inhabitants, was subsequently established.

Back in the '30's Peter Sarpy used to take many cargoes of fur down the river to market them in St. Louis; but with the movement of emigration westward his business declined, for game was steadily growing more and more scarce. Finally it became necessary to establish trading relations with tribes occupying remote territory, and this is the way that such a commercial enterprise was carried on.

By Chief Iron Eye and the company who went with him a journey far across the plains into the Crow country of Montana was regarded somewhat in the light of a holiday excursion. It promised change, good hunting, adventure. Spring, summer, and autumn would be required for the pilgrimage.

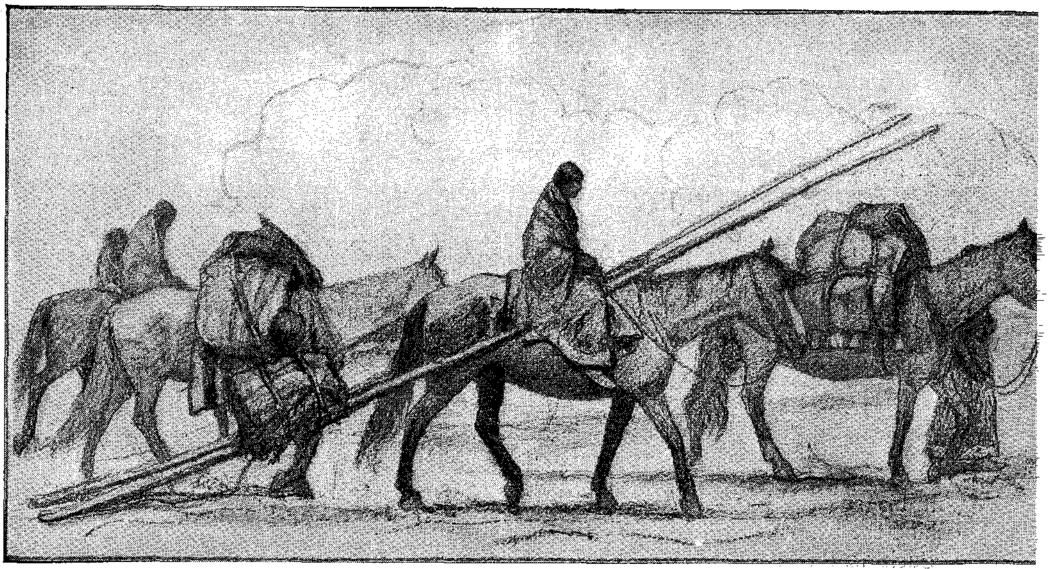
Each day, early in the morning, the madcap young fellows would go scouting miles and miles away from the main body of the expedition. Theirs was the duty of keeping a sharp lookout for roving bands of Sioux. It was also necessary, of course, for the hunters to keep the camp supplied with meat.

That bachelorhood is by no means a blissful state among the Indians was more than once demonstrated during this nomadic life by the austere treatment of the unattached young men. Frequently obliged to go shelterless at night, they had to content themselves as best they could beside a fire of their own making, under the sky. The



THE MESSAGE

1. Tepee. 2. Broken arrow. 3. Horns of the bison to represent game in general. 4. Fence post or wall, shutting off the old life. 5. Plow and square, farming, toil in the fields. 6. Circle and dot, a woman; triangle, a man; being large, they are grandparents; smaller circle and triangle, mother and father; seven dots below, many children; the whole figure meaning, "we, and our children, and our children's children;" seven, a mystic number, often means many. 7. Horizontal line, a straight trail or path of peace. 8. Seven dots under the horns, great herds of bison. 9. A twisted bow-string and broken arrow. 10. Another wall, showing that the bison cannot come back. 11. Cow-horns, with seven dots under them, many cattle. 12. A full sack. 13. Pot steaming upon the fire. 14. Pipe with feather adornments, a pipe of peace. 15. Short horizontal line, a straight, even bed for quiet sleep



“ WRAPPED IN BRIGHT-HUED BLANKETS, WITH EARRINGS, BRACELETS, AND ME

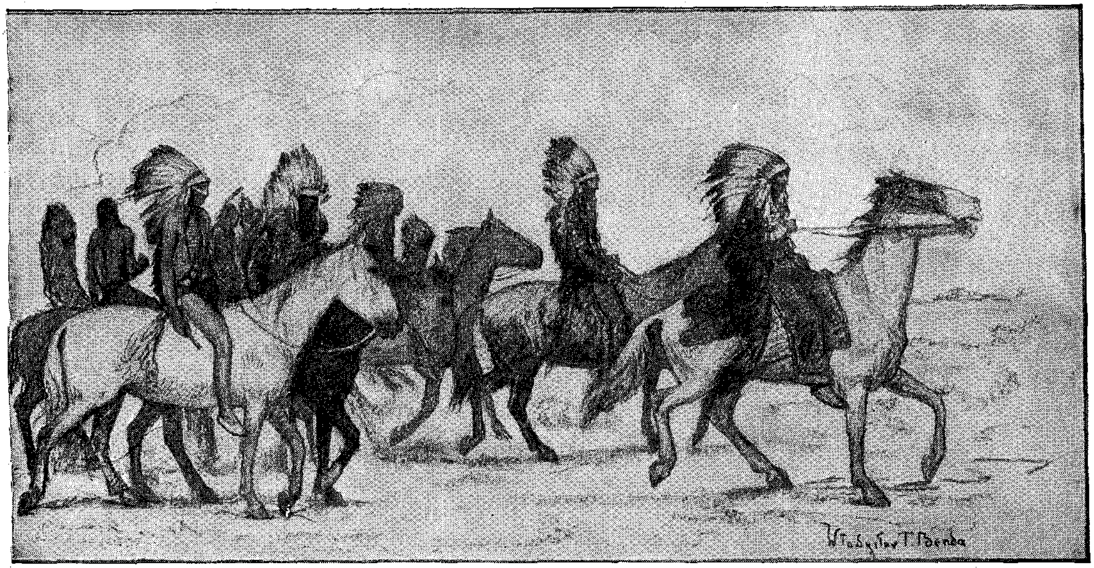
women rule the camp, and they have most decided notions about hospitality. To be welcome beside a tepee fire, even in the glacial wetness of March weather, one must have contributed liberally to the pot. Should you be fortunate enough to supply an antelope, then indeed are you likely to be made welcome by some Indian housewife; for the successful stalking of that game is an achievement even more distinguished than the killing of a bear. Such a hunter is made comfortable upon a soft grass bed; his horse is hobbled; a woman cooks for him and is likely to indulge him with her most courteous attentions.

One boisterous youth, a disturber and practical joker, who had been in disfavor from the outset of the expedition, found means at last to be admitted, on sufferance, to the tepee of a friend. Using a fold of his blanket for a bag, he had brought into camp a half-dozen land turtles; for on the plains, miles away from any stream, these dark, round, flat-bodied crawlers are considered extremely toothsome. Roasted in the ashes, and served up in their own shells for plates, they are as palatable as crab meat or lobster.

During a scarcity of game the Indian has many resources. On such an expedition it is probable that Iron Eye's people would more than once be reduced almost to a vegetable diet. Then would search be made for nuskeeda, a sweet-flavored tuber to be found in wet places; it, like the parsnip, is gastronomically useful only after it has been in frozen ground for the winter. Milkweed is utilized for greens; Indian turnips are dug; and, in fact, there are so many edible roots and plants known to the aborigine that he fares well even in the greatest dearth of game. Nor does he lack confections. Dried plums and dried grapes, mixed with suet, pounded into a dough, and again dried in the sun, serve him with a dessert of special excellence.

One evening when the cone-shaped masses of darkness, the tepees of the circular camp, were breathing up their pale vapor toward a deep sky frostily athrob with stars, the wife of Iron Eye—she whose name in the Omaha tongue meant The Woman—had a very special reason for extracting some of that fruit-bread from her store of provisions. It was intended for the young wife Deep Laughter, whose wigwam was to-night missing from the ring of tented homes. Her husband, Thin Elk, thought it might be a good idea to find out what had happened, yet it is true that he had no grave misgivings concerning her.

Now, upon breaking camp in the morning, a woman takes down the tepee, adjusts the poles into a travois, and starts forth upon the day's journey without giving any special heed to what her neighbors are doing. Each housewife suits her own convenience about starting onward toward the next camp. Tents are not removed simultaneously; the village melts away by degrees, until the last tepee is down. Thus it chanced that all day long nobody had remarked the absence of



ARM-BANDS AGLEAM IN THE SUN, THE MEN UPON THEIR PONIES LEAD THE ADVANCE"

Deep Laughter; and now the chief's wife, accompanied by a group of women and a few men, with Thin Elk among them, were to go in search of her. All night they rode their ponies, sometimes slumbering as they rode, each man in his turn remaining awake to lead the party back over the trail they had traveled during the day.

At dawn, while slaty clouds above the rim of the prairie were beginning to froth and burn with the sudsy fire of sunrise, the group of ponies presently came in sight of the old camp ground. There, darkly penciled against the rosy sky, stood the skeleton framework of a tepee; and yonder, moving capably about, a woman was now taking down the poles.

When her friends drew up to the place where she was at work, they were greeted by the sturdy-lunged wailings of a baby, newly born. It was not for nothing that the mother was named Deep Laughter. At sight of the solicitous women her voice rang out with exultant merriment. Such a joke it was that they should have grown uneasy about her! But there were meekness and apology in her tone when she said:

"I did not think it was going to happen so soon."

While Iron Eye's expedition was under way, the golden shine of the willows along the streams had gradually turned to a pale green mist; wild plum trees were daintily foaming over with blossoms; many a gentle rain pattered upon the tepees; cool, keen odors of watered earth, and young grass, and growing sage gave zest to the hunter and to the housewife. By the time they had got to the mountains the star-eyed columbine was in flower, and intensely blue dreamed the summer sky against which the green-black pine trees on craggy summits brushed themselves into pointed and bristling silhouettes.

All this while travel had been very slow. And what matter? Time, with the Indian, counts for little. No need to hurry. For more than the period of an hour he will stand in one place, seemingly as inert as a tree-stump; but while doing so you may be sure his mind is not standing still.

"Only to look at something," Iron Eye used to say, "is soon to forget it; to look at it a long time is perhaps to see it; to see it a long while is the only way to make it yours. Then you do not forget."

Possibly it was this habit of acute observation, or perhaps it may have been some subtle, inner sense, that one morning gave premonition of the near approach to a village of the Crow people. But whether mystic intimation or actual knowledge, whether prescience or visual fact, Iron Eye and his followers were keenly alive to the truth that at the end of this day's journeying their destination would be reached.

In the afternoon, therefore, a long halt was made. It was the occasion for every man to make himself ornately attractive. Ceremonial habiliments were unpacked, faces and brown bodies elaborately barred with flame- and canary-colored paint, while mink or beaver fur lengthened out the black-blue strands of plaited hair. Leggins and moccasins gayly patterned with bead-work were put on, and stately bonnets of eagle feathers made ready for dignified processional. So when the cavalcade again moved forward it was in the full pomp of aboriginal splendor.

Equally imposing was the emissary sent forth by the Crows to give welcome to the visiting delegation. His station was fully a mile distant from the pleasant valley which was violet-tinged with the indolently upwafting smoke of tepee fires. Here he stood, almost naked, like a god, and quite immutable in the sunset glow, as if he might have been some sculptural thing cast in a beautiful golden bronze. Fanwise, his feathered head-dress slanted back, and, being stirred by a lazy puff of breeze, it was like an enormous wing trying to rise and fly away.

Once this tribal dignitary had been espied, the swift pony of Iron Eye, a pony oddly mottled in brown and white, suddenly detached itself from the slowly moving column. With a stormy clatter of hoofs, plunging headlong down a rocky trail, the animal fairly hurled his rider at the ceremonial welcomer. A pretty piece of horsemanship! With amazing abruptness, as though a cyclone had been paralyzed, the careering pony halted. His rider at the same moment bounded gracefully from the saddle, his lithe ease of movement suggesting the alighting of a bird. Upright, face to face with this head soldier of the Crows, stood the chief of the Omahas.

The greeting was ceremonial, each man speaking his own tongue.

"Whence have you come?"

"From the far-off river of clouded water."

"Whither goest?"

"Hither have we come, we, people of the Up-stream, that we may pipe-dance with our brother, the Crow."

Then, at a signal of the head soldier, there stood forth from a jutting rock seven stalwart braves, each one of them tall, deep of chest, glorious with strength. Upon the ground they fleetly unrolled a buffalo robe, the leather side being tanned to the softness of a maiden's moccasin.

Wherefore was this done? Iron Eye could in no wise understand it. Never before, indeed, had he seen any such detail used in the welcoming rite. And still more strange it was that the head soldier should now, with courteous action, give signal for The Woman to approach.

She was to come forth, she was to be seated upon the soft robe, she was to be carried by these seven young men all the way back to the village, even to the place where her tepee was to be set up. So should the visitors understand how deep a reverence has the Crow for such a birth-giver of chiefs—for a woman whose beauty, modesty, kindness, and wifely virtues are all of a quality to deserve this special homage.

Now the whole village, from head chief to the smallest child, may have been inflamed with curiosity not only to see the visitors but to talk with them. No person, however, is permitted such a satisfaction. Indian courtesy is altogether too strict for that. You do not speak to your guest. It is assumed that he has traveled far and is much fatigued. The right thing to do, then, is to show him and the women of his party where the wigwams are to be set up. Next food is brought. Your friend must eat, he must smoke his pipe, he must rest. There will be plenty of time, later on, to enjoy his sociability.

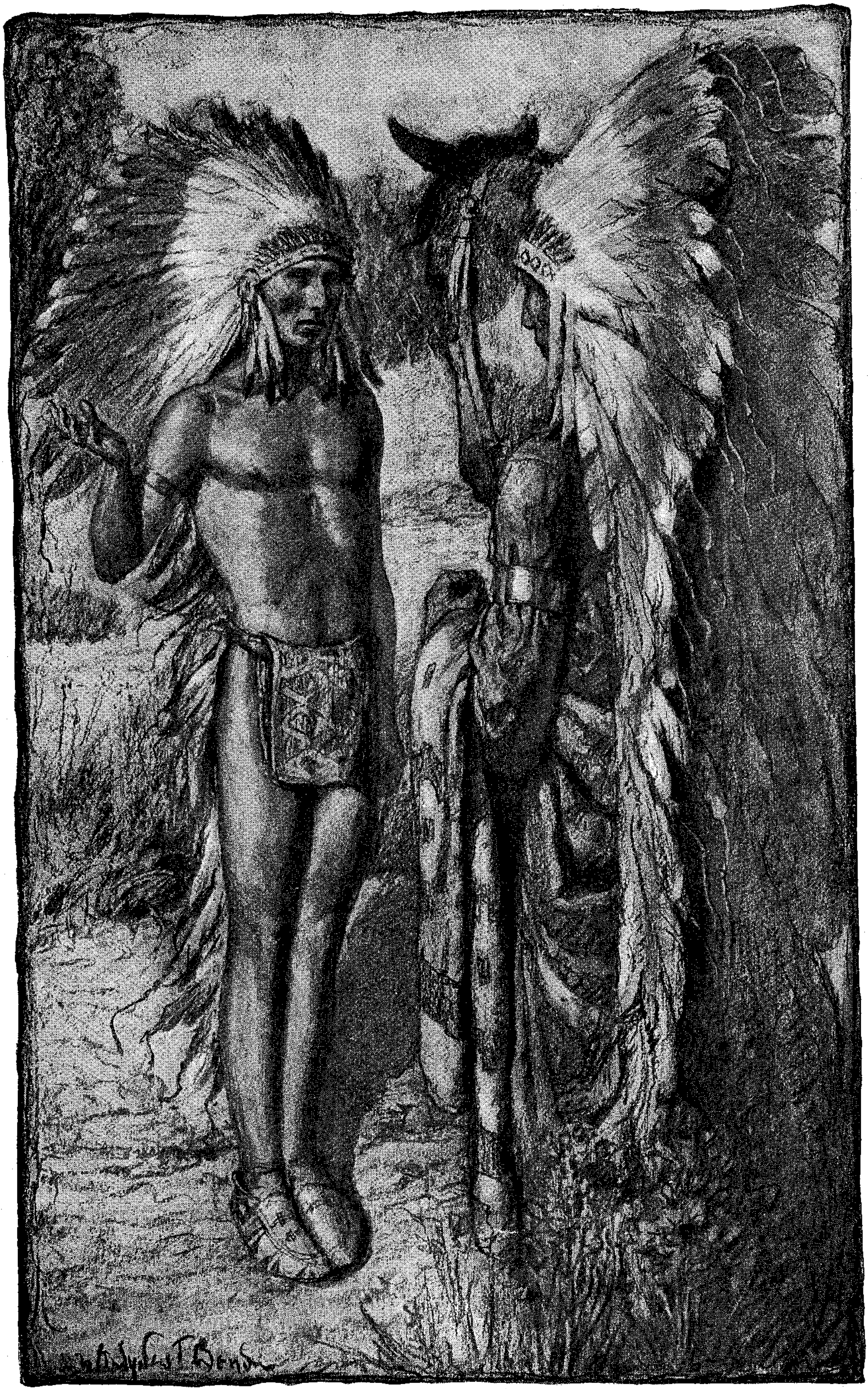
Iron Eye's people saw at once that a supply of wood had been cut for their use, and by the time that darkness had closed in upon them every tent in their part of the camp circle was comfortably exhaling smoke from the supper fires.

Next day, quite early in the morning, the resonant voice of the village crier startled the valley into echoes. Slowly making his round of the camp, halting now in one place, now in another, he was chanting forth a long call, making pauses out of the natural order:

"Know, everybody, that—this day is appointed a feast day. The great chief of—the Up-stream people—is come hither. He is come hither, the great chief—head man of a brave people—terrifier of his enemies—a rock, a mountain in the steadfastness of his friendship—a cloudburst, a cataract, in the pouring out of his kindness. Ten thousand horses has he given away. Broad as the plain is his bounty. He is here. He is come hither. In his honor this day is appointed a feast day."

After the crier had departed, his voice, farther off, was heard again; and still more faintly, from a distance, the eulogistic announcement was repeated over and over.

Although the intoned proclamation made no mention of The Woman, she was nevertheless welcomed to each of the feasts. To her utter astonishment, since a wife is not supposed to share the honors shown her hus-



UPRIGHT, FACE TO FACE WITH THIS HEAD SOLDIER
OF THE CROWS, STOOD THE CHIEF OF THE OMAHAS

band, she was summoned to accompany Iron Eye to the tent of Two Moose, the head chief. She was also invited to the entertainments offered by the sub-chiefs, Turkey Arrow, Limping Fox, and Swift Running Cloud. In each instance a place of special distinction beside her husband, opposite the entrance of the lodge, was accorded her.

Naturally it is understood that one's appetite may not be adequate to the demands of a half-dozen feasts in a single day. Indian etiquette, however, permits one to eat only a little at each banquet. All the remainder of the huge portions set before you is to be bundled up and carried away in your blanket; or, that being inconvenient, the provisions will be carried by the women to your tepee. This is merely a feature of the commissary arrangements for your visits.

The first series of these social obligations being discharged, Iron Eye's pack-ponies are then driven into the center of the open space ringed about by wigwams of the camp. Next the corpulent burdens are opened, to the gloating satisfaction of fascinated eyes. Everybody knows that presents are now to be given away, rich presents that may even include something so valuable as a sharp hatchet, not to mention tin dishes that blaze in the sunshine. Small mirrors are likewise brought forth, and there is a store of bright-colored beads, considered ever so much more lovely than the gorgeously dyed porcupine quills which these Northern Indians were wont to use for embroidering purposes.

Marvelously grand, to be sure, are the things that the distinguished visitor has brought; but he speaks of them slightingly. They are mere nothings, a few silly gifts, which, for all that, he hopes may serve as remembrances.

Ostensibly everything is given to the head chief; in reality he gets nothing. All is presented by him to the sub-chiefs, and they in turn make distribution of the goods among the people. In order that Two Moose may retain something for his own personal use, a special stipulation must be made. Meanwhile, during the bestowal of the merchandise, which includes a muzzle-loading rifle and a supply of ammunition, a pretty speech of presentation is gracefully offered.

The chief's name, however, is not mentioned. It would be wrong to mention his name. Only the ill-bred would do such a thing. Indian proprieties demand that he be designated merely as "friend" or "brother," or else that he be referred to as the performer of such and such acts of bravery. Some special attribute, some distinction, some remarkable feat of woodcraft, leadership, or wisdom, is used as an adequately honorable title.

Deliberately moving hands and arms in the dignified sign language common to most tribes, Iron Eye says to the head chief:

"To you I give these trifles. Particularly do I give you this long-barreled gun. In itself it may not be of much worth, but being handled by one whose judgment and counsel were never known to misfire, it may now speedily learn how to shoot very, very straight. Such as it is, this foolish thunder-iron may at least serve to betoken the deep veneration which the Omaha carries within him for his brother, the Crow."

Thus delicately is the first step taken in this commercial transaction. No bickering, no fear of cheating, no effort to drive a greedy bargain! Not one word, in point of fact, is spoken about the gift of anything at all in return for the rich presents liberally bestowed. Finally, however, when the time comes for Iron Eye and his party to take leave of the Crow, in order to get back home again before cold weather shall set in, there is sure to be another long period of feasting, and every night the tom-tom will throb, beating rhythmic time for ceremonial dances.

Then comes the day when the Crow people bring forth their furs, wondrously valuable furs, ranging from otter, mink, and beaver, to panther, elk, and bear skins. Two Moose confesses himself ashamed to offer such poor gifts. But what's to be done? Having nothing good enough to proffer, he sincerely prays indulgence for the proffering of these few miserable skunk hides. Wretchedly shabby as he knows them to be, he nevertheless begs that they may be accepted, along with the best wishes for an ever-living friendship between the Crow and his beloved brother, the Omaha.

It would be wrong for Iron Eye to protest that his friends are too generous, that they are robbing themselves, that it would be very unbecoming in him to permit this unmerited prodigality. No, the amenities demand that everything given shall be packed upon the ponies. And, in truth, the furs have been fairly bartered for; nothing more has been given than was anticipated; yet it is certain that neither Iron Eye nor The

Woman was in the least prepared for what was now to follow.

To her, the highly honored wife of the distinguished chief, Two Moose was saying:

"You who are big with kindness unto the sick, you who are rich in knowledge of herbs for healing, you who have brought among us good thoughts and pleasant ways, you whom we now deeply regret to lose, must take away from us some suitable emblem of remembrance. A horse? No; for a horse may be stolen or may die. Furs? No; for the moth eats them and spoils them. It is best, then, that something be yours which shall always be yours, even until the time when you shall have no further use for it. Then, perhaps, shall it be given to your son to make proud his heart in remembering his mother."

At the conclusion of this speech The Woman was presented with a beautiful specimen of Indian handicraft. Thin and gracefully curved, it was a scoop-like spoon carved from the horn of a buffalo, and in color not less rich than russet-tinted clouds of early morning before the rising of the sun. Since a wooden porringer and a large spoon make up the equipment carried by every Omaha, so that he may serve himself at a feast, the present gift betokened much more than Two Moose had put into words. It symbolized eternal hospitality; any one carrying it would ever, at all times, be welcome among the Crow people.

Be sure The Woman was very proud of the honor; yet in the after years she did not often refer to the manner in which she had been exalted by the tribesfolk in that far-off land of Montana. Even to members of her own family she was loth to mention the incident. There finally did come a time, however, when she wanted very much to have her son-in-law know the history of the beautifully carved spoon.

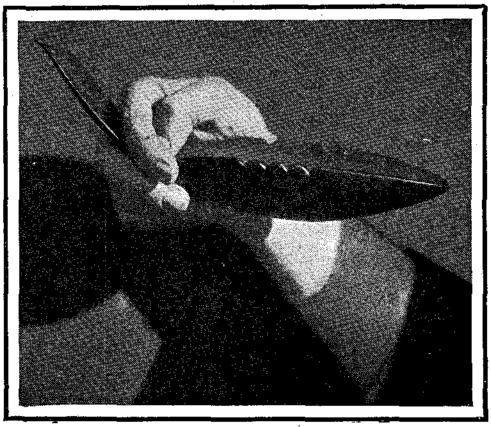
How to tell him? that was the question. For you must know that custom among the Omaha people is very exacting in this: a woman does not speak to her daughter's husband. To communicate with him at all it must invariably be done through a third person. Even though you may come to live after the fashion of the white people, even though your daughter may become the wife of a Caucasian, a man of scholarly attainments and generous heart, yet can you never bring yourself to feel that it would be proper to talk with him.

So it was that for years after Mr. Thomas H. Tibbles was married to the most renowned daughter of the Omaha people his mother-in-law remained excessively reticent. Therefore it is not strange that sometimes he used to wonder a little whether she had any degree of liking for him. Certainly he was not the least prepared for the surprise which came one day when the mother of Bright Eyes suddenly addressed him. She not only spoke to him, she narrated the whole story of the expedition into the Crow country. She told all of it, from the start to the finish, omitting no detail, talking steadily for considerably more than an hour.

Then she said:

"That spoon I was to have given to my son, but he, as you know, has gone hence to join the people of the grave. So, then, that gift from the good Crow people, the gift intended for him, cannot go to him. Now it must belong to my other son. It is yours."

And she brought forth from under her shawl that treasured emblem, the carven spoon, tinted to the rich color of russet clouds at early dawn before the rising of the sun.



IT SYMBOLIZED ETERNAL HOSPITALITY

SAVINGS OR EFFICIENCY?

BY

MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

THE SECOND ARTICLE IN
THE HOME MAKING SERIES

I'VE a friend whose recipe for story-writing is: "Take a block of large yellow paper and a soft pencil; place all unpaid bills on the upper left-hand corner of your writing-table—the result is literature."

But she's the one exception I know to the rule that a mind must be free from the hundred pinches and pulls of money worry to turn out its most valuable product.

I have before me the family budgets of a series of high school teachers and college professors, men on salaries ranging from $1,200 to $4,000 a year, and living across the country from Maine to California; and in every case but one it is easy to see how old age and the fear of it is like a paralyzing hand to mar the efficiency of their homes.

As the second bulletin of the Carnegie Foundation shows, the majority of the teachers in America receive salaries below the comfort line, though that line varies greatly for different localities in conformity with the local cost of living. Now teachers who are continually worried by money are in no state either to turn out the best mental work or run the most efficient homes. Their salaries may not look so small in money, but it is important to realize the difference between a salary that is comfortable to *live* on and a salary that is comfortable to *save* on; for the fear of the future in a profession in which the average income even of college professors at the height of their earning power is only $2,500 a year drives these men to save as the only way to provide for the future, and tends to reduce the amount of money they are at liberty to spend on their homes and their professional equipment to a point below the efficiency line.

It doesn't matter in the long run whether they are content to cut down their home budgets below the point of efficiency or not—cheerfulness under misfortune undoubtedly makes things pleasant for the neighbors, but it isn't a good substitute for a strong-fisted campaign of prevention. There is plenty of cheerfulness among the teachers just above the line of decency, and a tendency to make the intangible receipts of inspiration, and joy in their work, and consciousness of their noble calling, and various other comforting platitudes, piece out mere beef and potatoes, till one feels pretty sure that the scholar's stoop comes as much from underfeeding as from overstudy. Teachers, or their wives, living on $1,500 a year and less have a fashion of writing:

"Our monthly expenditures average

around $50, and we think we are living high."

"Our salary looks pretty big to us, because we have so many dear friends who have so much less."

"Our professors here are fine, upright, happy people, and all on $1,200 a year or less."

"We deny ourselves in none of our needs and pleasures."

"Counting all candy, ice-cream, and every eatable, our food average for a day is not above twenty cents."

When I read these brave letters, it gave me a happy warmth in my heart which lasted just exactly till I analyzed the family budgets that went with them. Here is the best and most reasonable budget from any teacher with an income of $1,500 or less. It comes from Mrs. Brownson, a cheerful, happy woman in a section of the Middle West where living is so cheap that her husband's high school salary of $1,200 will go further than would seem possible to an Easterner:

BUDGET OF A HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER IN THE MIDDLE WEST, WIFE AND CHILD FOUR YEARS OLD

Income $1,200.00 a year salary.
20.00 from private lessons.

$1,220.00

Food		$180.00
Shelter (rent and water tax)		121.50
Clothes, etc.		140.00
Operating expenses:		
Coal, wood, ice	$50.00	
Gas and laundry	20.00	70.00
Advancement:		
Church	30.00	
Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.	10.00	
Summer school	135.00	
Insurance	140.00	
Vacation	50.00	
Doctor	10.00	
Bank	325.00	
Magazines, papers, books	7.00	
Incidentals	1.50	$708.50
		$1,220.00

Obviously, Mrs. Brownson is a careful housekeeper, happily busy trying to make every reluctant dollar give up a hundred cents of value and to keep her young son up to the mark. Obviously, too, she succeeds, for they've just paid off the big left-over debt from Mr. Brownson's schooling, and are able to give $30 a year to the church and contribute to the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association. Now this generosity is right in line with Mrs. Brownson's cheerfulness—pleasant characteristics both—but the community expects much bigger gifts from a high school teacher than dollars. The community expects him to be a mine from which to quarry indefinitely, but a modern mine whose supposedly inexhaustible store has got to be continually replenished from without by travel and books and contact with people. A teacher's mind is a storage battery; it can't be charged once for all and then go on emitting power forever. And the thing that prevents the frequent recharging of Mr. Brownson is the menacing hand of the future reaching backward, gripping hold of a hundred and forty dollars a year and saying:

"Think what will happen to your family if you don't give me this in the form of insurance!"

It takes hold of the $325 a year savings and says:

"Give me this in proof that you've remembered the rainy day."

And it leaves the teacher, who ought to have some hundred dollars a year to put into books and technical equipment alone, with $7 only for magazines and papers, and $50 for a vacation for three people, and not a cent for a lecture or a concert or a theater. To be sure, Mrs. Brownson writes me that they have an extended circle of acquaintances among the "rich, the middle, and the poor classes;" but balance against the consequent social diversion the fact that all the idiosyncrasies of the human imagination have to be trammeled to fit the $1.50 a year spent for "incidentals"!

The food allowance of $180 is well below the lower limit of subsistence in most places as ascertained by the American School of Home Economics, but as only $10 went for doctor's bills and nothing at all for medicines, the Brownsons seem to have been sufficiently fed. This is possible because they live in a great fruit and vegetable producing State, where I have purchased the luscious watermelon at five cents and peaches for so little that I'm afraid to mention it, and where flour comes down from Duluth by water—altogether one of the cheapest places in the country to live. But just look at the things that must be left out of the budget when the fear of age and decrepitude steals $465 a year out of $1,200. That ugly fear steals their chances of present efficiency and looks mealy-mouthed and virtuous while it does it!

And though it may not be true of Mr. Brownson in particular, isn't it true in general that such sacrifice builds an unjumpable wall in the path of a teacher's success? And isn't it an indirect sacrifice of the brains of all the little Smiths and Joneses that sit under him? Of course one can't starve when one is old any more complacently than at any other age; the grasshopper may have become a burden and the caper-berry have failed, but one eats notwithstanding. The question is, Can the community afford such sacrifice? Isn't there some way out?

Of course the children and their future have got to be provided for, either by education or endowment—that's an axiom; but too often the axiom runs in direct opposition to the justifiable demand of society that each generation shall give itself fully in the present, and its refusal to accept instead any I. O. U. reading: "In the persons of my sons and daughters, I promise to pay ——."

The attempt to substitute one's children for one's self is apt to be disastrous. Of course there is the beautiful idea of lifting them a step up, that no sacrifices are too great to be made for them, that no slaving is real slaving, no hardships real hardships, where they are concerned; and doubtless these thoughts do ease the mind, though they don't radically rest the muscle. One has got to be pretty sure that it is only one's self that one is sacrificing to one's children; it may be one's neighbors.

Mrs. Taylor, wife of a high school principal in a Middle Western city, sends me the following schedule:

BUDGET OF A HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL IN A MIDDLE WESTERN CITY, WIFE AND FOUR CHILDREN. INCOME $3,700 A YEAR

Food[1]		$500.00
Shelter (heat, outside cleaning, light, etc.)		715.00
Clothes		333.00
Operating expenses, etc		128.00
Advancement:		
Annuity premium	$414.00	
Insurance	94.00	
Taxes (on vacant lots)	25.00	
Tuition at ——	450.00	
Tuition at ——	381.00	
Church	30.00	
Allowance to children	120.00	
Husband's expenses	510.00	2,024.00
		$3,700.00

Mrs. Taylor says that she and her husband are putting their children through college, and feel that this education is a sufficient substitute for money, but she makes these elucidating comments:

"You will see from this schedule that it is absolutely necessary that I should do all my work myself, including the laundrying. But trying to put our children through Eastern colleges was too much for some of us, for I have been under a severe mental strain, and one daughter has been in a sanitarium for months because of a nervous breakdown. Teachers as a rule are not paid according to their needs, and have to stint in everything in order to make a living. We took out an annuity policy three years ago for $5,000 to be paid up in ten years, which will pay us $250 a year till the end of our lives. My husband has life insurance for my benefit, the premium of which I pay; but after my husband outlives his usefulness as a teacher, he and I will have to live on $250 a year, there being no provision made by law to help the superannuated teachers."

Now the Taylors have done the thing which ever since the Mayflower landed we Americans have tried to do—they have given their children OPPORTUNITIES. They have seen the word spelled in capitals all their lives, they have pursued and overtaken it, and are quite willing to pay the cost; but does it seem a thing we can afford to let them do at the price? For, in addition to their sacrifice of present efficiency, they turn the minds of other teachers to the elementary proposition that such and such an income will give such and such things only, that a time will come when a teacher's usefulness is over, and that the lean years must be provided against out of the fat ones, until they grow afraid to assume the responsibility of children.

Mr. and Mrs. Carton, out on the Pacific coast, have reversed the sacrifice of the Taylors. Mr. Carton holds a small professorship at a salary of $1,800 in a community where living is high. He believed that it was his duty to be a good teacher first and a happy man afterward, and that he ought not to marry until he had stored up enough in his head to be sure of holding his position and enough in his pocket to be sure of making a wife comfortable. Remember how small is $1,800 a year on the Pacific coast. After a long engagement he married and continued to save. He didn't dare cut off chances to study—competition for his job was too keen; so there were summer courses and conventions and a year's leave of absence and a little travel and lots of books, and always the saving, saving, saving, urged on by a little tormenting demon sitting in the back of his head who whispered:

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[1] The items food, clothes, and operating expenses were differently stated in the original budget; they have been rearranged here for the sake of uniformity.

"You're going to be old! Suppose you fall ill? What about accident? What will happen to your wife? You've got to provide for her!"

And I've seen how that ruthless demon reached over and drew worry lines about Mr. Carton's eyes, and picked out his hairs, and troubled his soul, and whispered always: "One must either provide for children or go without them!" and kept him and his wife always alone.

To be sure, he tried to supplement his income by writing text-books and giving lectures and doing the other things which lead Dr. Henry S. Pritchett to say:

"A large proportion of the teachers in American universities are engaged in turning the grindstone of some outside employment with one hand while they carry on the work of teaching with the other."

Again, it is the fear of age and poverty that has stolen from the community the children the Cartons might have had, and their home as judged by its output is only half efficient. It has given a good teacher, but it has stopped short at this generation. This too seems a waste we can't afford, and is referable to the same cause which makes the high school teachers in communities where there is "no provision made by law to help the superannuated" put so large a proportion of their salaries into savings instead of present efficiency. With 446,133 teachers in the United States, these wastes bear seriously both upon education and the home.

Fortunately, we know the cure of this evil as well as we know the uses of quinine. Let a cured patient explain.

He is Mr. Forsythe, professor in a small Eastern college. He receives $1,800 a year, is entitled to a pension at the age of sixty-five or after twenty-five years of service, and his wife, in case of his death, will have a widow's allowance. The fear of the future, either for him or his, need not steal anything at all from the present. Here is his family budget:

BUDGET OF AN EASTERN COLLEGE PROFESSOR
WITH A WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN
INCOME $1,800 A YEAR

Food		$260.00
Shelter (payments on house and farm)		500.00
Clothes and personal expenses:		
Children	$496.00	
Wife	120.00	
Husband	90.00	259.60
Operating expenses:		
Fuel	$120.00	
Service	72.00	
Telephone	18.00	
Light and gas	24.00	234.00
Advancement:		
Life insurance	$192.00	
Child's allowance	10.40	
Benevolence	84.00	
Incidentals	80.00	
Surplus	180.00	546.40
		$1,800.00

About some of the items in this budget Mr. Forsythe is slightly apologetic; they are the items that look even remotely like savings. Why should they buy a home? Mr. Forsythe explains:

"Families without children in —— are able to get pleasant apartments for $20 a month, but our reason for purchasing a house was that in this way we secured a very large lot where our children might have plenty of air and sunshine and be safe."

Sort of *in loco nursemaidæ!* I don't know just what nursemaids cost in this particular town now, but when I used to take such positions they averaged about five dollars a week—that is, $260 a year—besides food and lodging. To buy that house looks like good business to me. Professor Forsythe writes:

"The natural beauty of our premises—there is a steep rocky slope back of us crowned with oaks and pines—and the privacy and repose are also worth much to us. Almost every year we purchase a few trees or shrubs for our grounds, and we also bring young pines and hemlocks from the woods and set them out where we hope they will grow to be things of beauty. Our home is a pleasant place to live and work in, and a dear refuge to look forward to after hours of outside work.

"We also bought a little farm in order that we might be able to escape completely from our ordinary activities during the summer months and live unconventionally in the midst of natural beauty. Most people, doubtless, would not find so long a vacation needful, but we find that only in this way can we recuperate from the wear and tear of the year's work."

The Forsythe home-buying, which with many people would be a form of investment, is to them a luxurious indulgence, making them more efficient at the present time.

But there is life insurance; what is the present value of that? Again Mr. Forsythe:

"This pays for endowment policies which will mature in from twelve to fifteen years, and we propose to devote the greater part of the money to completing the payments on the house."

To one living in New York City that food allowance in the budget looks dangerously low; but I have taken pains to check up prices in that particular region, and I find that butter, eggs, and milk are considerably cheaper than in most places, fish at least a third less, while meat, vegetables, and fruit are about the average. Then, as Mr. Forsythe explains:

"Our home and farm orchard supply us with abundant apples and pears, and, eating them freely, we purchase relatively less quantities of vegetables."

So, evidently, part of the cost of "shelter" ought to be credited to the food account. But the final test of the food supply is the doctor's bill, and except for the expenses incident to the birth of the two children and a surgical operation in no way related with too little food, no mention is made of a physician's charge.

Let me slide past the easily explained items of fuel, service (occasional help only), clothes (Mrs. Forsythe makes many of the children's clothes), down to the last three items—benevolence, incidentals, and surplus.

Benevolence includes church dues, contributions to charity, and membership fees in civic and benevolent associations. Incidentals include presents, flowers, theater and concert tickets, railway fares to attend teachers' conventions and "classical organizations," and the eight regular magazines that come into the house. Mr. Forsythe mentions that they have access to all the best magazines in the college library also. They plan to attend the good plays, operas, and concerts during the year. "Needless to say," he concludes, "we always overrun this appropriation twenty to forty dollars." And this brings me to the last item—surplus, which isn't really a surplus at all, but elbow room in the other departments. It buys them a few good books every year, besides the technical ones for the professor's work; it buys music for Mrs. Forsythe to play and sing; it buys pictures for their walls; and it is hoarding itself up by littles to buy a new piano in place of the old one.

All this is for themselves, of course; now what are they doing for others? Mr. Forsythe writes:

"We plan to invite the students as often as we can, by classes, or in groups of four or five for dinner, or to tea on Sunday afternoons. And we are trying to reach some of the foreign population and get them to come to our house. My wife devotes all the time and strength she can to assisting in the management of a working-girls' home and a model employment bureau, besides doing a good deal for the young women in our college."

"But," Mr. Carton of the Pacific coast, or Mrs. Brownson of the Middle West, might ask, "how about providing for those two children? Do you mean to foist penniless offspring upon an already glutted community?"

"They'll have an education in place of an income," their father might answer.

"But," I can hear Mrs. Taylor pipe up, "do you labor under the delusion that you can educate your children for nothing? Look at my experience!"

Such questions do not fluster Mr. Forsythe, because, thanks to his pension, he is free to spend all of his income on the present efficiency of his home as a factory for the production of citizens. Something more (this is not included in the bond, and just happens to be within my knowledge): Mr. Forsythe is giving back to the community a lot of first-rate influence on his pupils quite aside from the mere technique of his special subject, and he is giving text-books that toiling youngsters may not indeed struggle with joyously—such is the perverse nature of the young—but which they may at least absorb with profit.

And Professor Forsythe writes me that his family is fairly typical of those in his college community.

Now if he is right, we have come to the cure of a lot of ills and the solution of a lot of problems. No doubt before the days of pensions there were teachers in high schools and colleges who matched Mr. Forsythe's twofold efficiency, but in the scores of letters that have come to The Outlook his is distinguished by its confident spirit of present freedom. He is joyfully concentrating his entire energy upon his immediate maximum production, while through the letters of his unprotected co-workers runs a preoccupying concern for the future.

I'm not for one moment criticising those other teachers; under the circumstances, I do not see how they could do other than they do. I am criticising a community which forces them to make a choice between sacrificing their homes and sacrificing their service.

I said yesterday to the head of a great school system: "If you knew that you would have a pension for your old age, and that your family would be provided for if you died, would it make any difference in your work?"

He began to walk up and down the room.

"It would make me thirty—no, forty—per cent more efficient right now! The thought of what might happen to them if I were scrapped, is a ball and chain on my foot, holding me back from no end of things I might and *ought* to do."

Psychologists tell us that we have inherited useless hates and desires and fears from the strange pre-human times—feelings that serve no protective purpose in this new world we have made for ourselves since our late tree-dwelling. We still have the monkey fear of the great swallowing python, but we apply it to the unwilling worm; the fear of the dark room is the harmless survival of the fear of lurking beasts; and, worst fear of all, that fear that came with our first power to reason—fear of the helplessness of age. For very early we saw that the great prizes of food and shelter were only to the strong, and, except he provide these out of the strength of his youth, how shall an old man live?

It is for us to say whether we shall have savings with fear, or freedom with efficiency.

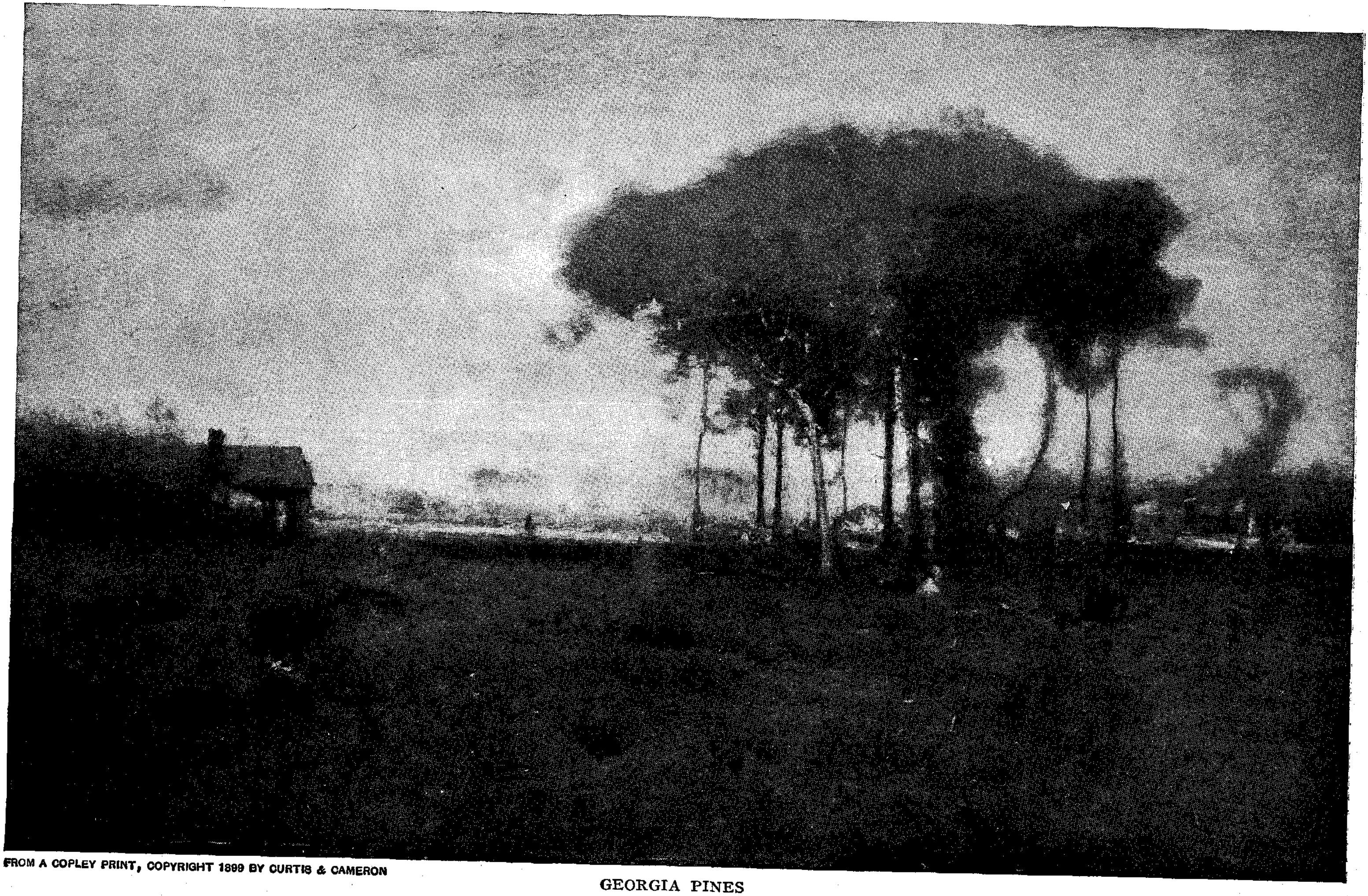
ART AND THE AVERAGE MAN

BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

AN INTERVIEW WITH WALTER PACH

APPROACH art from such an angle as it forms at its intersection with life, and its questions may be discussed by all thinking men and women with interest and profit. The complicated riddles of theory, æsthetics, and connoisseurship are for the experts, but there are matters of art that concern us all, and we are forced to notice them. Thus in the last three years New York has twice been asked for her support of a plan to erect a building for the exhibition of works of art. Twice the plan has had to be withdrawn and changed, but it has retained all its importance for the people who formed it, and we shall hear from them again. Did this matter concern only artists and their patrons, its interest for the rest of the community would be slight. But behind the particular instance lurks the general principle, and, in the opinion of Mr. John W. Alexander, the principle involved here is one that extends to the whole relationship of art and the American people—or of art and the common people, perhaps. That surely is a matter of interest to the community, for art comes from the whole people and is their expression and epitome. The Greek could have had no better way to follow the injunction of his philosopher, "Know thyself," than by studying the art of his country; so, too, the Venetian or the Hollander has recorded his character in his work, and we can know his nation in a very full gamut of its thoughts and feelings as we look at its art. It is not, then, merely for those of us who paint pictures and those who buy them to consider what America will have to say to the generations who will one day study her monuments; it is for us all to have an interest in. And that is why we are going to talk for a while with a man who has for years taken a prominent part in American art matters.

"You do an unconventional thing in asking an artist to speak on such a subject," Mr. Alexander said once before; but the artist should speak on just such subjects, and his words take on a double importance when he has given proofs of such professional ability as wins the admiration of a very large number of people, and yet has sufficiently retained his interest in the general routine of



FROM A COPLEY PRINT, COPYRIGHT 1899 BY CURTIS & CAMERON

GEORGIA PINES
From a painting by George Inness

life to partake in the direction of affairs, and to inspire in the men habitually engaged in such work the confidence that they have to do with a man of action and not a mere dreamer. The honors that Mr. Alexander has received for his pictures come from official bodies and private individuals in Russia, Austria, France, England, Germany, and America. In a list of societies in which he holds positions one would mention the National Academy of Design, the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the School Arts League, and the MacDowell Club—of each of which he is the President; and the long list of the institutions in which he is an executive would include the Metropolitan Museum, the Public Library, etc., etc. So we shall hear from a man whose interests are not bounded by the walls of his studio.

"Do you think America ready for the development of a great school of artists?" I asked Mr. Alexander.

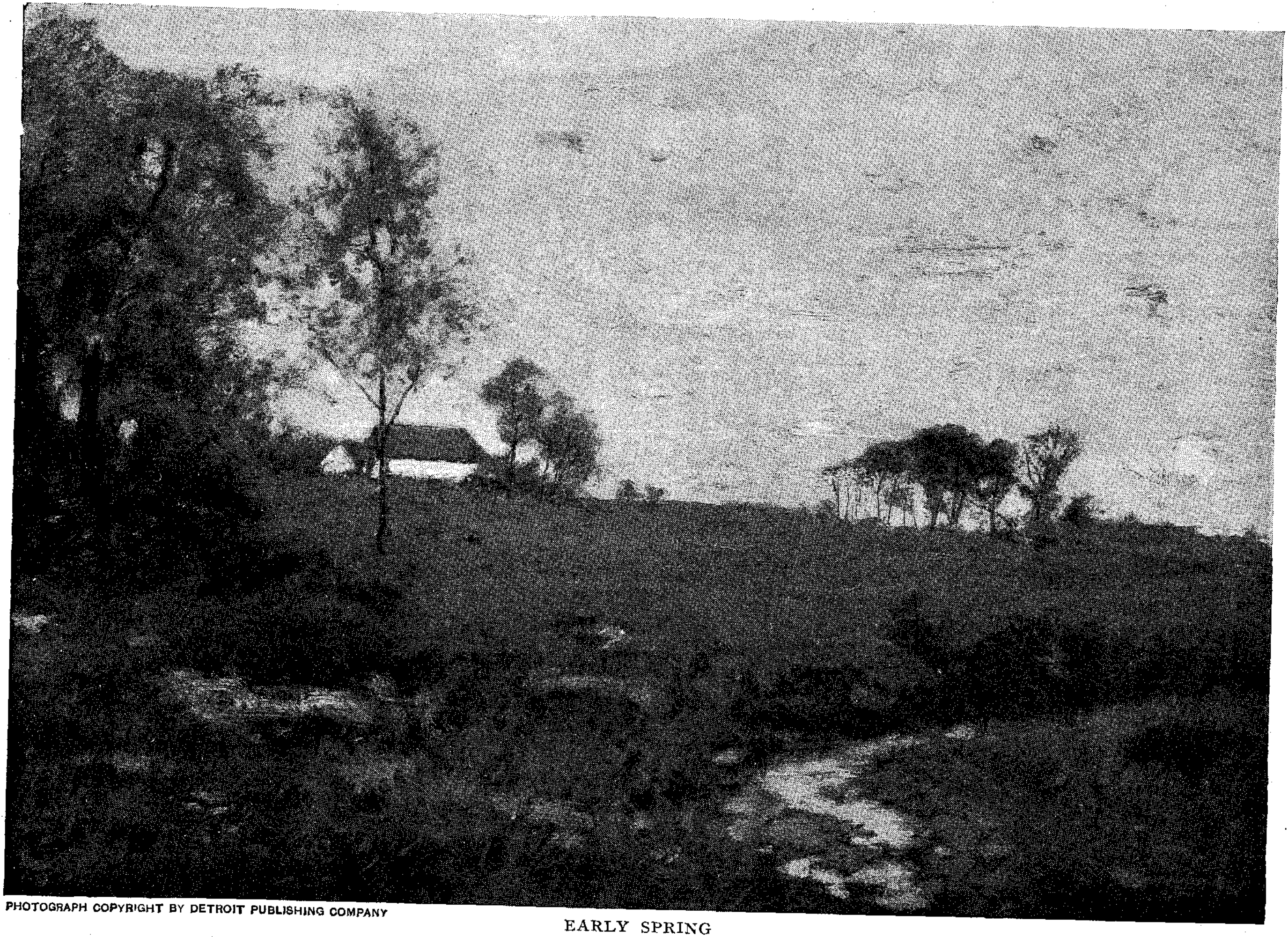
"Not only is America ready," was his reply, "but I think the school is already a fact; the only thing necessary is public recognition of the fact, and that is coming rapidly. I do not believe that we shall be mere continuers of the European schools of art. I do not think we are at present; we have men here now who are absolutely individual, and their point of view is distinctly American."

The several points which the artist made so succinctly in the foregoing statement bring up some interesting questions. There is the one of an American's judgment of American achievement; we do not want to overestimate it—we have of ourselves given over the high opinion that was once held of many of our earlier men when we have found them to be of minor value; but it is natural and healthy that we take pride in any work of lasting importance accomplished by our countrymen. From time to time it is well to have a glance over the whole field, not in a spirit of too great self-consciousness, but to judge where we really are; and it is surely pleasant to find such confidence in the success of our artists as we have here.

Confirming his first remark, Mr. Alexander continued: "Very few know what great work is being done in the direction of art in this country, and my efforts are toward making it known—to show what the men are doing." Outside the profession you would hear little of one important phase of these efforts, and yet it is one that should be known. Some time ago, William M. Chase said that until the artists overcome the discords among themselves they could not expect the public to make the fullest recognition of their claims. It has been a particular mission of John W. Alexander's to make the heterogeneous group of men who are producing our art act in unison. Trained in different schools, representing different traditions (the older American or English tradition, the French, the Italian, the German, and, latest of all, the purely American idea), they present somewhat of a parallel to the whole of America, and we come again to the relation of art with our whole people when we see in what manner this section of it is meeting its problem. The field in which Mr. Alexander has most conspicuously worked is the National Academy of Design. Here there was not only the difference of opinion we have noticed, but there was a definite attitude among the members, especially the older ones, that the Academy was their private club, and non-members (the new men) were to show their work there only on sufferance. "We must give the young men their chance," said the new President, and he continues to say it. "They have now no adequate means of coming before the public; and it is not so much the older men who are already known, but the younger ones who have all the difficulties of making their way, who need the space to exhibit." Accordingly we had probably the best exhibition the Academy had ever given, the first season that Mr. Alexander was President. Men whose views of art are quite different from his, or even opposed to them, were given their hearing; and had each succeeding year shown a similar improvement there would be less necessity for the exhibitions of independent artists that have since been organized. Last winter the MacDowell Club, under Mr. Alexander's leadership, and following a plan long advocated by Robert Henri and others, threw open a gallery to any group of men who cared to show their pictures together, and so the work of developing our artistic resources by bringing forward the new men is being kept up. Surely it is no overstatement to say that this is in line with the best kind of progress in any field of American effort.

"In a country coming as near to being perfectly democratic as ours," I asked, "do you not think that art should be more and more the privilege of the whole people rather than of the few men of wealth?"

"I do believe so, most decidedly. It



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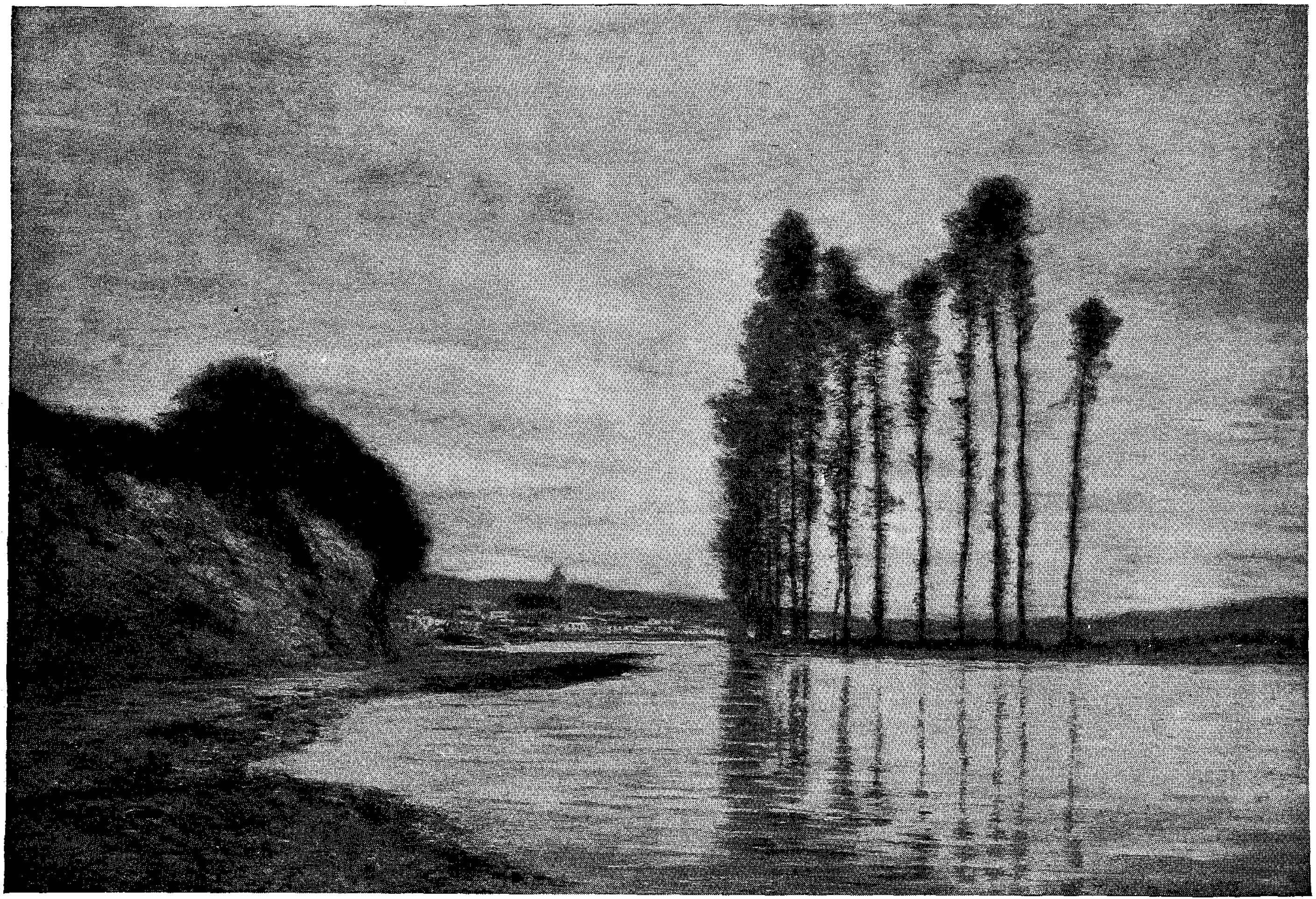
EARLY SPRING
From a painting by Alexander H. Wyant



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VIEW ON THE SEINE
From a painting by Homer D. Martin

should be a matter of interest with every class, and I think you can find good reason for this opinion if you look into the work we are doing in the public schools. Later, when those children are busy men and women, it would be harder to get them to take the necessary interest. We are doing everything in our power to help develop the natural art instinct that is so remarkable in children." A section of the autumn Salon in Paris was devoted last year to a showing of the art work of the school-children, and one walks from galleries containing paintings and sculpture by some of the strongest of contemporary artists to the rooms where one sees what importance the French Government attaches to the matter of having the future citizen intelligent in matters of art.

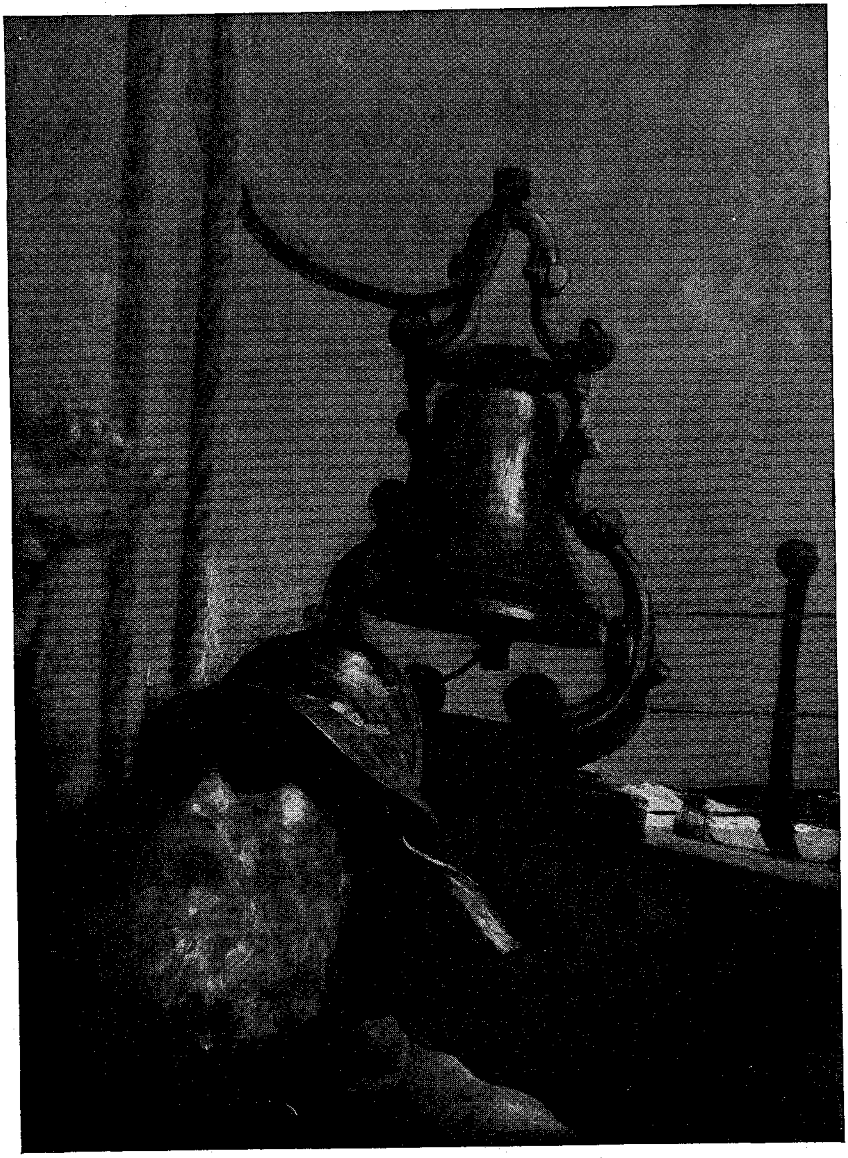
"Ultimately art is for the whole people, and not for a specially fortunate class; we want the demand for it to come from every side, but at the same time we cannot be too grateful to the few men of wealth for the wonderful work in the direction of art that they are doing in this country." It was this recognition of the fact that, while the rich are the first possessors of beautiful things, the influence of the latter goes out to a whole community, that made Mr. Alexander strive so zealously for the removal of the tariff on art works a few years ago. The men who wanted the tariff abolished were not moved by a desire to make things easier for those who can afford to surround themselves with objects of luxury, but sincerely believed that they would be contributing to the development of the art knowledge of all classes. It is surely to the credit of our legislators that they carried the matter through on that basis, and I think it was with a certain reminiscence of this success that Mr. Alexander took the optimistic tone in his next remark. I had asked whether we should not have a substitute for that "Bible of the unlettered" which the walls of the churches supplied in the Renaissance. They were not solely a means of teaching the sacred history to the people or of glorifying the memory of the great personages in that history; they were the educators of taste as well. The people grew to an appreciation of artistic merit under their influence which the modern world has not since equaled; for the artists they were the great treasury of inspiration, and even, at times, their school. Can that comparatively recent development, the exhibition, be made to do some of the work of the monuments which must for long be out of reach in more than a few places in our country? Some of it, yes; and it is for this educational value that Mr. Alexander and other artists as well strongly indorse the plan of sending about the country groups of pictures as loans, so that all sections may have the benefit of their influence.

"What seems strange to many people, though, is that every place in the country seems more alive to the importance of this matter than New York City. Every city of any size in the United States has already, is building, or is planning to build galleries for the proper exhibition of the work of the artists except New York, the art center of the country. Here the difficulty of finding a site—owing, first, to the unfortunate shape of the city and the lack of open space, and, second, to the fact that so many other interests have been already developed—has stood in the way of the art movement that is so evident in every other place. If the city government will do its share in contributing the land, private individuals, men of wealth, and those who have at heart the satisfying of one of the urgent needs of culture, stand ready to erect the building which shall be a worthy expression of New York's place in our art.

"The proper interest has now been awakened, things are moving as they should, interest is being shown on every side, and we have strong hopes that before long New York will show herself to be the actual center."

In America more than any other place it is the people who fix the centers of art, for in countries like France, where paintings and sculpture are sent out to the provinces by the National Ministry of Education and Fine Arts, there is far less question of the individual initiative of the various cities.

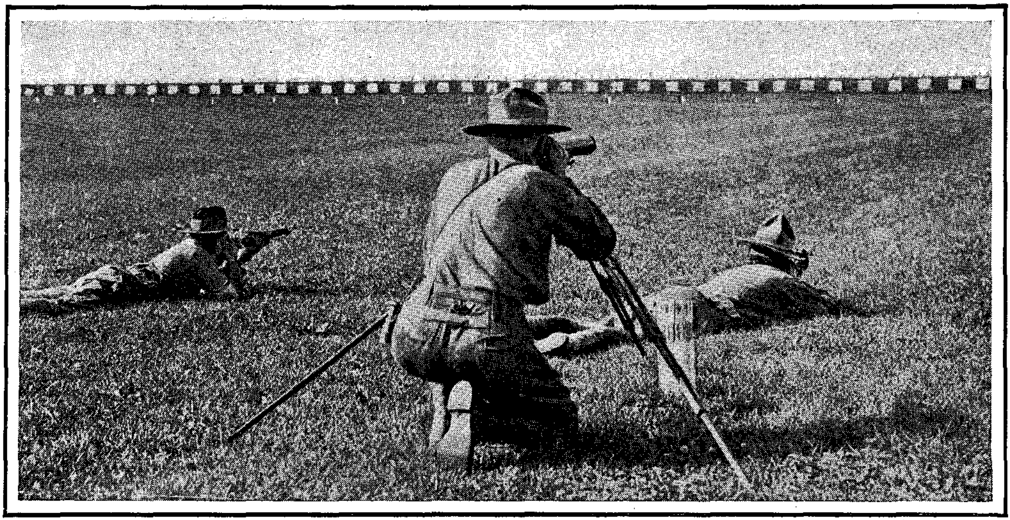
What is important is that we should have every possible chance; we need it. Vast sections of the country still have but little means of seeing anything of art save in the pages of books and magazines, and, it need scarcely be said, that is a most unsatisfactory way. And then more chance is needed for the young artists, the men who at first are so apt to find the world unreceptive and indifferent. If the proper roads are hewn for them, along which they can meet the thousands of people who are interested in their work and eager for it, they will be spared many a hard year of undeserved waiting. The tale of men who might have done great



"ALL'S WELL"
From a painting by Winslow Homer

things but were kept from them by lack of means is a sad one, and we cannot even tell of its extent, for the data are forever lost. This is one point to which Mr. Alexander often returns. Now it is with a reference to his own early struggles when he found it hard to secure such work at illustrating as would answer that old problem of making both ends meet, now it is with a hopeful glance at the work which the young Americans of to-day and to-morrow are to do.

John W. Alexander is a man whose interests touch American activities at many points. Only a short time ago he was at work on enormously extensive canvases to decorate the Carnegie Institute of his native Pittsburgh; then you would get a glimpse of him helping with his advice in the setting of a famous play; then he would be making an address at the Republican Club, or presiding at a meeting of the society which is making art a feature of our school system. The more we realize the essential importance of art as an enhancement of life, the more we shall understand why it is so great a need and demand of the American people.



WATCHING THE HITS IN THE 600-YARD RANGE

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TEACHING OUR SOLDIERS TO SHOOT

BY GEORGE FRANK WORTS

THE man assigned to No. 47 target on the 1,000-yard firing line squinted for some time along the sights of his rifle, and fired. He waited expectantly. The target dropped from view below the distant concrete embankment, and in a few moments a bright-red flag was waved.

The score-keeper, seated behind him at a rough desk upon which was erected a small blackboard, announced, " First sighting shot a miss." He chalked up the score in the form of a zero, and added: " A little high and to the left; there is a rather stiff east breeze blowing across the targets to-day."

The marksman nodded and shifted the position of the wind-gauge of his rear sight in allowance for the influence of the wind. He shot again and waited. The target lowered with exasperating slowness, and instantly a white disc appeared.

" Second sighting shot a bull's-eye," announced the score-keeper, meanwhile marking a figure 5 in the second of a series of twelve squares which stretched across the top of the board.

The rifleman, having " found the wind," as it is called in range vernacular, with the two sighting shots, settled down to the remaining ten shots, which would determine his percentage of accuracy.

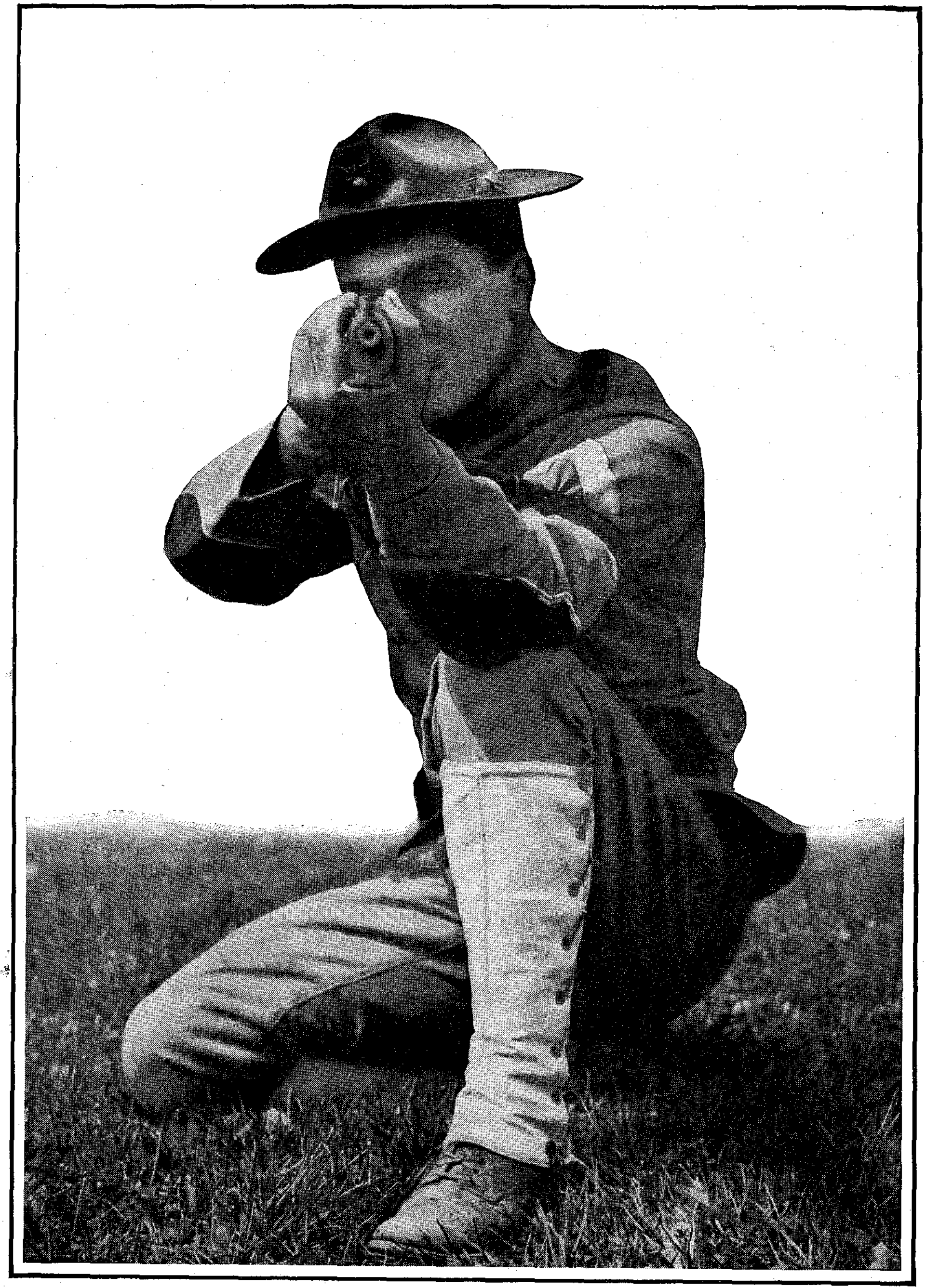
To the right and left of him the scene above depicted was, with slight variations, being re-enacted, a hundred and fifty men firing on as many targets at ranges varying from 200 to 1,000 yards.

There was no confusion, the few misunderstandings being promptly settled by the range officers and the field telephone men, located at intervals behind the firing line to communicate with the pits.

It would be impossible to duplicate the feeling of being truly " under fire " which exists in the target pits, except in actual warfare itself. The report of the rifles cannot be heard above the angry z-nnnnnnnnnnnng of the bullets. A low shot will occasionally strike the concrete of the embankment, whence it will ricochet screamingly onward. When the firing is desultory, bullets may be heard striking the water of Lake Erie, behind the targets, throwing spray ten to fifteen feet in the air.

At sundown, when the firing ceases, the lake proves a source of considerable pleasure and benefit in the way of bathing for the men. The bottom is hard, white sand, extending for several miles as a frontage to the beautiful lands of Camp Perry, situated in northern Ohio.

All in all, Camp Perry boasts of the finest



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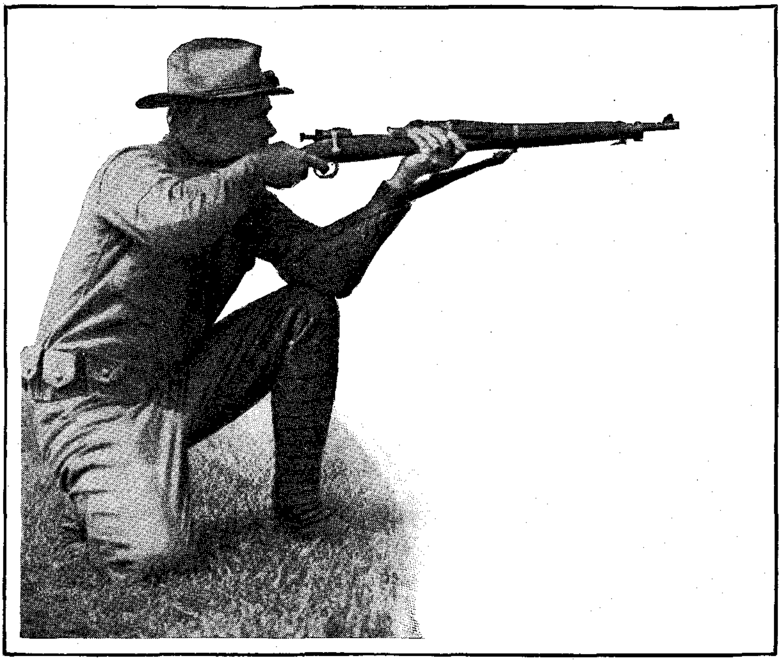
CORPORAL C. A. LLOYD, OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS, WHO WON THE PRESIDENT'S MATCH PRIZE OF 1911. HE MADE 281 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 300, IN SLOW, RAPID, AND SKIRMISH FIRING

rifle range in the world. Not only does it excel in the number of targets, but it is unapproachable in the way of climate, location, sanitary conditions, and accommodations. The land is perfectly flat and naturally well drained, producing a tough grass which is trimmed, giving a decidedly pleasant impression at the outset to the visitor as he alights from the train. This alone adapts it well to camping purposes.



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S. W. ANDING, OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, WINNER OF THE LEACH CUP

In the evening the streets are well lighted from the combination power-house and waterworks, which also supplies fresh lake water and electricity to the hotel, stores, and places of amusement. Indeed, Camp Perry in the shooting season is quite a busy little city, having restaurants, stores, and excellent telephone service, not to mention the inevitable moving-picture theatorium.

Leaving Camp Perry, the effect, for the time being, we will turn our attention to the cause.

With the advent of the high-power army rifle and the records of poor marksmanship in recent wars, a wave of rifle-practice improvement has swept this country, and, increasing and amplifying, has resulted in the American soldier winning a rank with the foremost in rifle accuracy among the nations of the world.

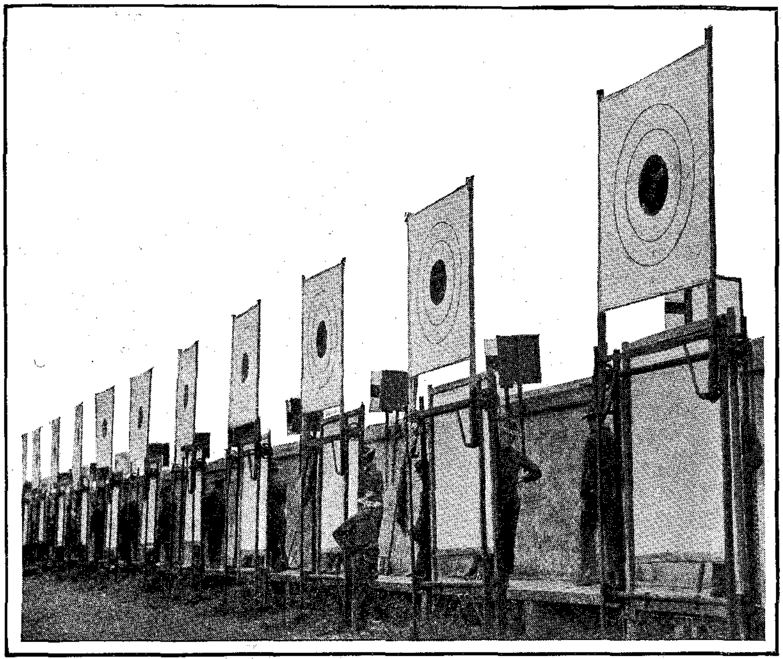
The latest improvements in arm and ammunition have given us a weapon which is a marvel in accuracy, safety, and power. The Springfield rifle in its present form, and using the same ammunition as the coast defense guns, has an extreme range of over three miles. At 100 yards it will penetrate about four feet of white pine; at 500 yards, two feet, or about one-third inch of steel plate. An enemy can no longer be sheltered behind trees, as of yore, for at average distances the Springfield rifle ball will penetrate a number of good-sized trees and have remaining sufficient energy to bowl over the lurking enemy.

However, it should by no means be construed from the foregoing that the modern army rifle inflicts an especially dangerous wound. The lead of the bullet is inclosed in a sheathing of cupro-nickel, having a sharp point. The high polish of this coating insures a clean wound, with little or no possibility of contamination by drawing in dirt or particles of clothing. This is in accord with modern tendencies that warfare shall not be so unnecessarily brutal as heretofore, but rather that the active participants shall be liable only to temporary disablement. The wounds dealt in the past by our grandfathers, with the large-caliber soft-lead bullets, were much more terrible and dangerous than it is possible to inflict nowadays with the advanced form of firearm.

Since the Spanish-American War the general rifle accuracy of the army has increased by hundreds of per cent. This advance in proficiency, it is held, is due to the attraction of additional compensation to the enlisted men, and to personal and company pride of the officers.

The ranking in order of accuracy of the riflemen of the army, the National Guard, and practically all affiliated organizations, is: Expert, sharpshooter, and marksman. Comparatively few qualify in the first class, owing to the difficulty of the requirements, which consist principally in firing upon long-range targets. It is advocated that the present course be modified, as it is considered, in its present form, detrimental to marksmanship.

The introduction of several perfected forms of the telescope sight during the 1911 shoot at Camp Perry has accomplished a great deal in reducing the difficulties of long-distance range-finding. The telescope sight is best known in the form of a slender, telescopic, tubelike arrangement secured to the rifle barrel. The marksman, sighting through the magnifying lenses, sees the target at a much larger size and is helped in taking his aim. It should be remembered that the bull's-eye of a target 1,000 yards distant (over one-half mile) appears to the naked eye to be about the size of the head of a pin. A slight idea can be gained from this just how difficult a matter it is to aim and shoot a rifle when a fraction of an inch deviation of the rifle barrel will mean a miss of several feet.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THE TARGETS IN THE 600-YARD RANGE AT CAMP PERRY, OHIO

At the Regular Army posts a prescribed amount of target practice at various ranges and under various conditions is maintained. Among the regiments of the National Guard, indoor and outdoor practice has been encouraged, and yearly inter-State contests are held at Camp Perry, Sea Girt, or some other suitable range to determine the relative accuracy of the different teams and individuals. Cash prizes and individual and team medals and trophies are awarded the fittest. The National Guardsman is much more susceptible to this honorary incentive than is the Regular Army or enlisted man, who, it seems, appreciates the more material inducement of increased pay.

In the springtime out-of-door ranges are instituted for the National Guardsman and practice begun in earnest in preparation for the "Big Shoot." The recruit learns to handle the rifle and to adjust its sights for distance, humidity, wind, and temperature, all of which have an important bearing upon the flight of the bullet.

This instruction is carried on on a much more elaborate scale in the military schools throughout the country, and closely resembles the course given to the regulars, so a description here will not be particularly amiss.

Rifle practice, in general, is divided into three distinct courses:

First, the aiming and sighting of rifles.

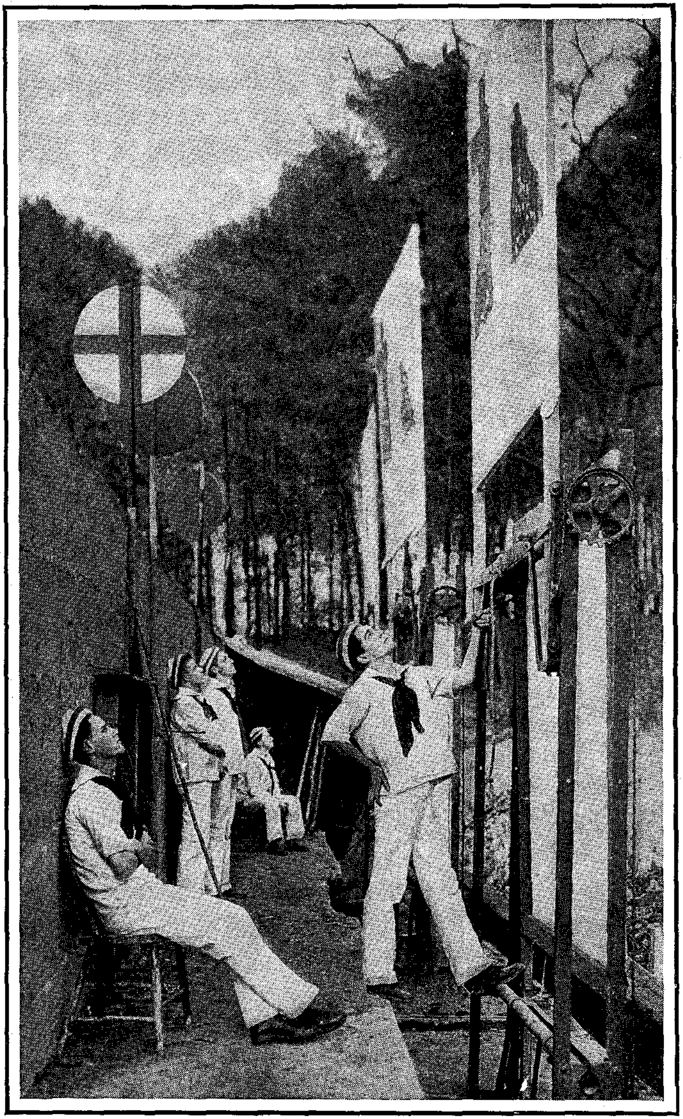
Second, gallery practice.

Third, range practice.

Under the first head come the explanation of the different sights used in military rifle shooting, and the different causes affecting the flight of projectiles; practice in aiming and pulling the trigger, and the use of the "gun machine" in some cases.

The gun machine is an ingenious apparatus that incorporates an ordinary Springfield army rifle, supported by a movable framework at the top of a pedestal. The unique feature of the instrument lies in a set of levers attached to the rifle, which actuate a small, delicately balanced pointer at the end of a steel spindle parallel to the gun barrel. The pointer faithfully reproduces the movements of the rifle while aim is being taken at a target across the room.

Upon a supposedly correct aim being taken, the trigger is pulled and electrical connection is made with magnets which cause the pointer to plunge a short distance forward and prick a miniature card target of the same relative proportions as the one aimed at, thereby registering the score.



"UNDER FIRE" IN THE TARGET PIT

The apparatus is noiseless, it can be used very rapidly, and there is practically no expense involved. Moreover, it creates much more interest than did the old "tripod and sand-bag" arrangement.

As soon as the cadet has acquired a percentage of accuracy of eighty or over on the gun machine, the second part of the course follows, consisting of shooting at a gallery target in the three firing positions of standing, sitting, and prone.

The third part of the course, range practice, is taken up by the cadets who have been in school a year or more. The routine is identical with that followed by the Regular Army and prescribed in the United States Firing Regulations.

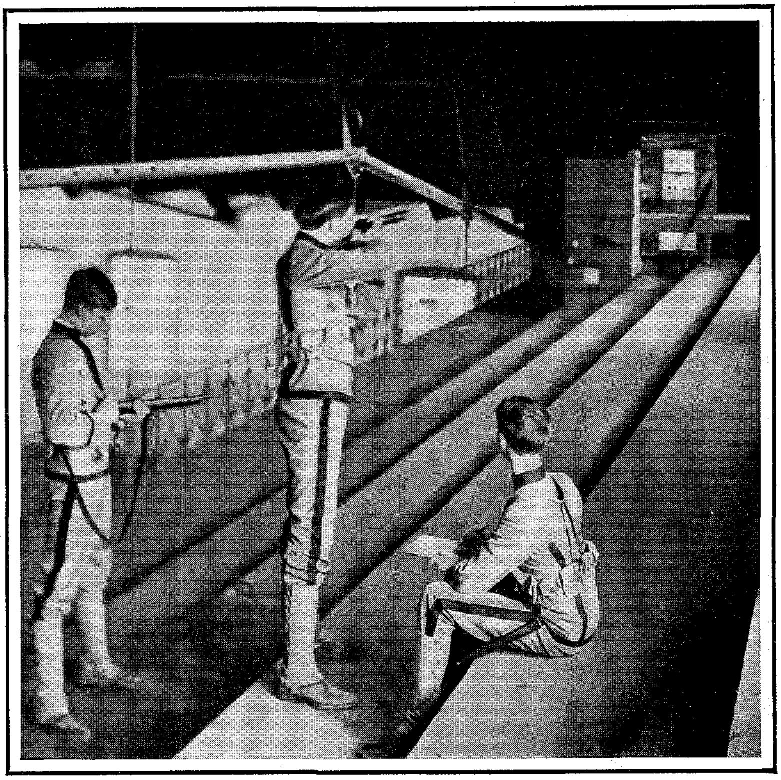
The disclipine above noted and the inborn love of youth for firearms accomplish wonders in the military schools. It is an interesting fact to note that at many of the State rifle meets the youthful representatives of military academies have often carried off the honors, even while pitted against experienced riflemen of the Regular Army and National Guard.

During President Roosevelt's Administration considerable attention was paid to the subject of teaching school-boys to shoot. The several arguments in favor of this project may be outlined as follows:

If the school-boy at a responsible age is intrusted with a rifle for familiarity with its uses and provided with a suitable range and competent instructors, he develops not only the characteristics of accuracy in shooting and familiarity in the correct handling of firearms, but he grows ambitious, self-reliant, and cool-headed in emergencies. As a consequence he has become the possessor of steady nerves, an unflinching eye, and the generally good physical development concurrent with out-of-door exercise.

So apt and willing were the youths of New York, where the experiment was successfully tried, that their accuracy during the initial year of 1906 increased with such rapidity that several times it was found necessary to raise the standard required for marksmanship.

An organization known as the National Rifle Association of America has done a great deal in encouraging rifle practice among juvenile organizations such as the one above noted. Under the auspices of the Association a match is held yearly between the various mem-



GALLERY PRACTICE AT A MILITARY SCHOOL

bers of the Inter-Scholastic Rifle League, comprising, as the name suggests, high schools and military academies throughout the country.

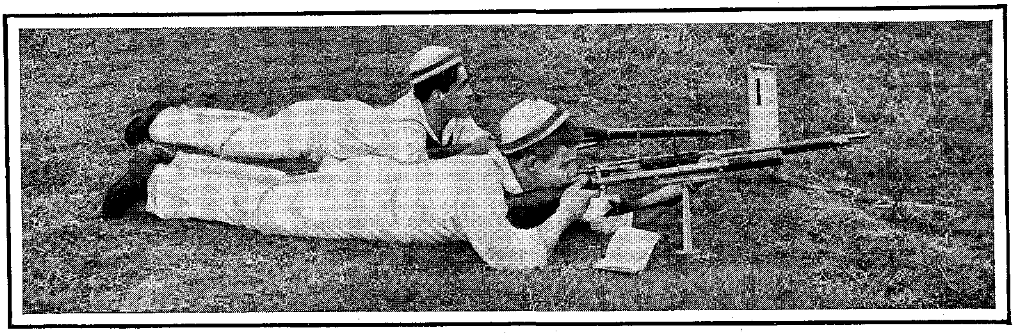
The National Rifle Association is intimately connected with the annual National rifle contests, usually held at Camp Perry.

To introduce realism and promote interest, aside from the ordinary range work, a great many matches of an unusual nature are held. The targets often take the form of a prone, kneeling, or standing life-size silhouette figure in the act of firing a rifle. These warlike figures, continually and unexpectedly bobbing up, as they do, from behind the concrete embankments, give to the marksmen's aiming and shooting more than the ordinary incentive.

Skirmish runs, rapid firing, and various novel conditions, such as attempting to " kill " your contestant's target, and thereby disqualify him, are a few of the features continually being introduced to promote interest.

A most interesting feat that was performed at the 1911 meet at Camp Perry was the firing after nightfall upon a partially illuminated target. An expert rifleman conducted this interesting experiment and made some brilliant results in firing upon a target lighted by a camp-fire, an electric lamp, and a candle, respectively, thus demonstrating the usefulness of a rifle practice course in preparing for night attacks.

This is a deserving field for development, and will, in all probability, be accorded due consideration in the near future.



ON THE FIRING LINE

TRANSFORMATION

(To the Peter Pan statue in Kensington Gardens)

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

Where the rustling, shimmering water
Shakes her silken skirts, and softly
Pours herself upon the beaches,
Lies a froth of silvery whiteness,
Like a fallen flow'r, a star-gleam.

Delicate as web of spider,
Fragile as the down of thistle,
Gossamer as silkworm's spinning,
Yet can Time, the great transmuter,
To an ivory firmness change it.

So may foam of poet's fancy,
Light as bubble, iridescent,
Perfect in its growth and shaping,
Turn to bronze, and, deftly carven,
Tell its story to the ages.

Peter Pan, half-bird, half-mortal,
Piper for the fairy dances,
Paddler in the nest of Thrushes,
Who could fancy thee a statue,
Wrought in substance firm and changeless!

Yet afar there, in those Gardens,
Where he fluttered from his window,
Where the wise Crow gave him counsel,
There he stands upon a tree-trunk,
Ringed by mice and birds and fairies.

Crystal waters plash about him,
And the children on the greensward,
Gazing at their elfin brother,
Feel a magic in their shoulders,
Seem to feel their own wings waving.

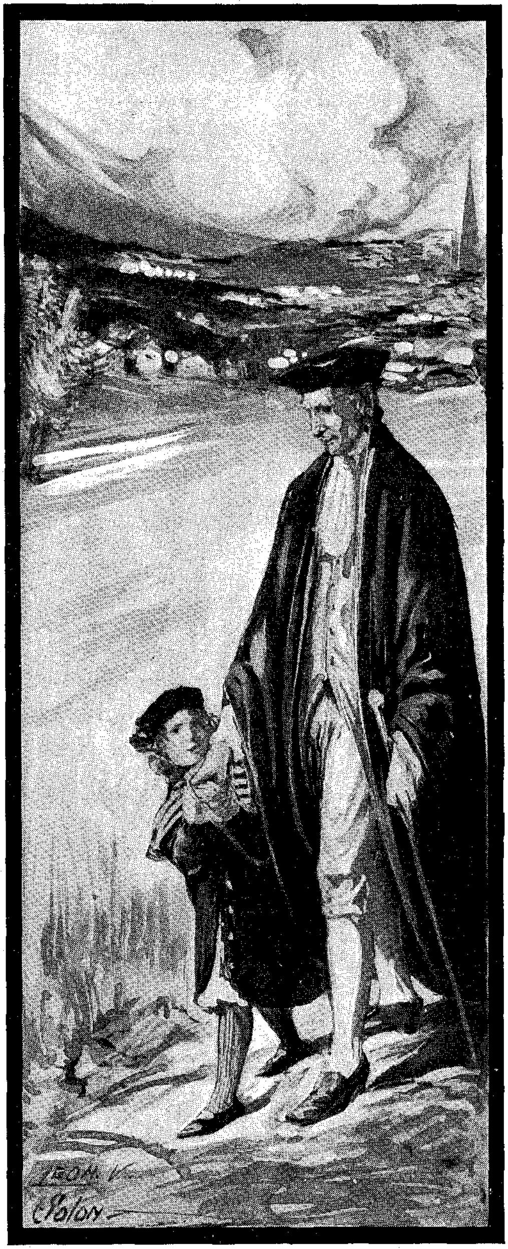
THE STORY OF KARL WITTE

BY

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

WITH DRAWINGS BY
LEON VICTOR SOLON

THIS IS THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE PROGRESS AND TRAINING OF THE CHILD, TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE OUTLOOK DURING THE COMING YEAR. AFTER TWO MORE ARTICLES BY MR. BRUCE, MISS ELIZABETH McCRACKEN WILL CONTRIBUTE A SERIES ENTITLED "THE AMERICAN CHILD"



THERE are in Harvard University to-day three boys, ranging in age from thirteen to seventeen, whose remarkable intellectual achievements and the manner of their upbringing have given rise to warm discussion in American educational circles. The oldest of these boys was graduated from Tufts College at the age of fourteen, and is at present completing at Harvard his studies for the Ph.D. degree, under Professors Royce, Perry, and Santayana. The youngest has been a special student at Harvard since he was eleven years old, devoting himself principally to the study of advanced mathematics. The third is a lad who passed the regular Harvard entrance examinations when only thirteen and a half, was enrolled as an undergraduate a year later, earned distinction in various ways while a freshman—notably by gaining a place on the freshman debating team for the annual contest with Yale—won a special prize for a historical essay as a sophomore, and is now, in his seventeenth year, a member of the junior class, specializing in history and government.

What has excited controversial interest in these boys is not so much their precocity, striking though that is, as the fact that in each case they have been educated along novel lines from their earliest childhood. Their fathers, who have worked independently of one another, assert, indeed, that their unusual mental development is not due to any exceptional talent, but is the result of the peculiar home training they have received; the implication being that a similar development is possible to every normal child if reared in the same way. More than this, the fathers contend that the prevailing custom of giving children little or no formal education until they have reached school age is fundamentally wrong; that the home is the proper place in which to begin a child's education, and that the proper time to begin is with the first dawning of the child's ability and desire to use its reasoning powers. Or, as one of them has publicly declared:

"In the large majority of children the beginning of education should be between the second and third year. It is at that time that the child begins to form his interests. It is at that critical period that we have to seize the opportunity to guide the child's formative energies in the right channels. To delay is a mistake and a wrong to the child. We can at that early period awaken a love of knowledge which will persist through life. The child will as eagerly play in the game of knowledge as he now spends the most of his energies in meaningless games and objectless, silly sports."

Some few educators in this country have already tentatively approved the new ideas in child-training as exemplified by the methods pursued and the results obtained in the case of these youthful Harvard students. For the most part, however, their promulgation has been greeted skeptically, even with caustic criticism. On the one hand, it is alleged that the parents cannot positively prove that the achievements of their boys are not the result of inherited gifts rather than the special education given them; and, on the other hand, the position is taken that, assuming the correctness of their fathers' contention in this respect, it is by no means evident that such training is desirable.

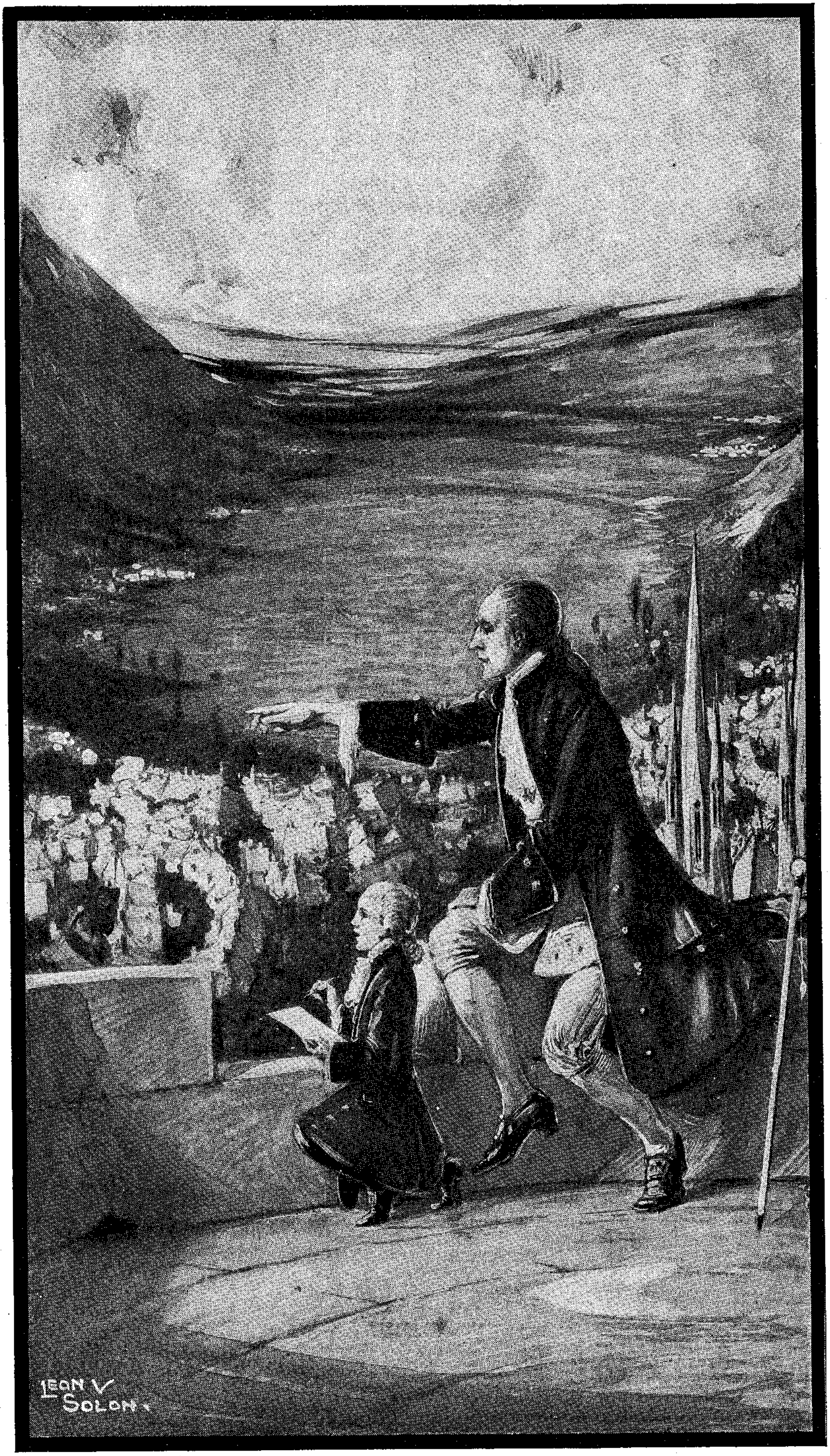
In the words of one critic, to begin the education of a child at two or three is to rob that child of his childhood. The training in question is described as a "forcing" system, much talk is heard of "mind strain," and the prediction is freely made that the ultimate outcome can only be to drive children thus educated into an insane asylum or an early grave.

My own belief, after careful investigation, is that the critics are wrong. I am acquainted with the methods used in each of the three cases, I know the boys and their parents, and in one case have had opportunity to observe rather closely the process of intellectual development for more than five years. None of the boys exhibits indications of "mind strain," there is ample reason for saying that they have not been "forced" in the sense in which that term is usually employed, and their physical condition is excellent. They are healthy, sturdy, strong boys; if anything, above the average for their years in stature and weight. Time alone, of course, can tell whether they will live to a good old age. But if they should die young or become insane, I am satisfied that neither misfortune could justly be ascribed to their parents' educational methods. In fact, the principles underlying these methods seem to me so sound and beneficial that I believe the time will come when they will be quite generally adopted.

Decidedly, though, I should not express myself with such assurance were it not for the fact that, after all, these same principles have long ago been put to the test and impressively vindicated. I wonder if the name of Karl Witte has ever been heard by those who have so hastily condemned the parents of the Harvard boys, assailing them with cries of "wicked," "monstrous," "infanticide"? Doubtless not else they would surely have modified their denunciations. For in Karl Witte's case we have the complete, lifelong record of a similar educational experiment, begun more than one hundred years ago and carried to a remarkable conclusion. I commend the story of Karl Witte to the attention of the skeptics and critics. But most of all I commend it to the thoughtful consideration of the parents of America, who, I take it, wish to do the utmost in their power for the best upbringing of their children. It is a story that carries with it, to earnest, anxious parents, a message alike of comfort and of guidance.

Karl Witte was the son of a simple German country clergyman, and was born in July, 1800, in the little town of Lochau, near Halle. At the time of his birth his parents were still mourning the loss of another child, a fine, handsome little fellow, who had died in infancy. But the advent of this second son did not bring them the consolation they had fondly anticipated. When he came into the world, the little Karl was not only most unprepossessing in appearance, he even seemed to be mentally defective. His mother turned from him in horror, his father wondered in what way he had offended God that he should be afflicted with a witless child. The neighbors, sympathizing, held out what hopes they could, but secretly agreed that Preacher Witte's boy was undoubtedly an idiot.

Thus matters stood until some weeks after the baby's birth, when the father one day


LEON V
SOLON

HE TAUGHT KARL GEOGRAPHY

fancied that he detected in him signs of intelligence. There and then he vowed to use every effort to develop his mental powers, and, as he said, "make a man of him." And by this phrase Witte meant a great deal. For all his simple ways of living, he was a clear, forceful, original thinker. Looking at the world about him, he saw it largely peopled with men and women who wasted their energies in all sorts of dissipations. As a moralist he was saddened and depressed by the drunkenness, gambling, sexual irregularities, that he found everywhere. Still more, he marveled that such things could be, among reasonable human beings.

"These poor people," he said to himself, in effect, "do not reason, do not use their God-given intellects. If they did, they would spend their lives altogether differently, and devote themselves to things of true worth. The trouble must be that they have not been educated aright. They have not been taught how to think, and what to think about. They have been started wrong in life. The schools and universities are to blame, but far more their parents are to blame. If love of the good, the beautiful, and the true had been inculcated properly in them in youth, if they had been trained from the first really to use their minds, they would not be living so foolishly."

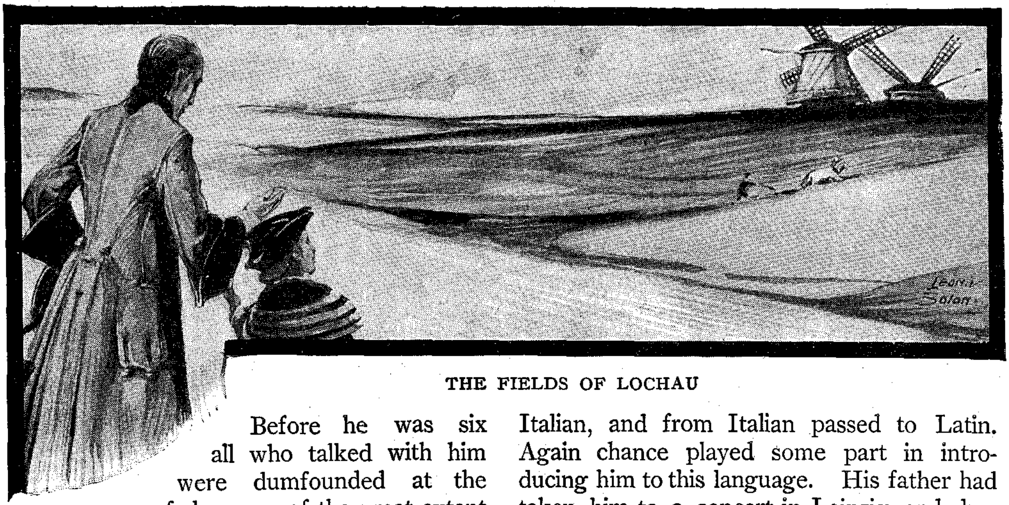
Entertaining ideas such as these, Witte had mapped out a system of education which he purposed applying to his first son. This system he proceeded to utilize for the benefit of Karl. Psychologically it was based on exactly the same principles as those underlying the home education of the three much-talked-about boys now carrying on their studies at one of America's greatest institutions of learning. As its foundation it had the theory that since children are essentially thinking animals they are certain to draw inferences and arrive at conclusions regarding everything they see and hear, but if left to themselves will inevitably, because of their inability unaided to form sound critical judgments, acquire wrong thought habits and interests which all the education of later life may not be able wholly to overcome. It was not that Witte sought to make an "infant prodigy" of his son. His sole aim was to direct and develop the boy's reasoning powers in the plastic, formative years of childhood—to "start him thinking right."

He began, as soon as the little fellow could speak, by naming to him the different objects in his bedroom, acquainting him with their uses, and describing to him in most painstaking detail the materials of which they were composed and the manner of their manufacture. As the boy grew older, so that he could toddle up and down stairs and walk with his father in the streets and fields of Lochau, Witte broadened the horizon of his knowledge, giving him ever more information about matters of practical utility, moral worth, or æsthetic value.

He encouraged the child to ask questions, and in his replies went as fully as he could into the whys and wherefores of the subject under discussion. Above all things, he avoided giving superficial answers, for it was his chief aim to impress upon Karl the desirability of thoroughness, the importance of reasoning closely and carefully, of appreciating analogies, dissimilarities, relationships, of being able to argue logically from cause to effect. If the child asked him something to which he could not respond intelligently, he frankly confessed his ignorance, but suggested that by working together they might obtain a satisfactory answer.

Nor in his daily walks and conversations with his son did Witte make any attempt to "talk down" to him, as so many parents are wont to do. It was part of his theory that "baby talk," however strongly it may appeal to the sentimental side of fathers and mothers, is intellectually enervating to their children. Since language is the tool of thought, he argued, every child should be taught as soon as possible to express itself in its mother tongue, clearly, fluently, purely. Not the least important element of Karl's education, in his father's opinion, was the systematic drilling he gave him in the correct pronunciation of letters and words, and in the correct use of the different parts of speech. He insisted, too, that all others who talked with the child—his mother, the maid of all work, casual visitors—should be careful how they spoke in his presence.

At first, it must be said, Karl's mother had scant sympathy with her husband's enthusiasm. She felt that he was mistaken, that the child was "too stupid" to be educated, and that nothing would come of the pains taken with him. This was the general belief of the neighborhood, but it gave place to a feeling of amazed incredulity upon the discovery that in reality the youngster was making extraordinary progress, and was displaying not only intelligence but a love of knowledge rarely seen in boys of any age.



THE FIELDS OF LOCHAU

Before he was six all who talked with him were dumfounded at the proofs he gave of the great extent to which he had profited from his early training.

Most impressive were his logical habits of mind, the accuracy of the information he even then possessed on a number of miscellaneous subjects, and his linguistic proficiency. His study of foreign languages began while he was still very young, and began, it would seem, more or less by accident. His father, who spoke French fairly well, was in the habit, whenever opportunity offered, of conversing in that language with his friends and acquaintances, and he noticed that Karl always listened intently to what they were saying, and afterwards begged to be told what they had been talking about. This suggested to Witte the idea of starting Karl himself in the study of French.

For this purpose he purchased a few French translations of books which his son had already read in German, and in which he was intensely interested—such as "Robinson Crusoe"—gave them to him, and told him to read them for an hour every day. The boy was then six years old. No attempt was made to teach him the grammar of the language as it is commonly taught in the schools, his father's belief being that the boy could best pick up the grammar for himself in the course of his reading, and that he would be able to master the French translations with comparatively little trouble by reason of his previous training in the art of observation, analysis, and synthesis. This expectation was realized so fully that, according to his father's statement, Karl within a year was reading French with ease.

Meantime he had begun the study of Italian, and from Italian passed to Latin. Again chance played some part in introducing him to this language. His father had taken him to a concert in Leipzig, and during an intermission handed him the libretto. He looked at it casually, then with some intentness, and, his eyes brightening with interest, he exclaimed:

"Why, father, this is not French, nor is it Italian! Can it be Latin?"

"Yes, my son," said Witte; "it is Latin. Now see if you can make out what it means."

The boy, already grounded in two languages derived from Latin, puzzled out the meaning with considerable success, and declared enthusiastically:

"Father, if Latin is such an easy language as this, I should like to learn it."

English came next, and then the study of Greek, a language regarding which the boy's curiosity was whetted by tales from Homer and Xenophon told to him by his father. Again the process was chiefly one of self-education, the father answering—when he could—the questions put to him by Karl, but always insisting to the latter that the proper way to learn anything is to overcome its difficulties for one's self. He was now studying and reading French, Italian, Latin, English, and Greek, in all of which he made such progress that, we are told, by the time he was nine he had read Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Cicero, Fénelon, Florian, and Metastasio in the original, besides Schiller and other classic German writers.

Naturally the fame of the boy spread abroad, and with its spreading his father came in for some sharp criticism. Formerly he had been laughed at as a man who was essaying the impossible in striving to impart intelligence to a mentally subnormal child. Now that he had succeeded so well in his undertaking people asserted that he was fanatically converting the child into a weird thinking machine, and endangering his health and sanity. Precisely the same objections, in short, were raised to his educational experiment that have recently been raised against the methods of the fathers of the Harvard "boy wonders." And, as in their case, all sorts of absurd stories were circulated regarding Karl. He was pictured quite generally as a pale, anæmic, puny, goggle-eyed "freak" who had missed the joys of childhood, and was vastly to be pitied.

In reality, he was a happy, joyous youngster, who got as much "fun" out of life as any boy could. This is the unanimous testimony of those who "investigated" the lad for themselves. Thus the philologist Heyne, in a statement to his friend the famous philosopher and poet Wieland, frankly admitted:

"I allowed myself to examine young Witte, in order to be able to form my own opinion of him. I found the boy in body and mind happy and hale to a greater degree than I had expected. I found, in testing him with Homer and Virgil, that he had sufficient knowledge of words and things to translate readily and strike the right meaning, and that, without exact grammatical and lingual knowledge, he was able to guess correctly the meaning of a passage from its context. What was most remarkable to me was that he read with understanding, feeling, and effect.

"Moreover, I found in him no one-sided mental development, no preponderating faculty. Memory, imagination, reasoning, were about in equilibrium. In other matters besides those that had been inculcated by education I found him a happy, lusty boy, which was to me a quieting thing."

At the same time that he was thus instructing Karl in languages and literature, Witte sought to awaken in him a love of art and science. Neither an artist nor a scientist himself, he none the less believed firmly that if he could only interest his son sufficiently in artistic and scientific subjects he would study them enthusiastically on his own account. To this end he adopted a plan which might be imitated to advantage by all parents.

Whenever he went to Halle, Leipzig, or any other German city, he took Karl with him, and together they visited art galleries, natural history museums, zoölogical and botanical gardens, and all sorts of manufacturing establishments. Not for a moment, however, did he hint to the boy that he was doing this for educational purposes. He did not say, for example, when they visited a factory, "I have brought you here to give you a lesson in mechanics." He allowed the boy to think that he simply wished to entertain him; and in this way, without Karl's suspecting it, he was able to impart to him much elementary instruction in zoölogy, botany, physics, chemistry, etc. Always he emphasized the interrelationship of things, the importance of grasping first principles and of learning everything thoroughly.

In especial he utilized familiar, commonplace objects for the purposes of scientific education. He threw about them an attractive cloak of mystery, which piqued the boy's curiosity and made him eager to press forward to a solution. This is well illustrated by the educational use that Witte made of an ordinary loaf of bread. He showed Karl the completed loaf, let him watch it in the process of kneading and baking, showed him the flour out of which it was made, took him to a mill where he could see the flour being ground out of wheat, and then into the wheat-field, where he explained to him the whole process of plowing the soil, sowing the grain, harvesting and threshing it. And in doing all this he contrived, in a most casual fashion, to familiarize him with fundamental facts in botany, chemistry, and other branches of science.

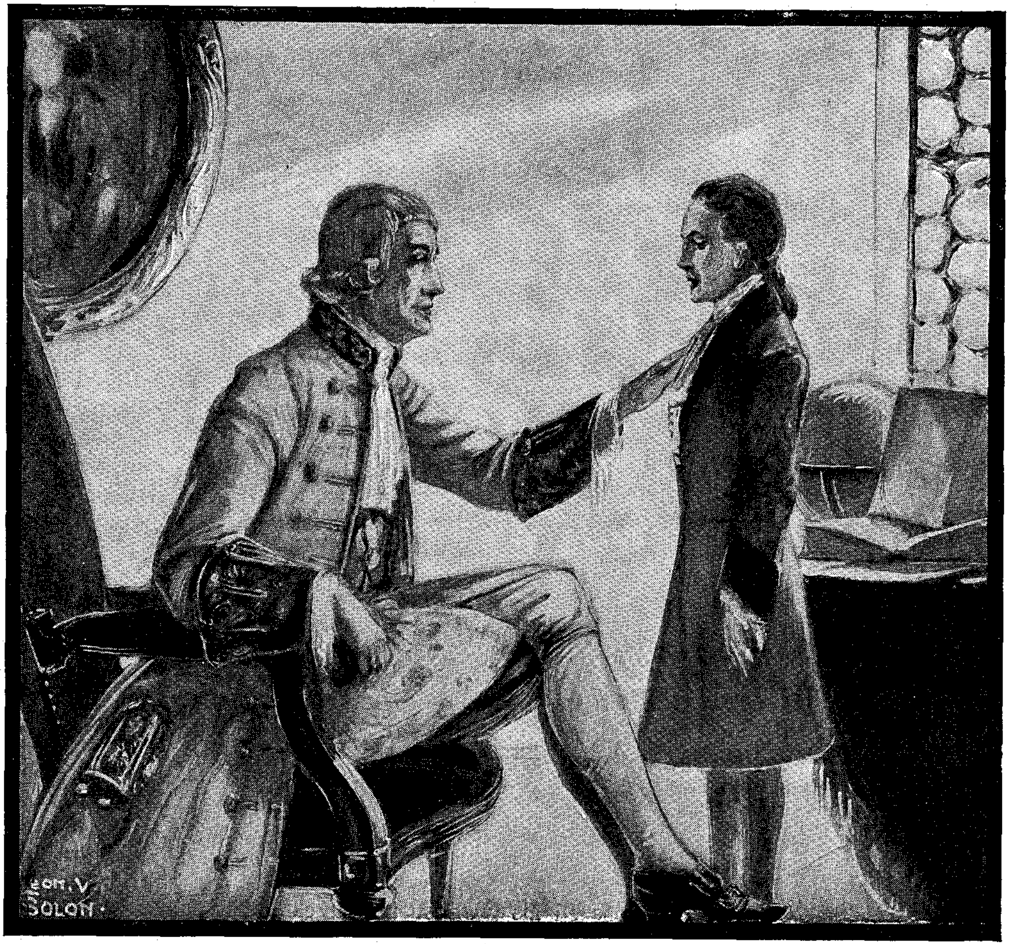
Similarly he taught Karl geography by the pleasing device of first taking him, on a clear day, to the top of a high tower that happened to be in Lochau, and asking him to mark on a piece of paper brought to the tower for that purpose the position of the different villages visible in the surrounding country. This first trip was followed by others, in which the boy expanded and corrected the markings on his paper, putting in rivers, lakes, and forests. Witte then bought for him a set of maps showing, in succession, the part of Germany in which he lived, all Germany, Europe, and the other continents. These they studied together, not as a study, but as a kind of game, in which the boy took part with the greatest enthusiasm.

"I never acted," Witte himself has declared, "as though he had to learn these things. Karl would have been surprised if told that he had been studying geography, physics, chemistry. I avoided the mention of such terms, so as not to frighten him, and in order not to make him vain."

By the age of nine, in fact, he had learned so much, and was so well trained in the art of using his mental powers, that his father determined to send him to college. At nine and a half, to the amazement of all Germany, he entered the University of Leipzig.

Here, as at the Universities of Göttingen, Giessen, and Heidelberg, where he also prosecuted his studies, his career was brilliant in the extreme. No subject—and he applied himself to many—seemed beyond his powers. Particularly, perhaps, he shone in philosophy and mathematics. In 1814 before he had passed his fourteenth birthday, he was granted the Ph.D. distinction for a thesis on the "Conchoid of Nicomedes," a curve of the fourth degree. Two years later he was appointed to the teaching staff of the University of Berlin.

At once, as was only to have been expected, students and faculty rose in rebellion. The former declared that they would never accept as an instructor one so much younger than themselves; the latter that, despite his unquestionable brilliancy, they could not acknowledge in a mere boy one fit to be their colleague. So bitter were the protests that the appointment was rescinded, and Karl returned to his father's home, though not to remain there long. For no less a personage than the King of Prussia, who had been following his university career with lively interest, and was keen enough to appreciate the importance of utilizing his powers for the national good, suggested that before beginning professorial work it might be well for him to spend a few years in foreign travel, and granted him a stipend that would enable him to live abroad in comfort.


LEON. V. SOLON.

HEYNE EXAMINES YOUNG WITTE

Abroad, therefore, Karl Witte went, chiefly to study law, the teaching of which he had definitely determined to adopt as his profession. But towards the close of 1818 an incident occurred which, while it did not turn him from law, opened up to him another field of intellectual activity, and one in which his labors were ultimately to give him his strongest title to fame. In Florence, where he had been staying for some months, he chanced to make the acquaintance of a talented woman who, speaking one day of the masters of Italian literature, said to him, half in jest and half in earnest:

"There is one Italian writer, however, the greatest of all, whose works I should advise you to let alone. We Italians sometimes try to persuade ourselves that we understand Dante, but we do not. If a foreigner sets about it, we can scarcely repress a smile."

One of Witte's first acts, after this extraordinary speech, was to buy an expensive edition of Dante. Reading the "Divine Comedy," he next read what the commentators had to say, and was at once impressed with what he considered the narrowness, paucity, and downright error of their views. Searching, delving, obtaining every scrap of Dantean literature on which he could lay his hands, and wholly fascinated and carried away by the magic of the great word-painter's verse, he promised himself that some day he would institute a campaign for the better appreciation of Dante. This promise he fulfilled five years later by the publication, in Germany, of one of the most important literary essays of the nineteenth century. It was entitled "On Misunderstanding Dante," and concerning it a modern authority on the study of Dante has this to say:

"If the history of the revival of interest in Dante which has characterized this century shall ever be written, Karl Witte will be the chief hero of the tale. He was little more than a boy when, in 1823, he entered the lists against existing Dante scholars, all and sundry, demonstrated that there was not one of them that knew his trade, and announced his readiness to teach it to them. The amazing thing is that he fully accomplished his vaunt. His essay exercised a growing influence in Germany, and then in Europe; and after five-and-forty years of indefatigable and fruitful toil he was able to look back upon his youthful attempt as containing the germ of all his subsequent work on Dante. But now, instead of the audacious young heretic and revolutionist, he was the acknowledged master of the most prominent Dante scholars in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, England, and America."

In fact, from the time of the publication of this preliminary paper almost to the time of his death, Dante essays, translations, commentaries, came from the pen of Karl Witte, to serve as a constant stimulus to an ever-widening circle of Dante scholars, and incidentally, to promote the study of Italian history. To understand Dante, Witte iterated and reiterated, it is absolutely necessary to have a knowledge of mediæval Italy. Especially must one study the religious preoccupation of the age as seen in the rise of St. Francis and St. Dominic, the Thomist reconstitution of theology and the contemporary consolidation of the hierarchy, and the attitude of the period towards the Albigenses and other heretics. This knowledge one must gain if he would fully appreciate the true significance of the "Divine Comedy" as the portrayal of man given over to sin and prevented by his lusts from recovering the path to virtue, till the Christian religion teaches him, by the light of understanding, to recognize sin and free himself from it, and then offers to his transported vision the divine revelation of the secret and bliss of heaven.

Yet all the while the propagation of his views on Dante and the fostering of a love for Dante were but an avocation with Karl Witte. His vocation, his life-work, was the teaching of the principles of law, both in the class-room and by the pen. It was in 1821, soon after his return from Italy, that he was established as lecturer on jurisprudence at the University of Breslau, being appointed to a full professorship two years later—at the age of twenty-three!—and being transferred to Halle in 1834. There he passed the remainder of his long and distinguished life. To quote the words of one who knew him well:

"He lived in Halle for nearly fifty years, a loved man and honored teacher, a helpful and valued member of the professorial staff, a true patriot who had boldly stood at the head of the Prussenverein in the time of the Revolution, a loyal conservative, a devout Christian and elder of the church, a scholar overwhelmed with honors and distinctions, a tender husband and father, till a gentle death closed his rich and singularly happy life on March 6, 1883."

Assuredly the "forcing" process to which his father had subjected him did not hurt Karl Witte. Assuredly, too, it is one that any conscientious and intelligent parent may make use of for himself if he so desires. For it rests, in the last analysis, on some simple and well-established psychological laws, concerning which I shall have something to say in a subsequent issue of The Outlook.

YANKEE DOODLE

AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN TREATED BY GRIEG, TSCHAÏKOWSKY, BRAHMS, AND LISZT

OBJECT STUDIES IN MUSICAL EXPRESSION BY

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

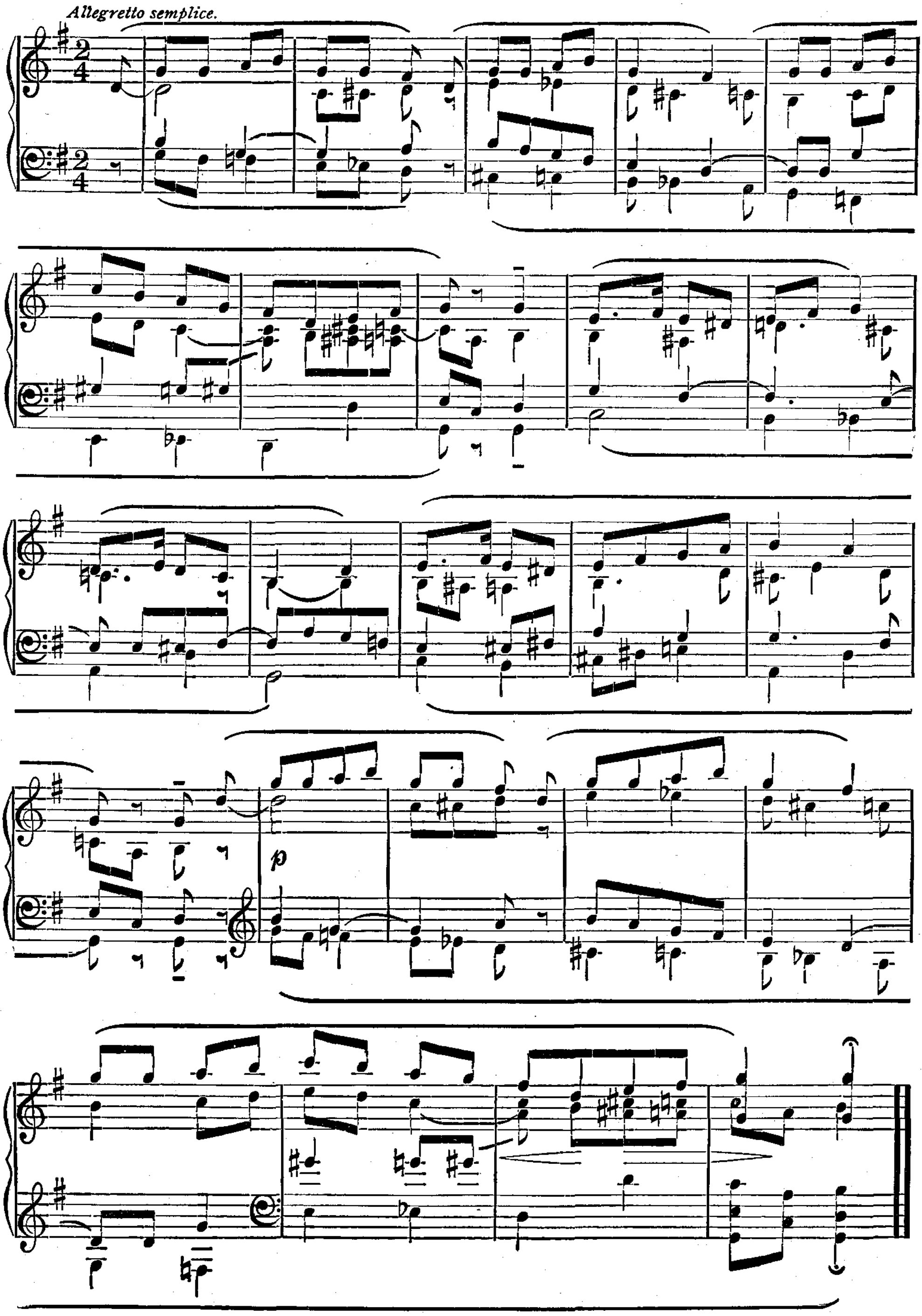
FIRST STUDY

GRIEG AND TSCHAÏKOWSKY

THE early compositions of the great Beethoven, who opened the way to all that is most moving and most profound in modern music, are scarcely distinguishable from the courtly eighteenth-century pieces of Haydn and Mozart. As a youth he faithfully imitated the models they gave him, at that time the best available. Gradually, very gradually (for his first symphony was not published until he was thirty, and that is still Mozartish), he rejected certain ways of writing, modified others, and devised ever more individual means for attaining his ends, until his musical style became as distinctly his own, as unique, as inimitable, as is the literary style of Thackeray, Browning, Meredith, or any other genuinely great writer. He used the same tones, the same harmonies, the same rhythmic cadences, the same plans of arrangement, as other composers, just as these authors used the same words, sentence cadences, and logical arrangements as their fellows; yet the result was something new in the universe, something unprecedented and never to be repeated. This is the wonder—one may almost say the miracle—of style in art, musical as well as literary. All composers necessarily use the same materials, as plants the most diverse derive their elements from the same soil; yet Beethoven, for all his power, can no more write a Chopin nocturne than an oak can bear an orange.

To classify and examine the means of musical expression on which such differences of style depend; to point out, for instance, how certain chords are, so to speak, the rude but strong Anglo-Saxon words of music, while others are comparable rather to the classical derivatives, subtler but weaker; to find here melodies as sustained as the flowing periods of De Quincey, and there brief but pregnant motives more nearly like the laconic statements of Emerson—to do all this would be a critical undertaking not only amply justified by precedent in the sister art of literature, but of fascinating intrinsic interest for every music-lover. At present, however, my effort is a much humbler one. It is merely to point out, so clearly and untechnically that every careful listener may recognize them, certain specially striking peculiarities of style in four great and yet sharply contrasted modern composers—Grieg, Tschaïkowsky, Brahms, and Liszt—at the same time illustrating these peculiarities by actual embodiment of them in versions of a familiar tune, "Yankee Doodle," seen, as it were, from the four different angles of vision in turn. Such simple and yet suggestive object-lessons will, it is hoped, direct

IN THE MANNER OF GRIEG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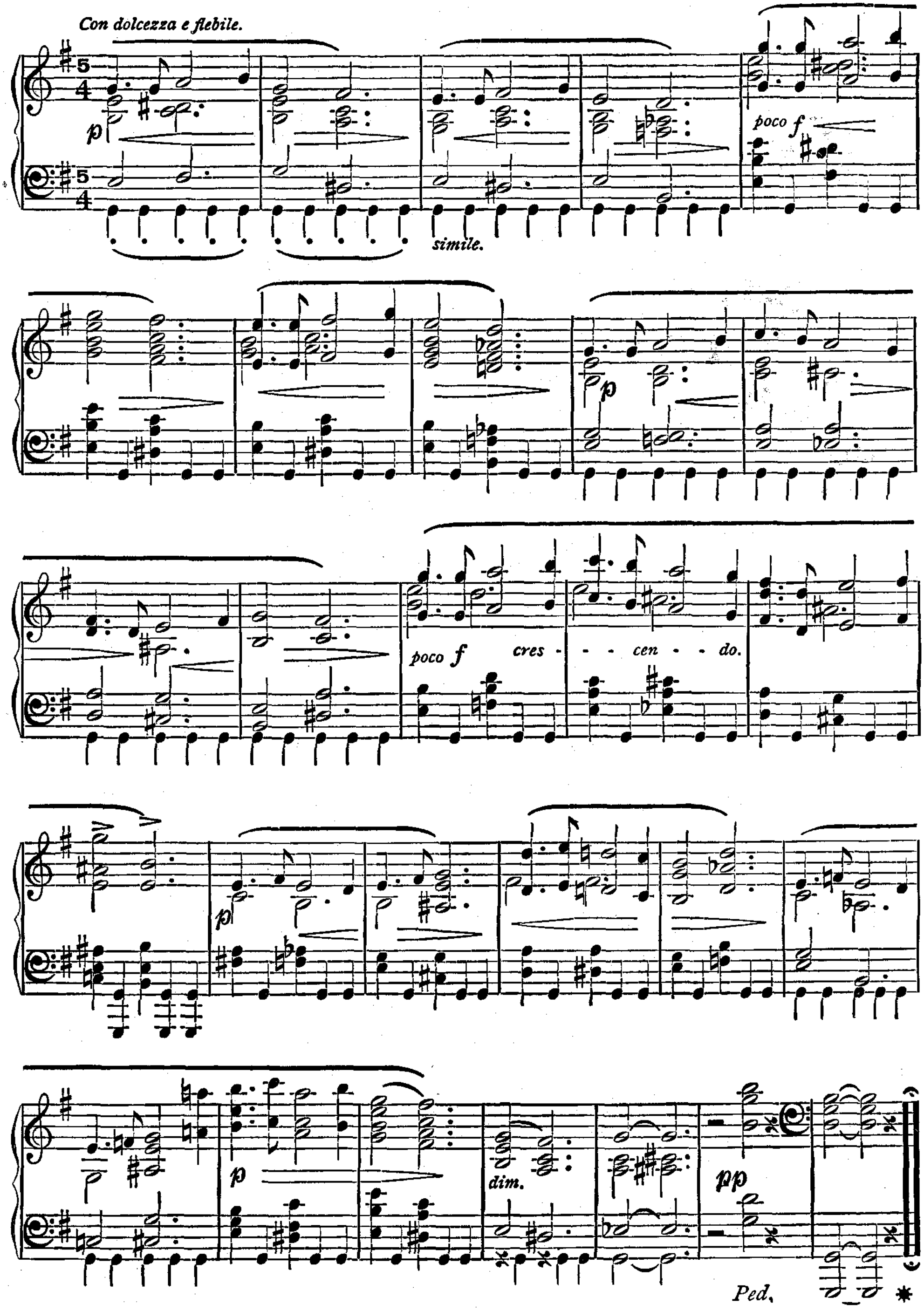
IN THE MANNER OF TSCHAÏKOWSKY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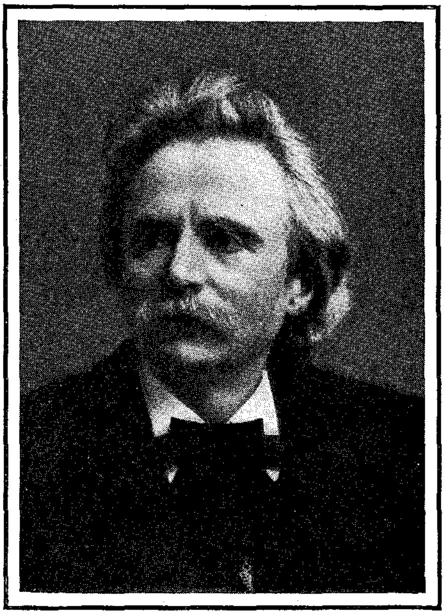


EDVARD GRIEG

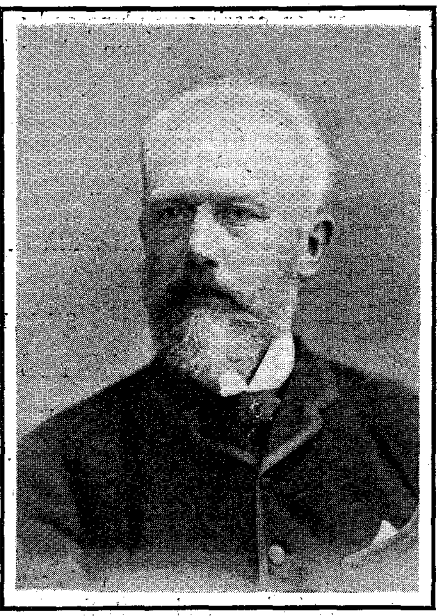
the attention of some readers who perhaps have never thought of it before to the discernment and enjoyment of musical style, at the same time affording those who are already familiar with the composers treated an opportunity to test the minuteness of their knowledge. One thing is certain—no branch of music better repays study by a sharpening of discrimination and an increase of enjoyment than this of style.

Edvard Grieg (1843–1907), a native of Norway, is known to the American public chiefly by his delightful "Peer Gynt Suite," a set of orchestral pieces made up from incidental music written to accompany the drama of his famous fellow-countryman, Ibsen, and by his graceful "lyric pieces" for the piano. He is also the composer of several violin sonatas, a violoncello sonata, a string quartet, various orchestral pieces, and many exquisite songs, by no means known as they should be, besides a concerto for piano and orchestra, and many smaller piano works. Grieg was always much attracted by the highly individual folk-music of Norway, and not only collected and harmonized, in a patriotic spirit, the peasants' songs and dances, thus giving them wide currency, but based many of his own melodies on their peculiar intervals and piquant rhythms. There has been a tendency, however, among critics to exaggerate this national element in his work, which is not only unjust to an unusually spontaneous musical personality, but misleading to the student of style. For if Norwegian folk-music is characterized by a certain rough and boorish vigor, showing itself in harsh harmonies and aggressive rhythms, Grieg *in propria persona* is rather distinguished for delicate sensibility, tender lyrical feeling, and finesse in artistic workmanship. The name of "the Chopin of the North" was doubtless suggested by this refinement, which he shares with the Polish master; and so far as it goes it is not inapt.

Like all analogies, to be sure, this of Grieg with Chopin is not to be forced too far. Grieg lacks the heroic and tragic sense of the Chopin of the ballades, the polonaises, and portions of the sonatas. His melody does not soar like Chopin's; its phrases are brief and graceful rather than broad and sustained; he is certainly not what Chopin has well been called, "an epic melodist." Grieg's atmosphere, in a word, is not that of remote, cloud-wrapped mountain peaks; it is that of the sunny plain—and no less pleasant and cheerful for that. There is a genial warmth, an intimate charm, about his best songs and piano pieces that wins them a very secure place in our hearts.

And what an irresistible harmonist he is! Whatever the shortcomings of his melody, he knows how to enmesh it in a web of shifting and particolored chords of incomparable charm. Especially fond is he of basing his harmonies on the chromatic scale, of making them up, in fact, of several melodies, two or more of which glide along up or down the chromatic scale (usually *down*) in the subtlest way. This chromatic way of harmonizing is a fixed habit with Grieg, a mannerism. It is interesting to see him take a Norwegian melody, such as that of his "Norwegian Dance" in G major, and in the middle section, by putting it in the minor mode and harmonizing it after this chromatic fashion, cast a spell of magical loveliness about it. The "Norwegian Dance" in A minor also contains a middle section of surpassing beauty, in A major, justly praised in enthusiastic terms by the composer's biographer, Mr. Henry T. Finck.

It will be noticed that the harmonization by means of the chromatic scale has been used throughout the accompanying musical illustration, "Yankee Doodle" in the style of Grieg; and that the charm of this manner of harmonizing resists even the rhythmical monotony and the matter-of-fact, uninteresting melodic intervals of the tune. A better proof of the efficiency of Grieg's method could hardly be desired. The reader will also notice the peculiarity of the cadences, in measures Nos. 8, 16, and 24, that the final chord on which we rest comes not on the first, or accented, beat of the measure, but on the second, unaccented, beat. Such cadences, called "feminine," from the analogy with feminine rhymes in poetry, are favorites with Grieg; we find many of them in the "Norwegian Dances" and elsewhere, as, for instance, in "Ase's Death" in the "Peer Gynt Suite," in "Solvejg's Song," in the minuet of the piano sonata, and so on. Finally, the trick of repeating a passage an octave higher than at first, and in a very clear and pure register, which is adopted at the end of the variation, is a familiar one with Grieg, a beautiful instance of it being found in one of his "Elegiac Melodies."


PETER ILYITCH TSCHAÏKOWSKY

Peter Ilyitch Tschaïkowsky (1840-1893) owes the chief part of his fame as the greatest of Russian composers to the immense popularity of his "Symphonie Pathétique," though other of his works, such as the "Fifth Symphony," the "Francesca da Rimini" and "Romeo and Juliet," and parts of the orchestral suites, are hardly inferior to it. Its first and last movements, as well as parts of the second, illustrate a characteristic tendency to emotional extremes—the alternation of profoundest gloom with wild, feverish excitement. Especially skillful is he in translating into music all the moods of melancholy, whether by means of monotonous rhythms iterated to the verge of trance, or by persistent use of minor chords and keys, or of pleading, wailing, or crashing discords.

The musical illustration is based on a memorable passage in the middle of the second movement of the "Pathetic Symphony," marked "*con dolcezza e flebile*" ("gently and plaintively"). Over a monotonous bass note, the tapping of the drums on which is like the dropping of water that "weareth away a stone," the violins and 'cellos sing the weariest, most sighing strains conceivable, strains of such unchanging hopeless sorrow as the spirits Dante saw in Purgatory might have uttered. To put our commonplace tune of "Yankee Doodle" in place of this melody is almost a sacrilege. But it is the only element that had to be changed. Tschaïkowsky's vaguely shifted metrical outline of five beats to the measure—instead of the usual three or two—has been retained, and is emphasized, as in the original, by the iterant bass note. The minor mode is also used, as so constantly by Tschaïkowsky.

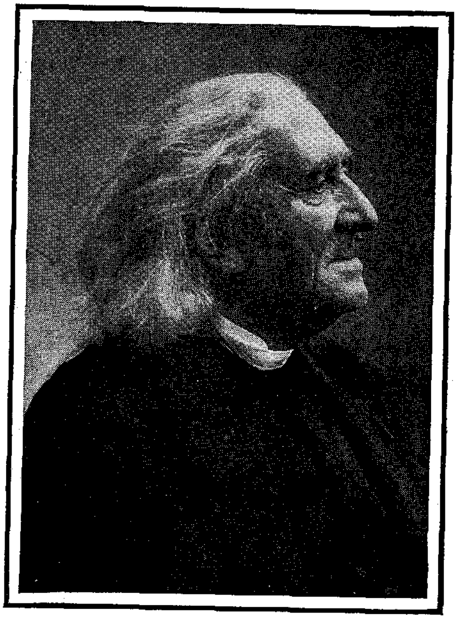
Even more individual, however, than the predilection for the minor mode, which is of course paralleled in many other composers, or the use of fivefold measure, which is found in many Russian folk-songs, or even the monotonous throbbing of the bass—more individual than all these is the harmony. If we look closely at the illustration, we find that the chords are so arranged that there is a harsh, sometimes almost a painful, discord on nearly every long and strongly accented note (chord on the third beat of each measure). The same thing will be observed in the original passage in the symphony. This insistence on dissonance is the most potent of all the means of expressing grievous and painful feelings in music, and is used by Tschaïkowsky everywhere with consummate skill. Whether his surprising power of evoking a mood, particularly a mood of melancholy, by devices such as these, and by many others, is always associated with the reticence and moderation of the greatest artists, and whether the balance of the whole work by him equals the eloquence of isolated passages—these are questions which we are not called upon here to consider.

SECOND STUDY

BRAHMS AND LISZT

JOHANNES BRAHMS, who was born in Hamburg, in northern Germany, in 1833, but spent most of his life in Vienna, where he died in 1897, is widely known for works in almost every department of music. He wrote four symphonies, of which the first was nicknamed "The Tenth," the reference being, of course, to Beethoven's nine. He enriched the literature of chamber music with a long series of masterpieces. For the piano he wrote in his youth sonatas full of Schumannesque enthusiasm and virility, and in his age a series of "*intermezzos*" and "*capriccios*," as he unassumingly named them, that for profundity of feeling and perfection of workmanship may justly be classed with Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord" and Beethoven's sonatas. His songs take their place beside those of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Hugo Wolf, and Richard Strauss. His "German Requiem" is one of the most impressive large choral works in existence. Choral work for the stage alone he did not attempt, saying, whimsically, that he lacked the courage to attempt opera or matrimony.

In all these varied works is disclosed a temperament of singular purity and depth, a temperament which feels, not with the impulsiveness of Grieg or Tschaïkowsky, but meditatively, thoughtfully, and with a profound earnestness. If the others may be roughly compared to such poets as Keats or Byron, Brahms is more like Wordsworth, in that all his emotions, while not less spontaneous or sincere than theirs, are touched with thought, and their expression has so much of reserve as to be at times austere. Above all, Brahms is never content to think or feel superficially or conventionally; every phrase, every brief strain of melody, is pondered; we feel that he has studied it, not only in itself, but in relation to every other, with the result that there is no vain repetition, but the whole work lives and grows. This inward power of growth vitalizes every element of his style.



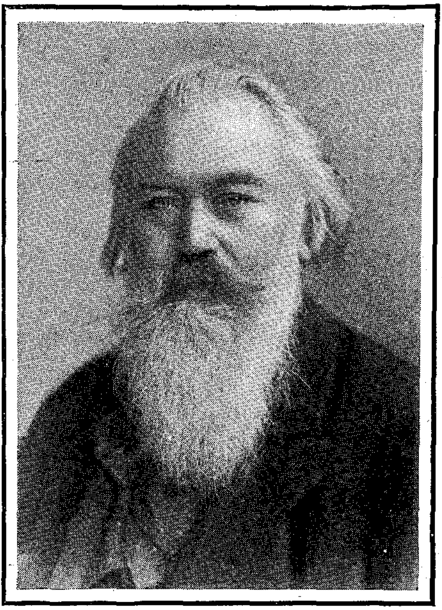
FRANZ LISZT

It follows from this that the most striking thing about Brahms is, not his use of harmony or of tone color, but his melody. For melody is the vital principle, the life force, in music; and all music that has unusual vitality must manifest it first of all through melody. It is impossible to examine any typical melody of Brahms without being struck by two things: first, the freedom and noble sweep of the melodic curve, the way the phrases lift and carry themselves like the arch of a great bridge or the dome of a cathedral; secondly, the logical way in which this breadth of span is arrived at by the orderly growth of some minute seed of melody, some group of tones at first hardly noticed, but gradually dominating a long passage. The hearer gets the inspiring sense that there is nothing "cut and dried" about this way of writing; the builder is not a brickmaker adding one dead brick to another, but a sculptor carving the living, plastic stone. The musical thought germinates just as naturally, as inevitably, and with as overpowering an effect as the argument of a great orator, who knows how to follow the logic not only of thought but of passion.

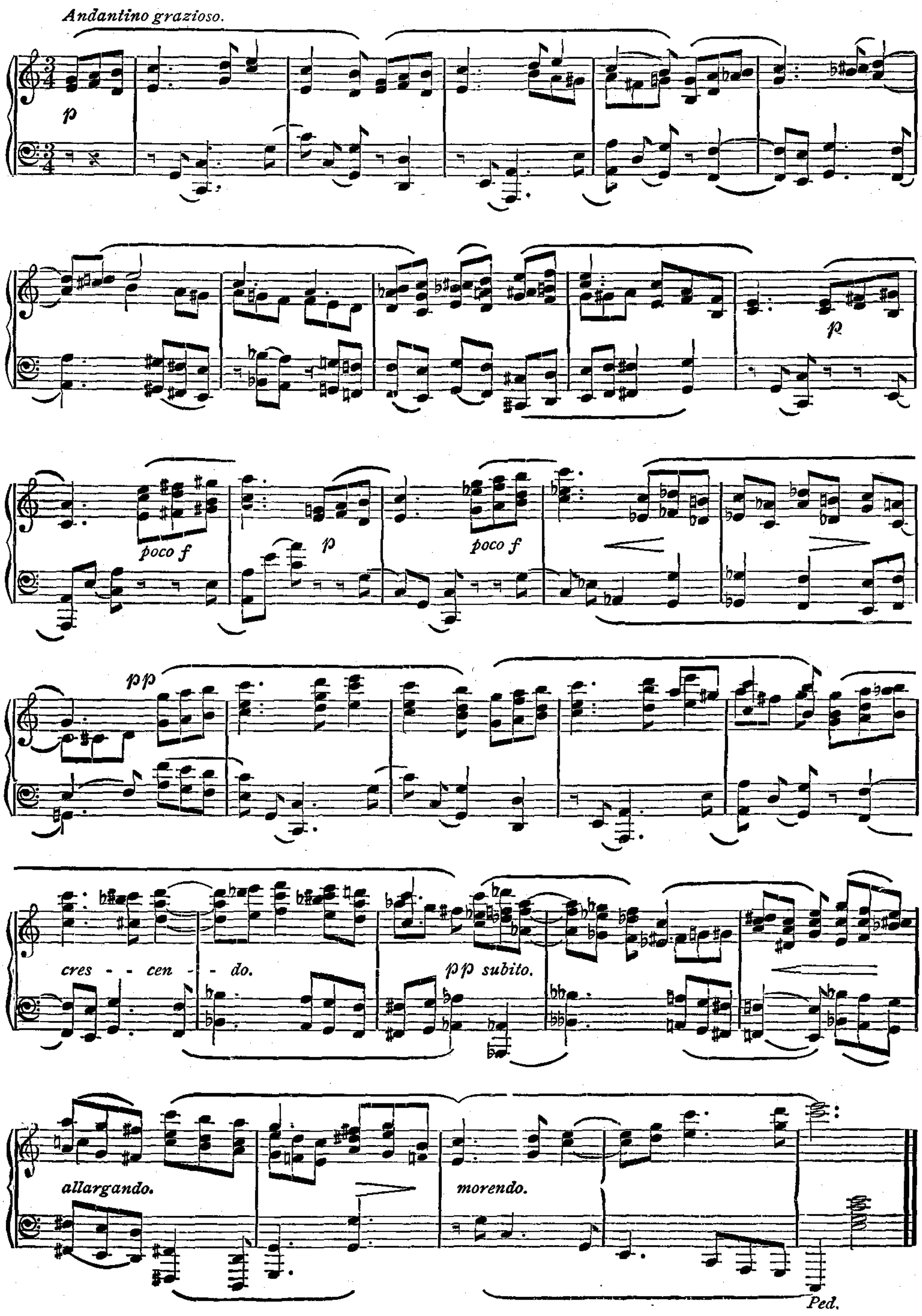
In the illustration an attempt has been made to exemplify Brahms's method of melody development in the third phrase, beginning at the fourth measure. It will be noted that this phrase is not only twice as long as the two preceding ones (a type of phrase balance as frequent in music as it is in poetry), but has been extended to three times their length by this sort of germination or exfoliation. The last ten measures of the piece afford an even better instance of the same process; the cadence, or fall to a point of rest, is constantly postponed by new developments of the ideas in hand, somewhat as an aeroplane may be kept from the ground by taking advantage of every lightest whiff of air. The middle part of the variation, it will be noticed, measures 10–16, is made entirely from the initial four notes of the tune, passing from key to key and from major to minor mode in a way frequently used by Brahms.

At several points, notably in the course of the last ten measures, will be observed a curious opposition of the melodic motives, or small tone-groups, to the prevailing meter of the piece. This being three quarter-notes to the measure, the first only of which receives an accent, it happens that whenever a measure is occupied by two similar motives of three eighth notes each, the second of these motives will demand its initial accent just where we least expect it—at the middle of the second beat. Such an opposition of metrical and rhythmical accents, highly exciting and interesting as it is to the intelligent listener, is keenly appreciated by the intellectual Brahms; so that similar examples of "shifted rhythm," as the device is called, may be found on almost every page of his writing.

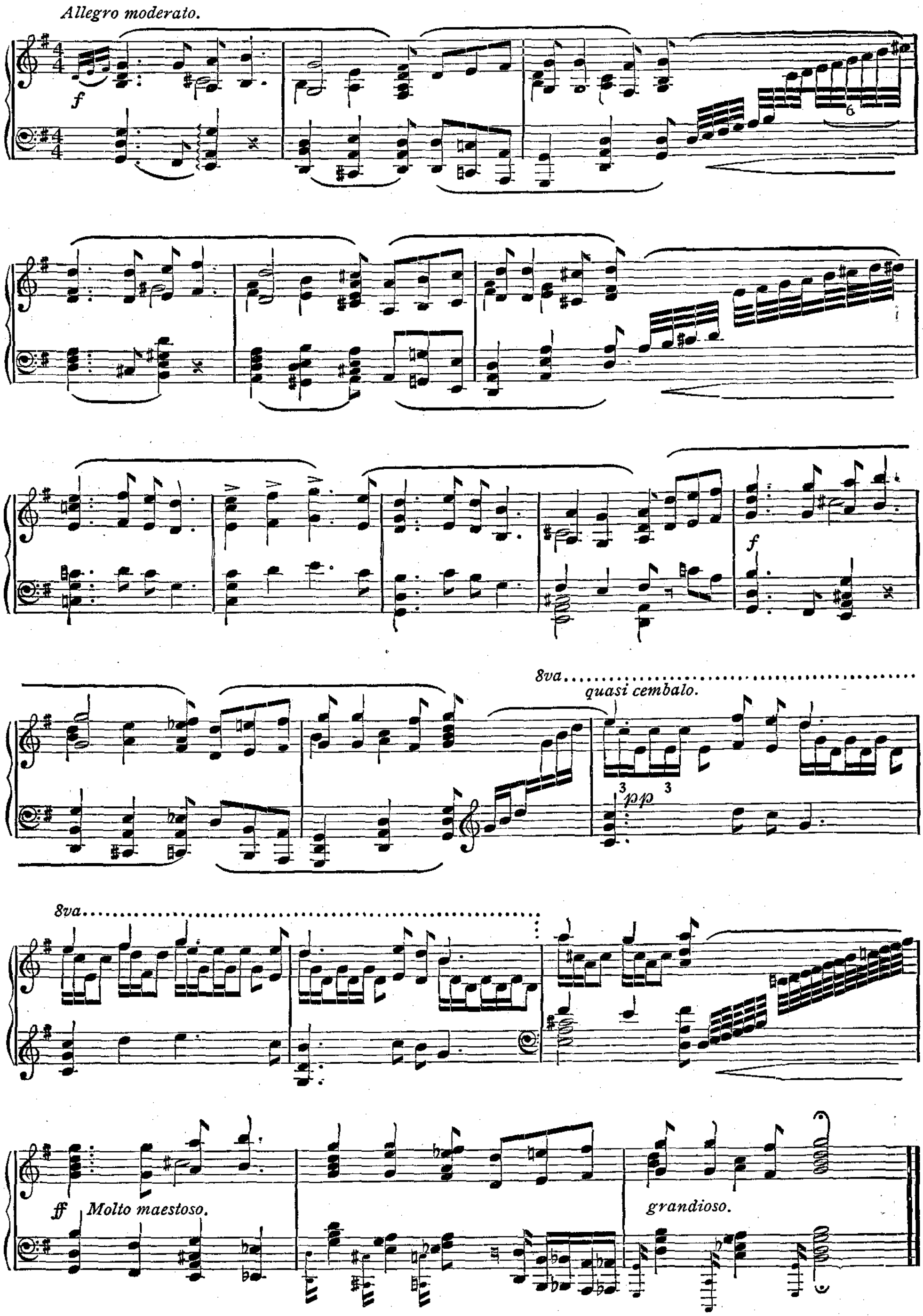
One so conscious of the vital importance of melody as Brahms may naturally be expected to look even at harmony from the melodic point of view, and it is indeed a fact that his harmonies can be understood only when conceived as resulting from a number of melodies in the different "voices," or "parts," sounding together. For him, as to some extent for all the greatest composers, the melodic interest of each and all the voices is as important as the sensuous beauty of the tone combinations they give rise to—the "chords"—if not more so. Therefore he seldom writes in solid chord masses, such as we find in the Grieg and the Tschaïkowsky variations of the first part of this article, but in strands of melody


JOHANNES BRAHMS

IN THE MANNER OF BRAHMS


Andantino grazioso.
p
p
poco f
p
poco f
pp
cres - - cen - - do.
pp subito.
allargando.
morendo.
Ped.

IN THE MANNER OF LISZT


Allegro moderato.
f
6
8va
quasi cembalo.
3
pp
3
8va
f
ff
Molto maestoso.
grandioso.

so planned that they may be set in relief against each other by contrast of rhythm and motion up or down, and yet in co-operation produce harmony. A glance at the illustration will make this perhaps difficult point clear. It will be seen at once that the soprano and alto voices, as we should call them in vocal music, though similar in rhythm, make distinct melodies, while the bass is even more strongly individualized by moving when they rest, and *vice versa.* In short, the style is polyphonic, or many-voiced, and as such is as superior in complexity and interest to a style made up of solid chords as an engraving is superior in richness of line to an oil painting.

To classify the qualities of a great genius like Brahms, to label them and assign each to its pigeonhole, is of course as impossible as it is undesirable and absurd. The greater the genius, the more inadequate must appear any such analysis. All that has been attempted here is to help the reader, by pointing out some of the more obvious and constant peculiarities of Brahms's way of writing, to at least the threshold of familiarity with one of the noblest of modern musical styles—a style in which emotion is always dignified by the reserve and propriety of its presentation, and intellectual ingenuity is seldom left unfertilized by deep feeling.

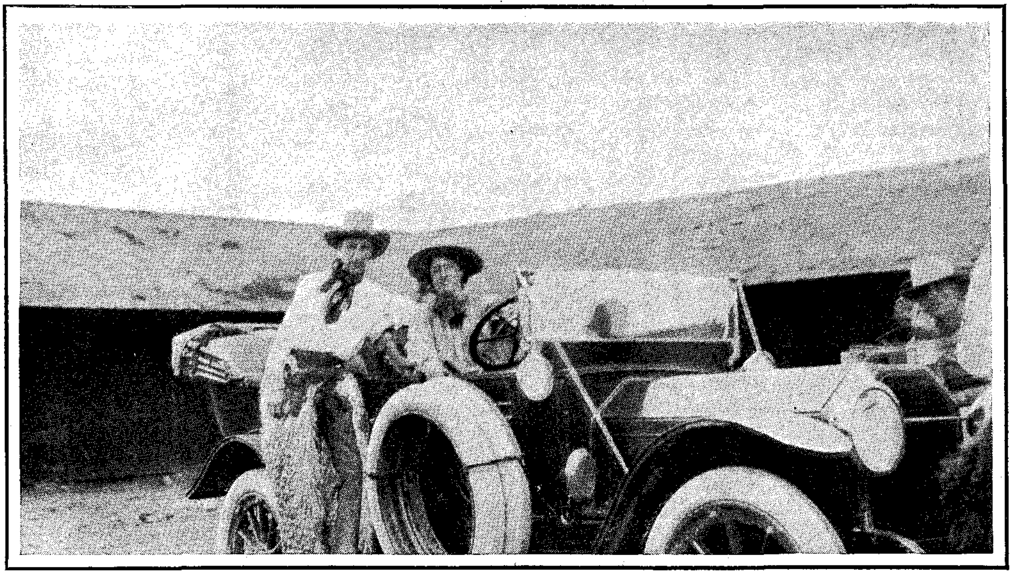
Franz Liszt (1811–1886), often called the world's greatest pianist, was of Hungarian birth, and composed much that showed a loving study of the native music of Hungary, particularly his fifteen Hungarian Rhapsodies for piano. He was not the first nor the last composer to be influenced by this music. Haydn used Magyar or Hungarian themes, and Joachim, Brahms, and other Germans have made them familiar to our generation. There is an outlandish fascination about these tunes, with their wild, impassioned fervor, their wayward rhythms, and their Oriental profusion of ornamental runs, shakes, and grace notes, as we hear them from some wandering band of gypsies. Liszt used them not only in the rhapsodies, but in his symphonic poem "Hungaria," in his oratorio of "St. Elizabeth," in several Hungarian marches, and elsewhere.

Owing to a peculiar grouping of long and short syllables characteristic of the Hungarian language, and necessarily imitated in all musical settings of Hungarian texts, one meets at every turn in Magyar music the group of a long note, two short ones, and one final long one, which occupies the first measure of our illustration. It is constantly combined with the fundamental harmonies of tonic and dominant, moreover, to make the cadence found in the third, and again in the sixth, measure. When great emphasis is desired, the subdominant chord is substituted for the dominant, or combined with it, as in the final measure, marked *grandioso.*

Another peculiarity is the grouping together of odd numbers of measures, such as three or five, to make up the musical phrase, instead of the more usual and conspicuously symmetrical two, four, or eight. This fondness for odd-measure groups seems to run through most of the Slavic peoples. It is found in hundreds of Bohemian and Croatian tunes, as well as Hungarian, and occurs sometimes in Russian melodies, although there it is usually the beats, rather than the measures, that are whimsically grouped. In our illustration it will be noted that the orthodox arrangement of two- and four-measure phrases found in "Yankee Doodle" has given place to the following series: 3, 3, 2, 2, 3—the last three phrases being repeated.

Finally, all true Magyar music, such as that, for example, which may be heard at the Café Boulevard in New York, owes much of its richness of color to the waves of tone in which it is floated, and, as it were, half drowned, by that incomparable instrument the cembalo, or dulcimer, a sort of harp played by hammers. The cembalo is imitated, in the appended variation, by soft, quickly repeated notes in the upper register of the piano, and by sweeping upward scales, both of which methods, as well as many others, are frequently employed by Liszt with the happiest results.

NOTE.—In order that the four musical pieces used as illustrations of these studies may be made more available for our readers, it has been arranged with the Aeolian Company, New York, to have them reproduced for use in players and player-pianos.—THE EDITORS.



"EVEN THE CATTLE KINGS AND THE SHEEP BARONS OF THE WEST ARE AUTOMOBILE CONVERTS"

FROM STAGE COACH TO MOTOR CAR

BY RANDALL R. HOWARD

A SHRILL, long screech from behind caused the weazened stage-driver to jerk up the four horses that drew the old Concord coach.

In another half-instant, and before the inside passengers had time to crane their heads from the canvas door, an automobile stage with its load of fresh, comfortable-looking individuals whirred past. And in five seconds more the gasoline chariot was swiftly taking the upgrade out from the narrow basin between two rugged interior Oregon hills.

The stage-driver jerked his horses again, and then shouted and whipped the leg-worn animals into a plodding trot. The horses were not scared, but the very sight of one of those low, dashing, screechy autos made the old stage-driver say things under his breath and saucily draw himself up straighter. There was a slight breeze from behind—just enough to carry along, for the benefit of the seven stage-coach passengers, a cloud of white soft dust. The driver happened to be morose and non-talkative, just as you will find the average outside-the-story-book stage-driver of the West.

For one thing, he did not like the crowd that he had, at ten o'clock the night before, jammed into the two low inside seats that faced each other. One of the four men, or one of the two women, would have been decent enough company, he opined, if either had shared the top seat with him. But the smug little man at his side in the favorite boot-seat had worked the game. The dapper, starchy individual had gone to the stage office back at Shandago, long before the interior-nosing daily stub railway train had arrived, had paid down his six dollars for the one-way sixty-mile ride to Princeburg, had seen that the word " boot " was written after his name on the way-bill, and, to make trebly sure, had been the first passenger to climb over a wheel when the stage had stopped with a rattle and a slash before the hotel.

Then the favored passenger had insulted the stage-driver, had innocently offered him an orange—while everybody knew that a black cigar was the very limit of mildness.

The driver had merely turned in his high seat and tossed the orange to a street urchin, saying, " Here, Bub—a dallywhack fer yer girl."

But Bill, the stage-driver, was willing to give the other fellow the benefit of the doubt, so after they were out a few miles and the chill of the night had settled down in the hollows, he offered his seat companion a little nip from a bottle. But the companion declined, with an attempt at a joke. Then, when the horses were being watered and the men passengers had all climbed out to walk up the long grade out from Cow Cañon, Bill made social advances to another passenger, with a chilling like result.

" First pro'bition crowd I ever been with," Bill said, with a sneery little grin. The wind flapped the loose sides of the stage-coach out on Ryegrass Plain, and the inside passengers snuggled themselves as best they could in the crowded seats and amid the express packages and extra mail-sacks. Bill's schedule required that he make up on this level stretch the time lost in climbing the hill. He didn't try to dodge all the stones and chucks in the road, for the rocking thoroughbrace, with its long leather springs, was designed to withstand just such jolts. It was a little hard on travelers, but to Bill they were only just so many fares for the Boss. And Bill's parched cheek twitched into half a smile when an unusually big stone and a chuck bounced all the rear-seat passengers to the top of the coach and happened to leave one man looking through the crown of his stiff hat.

A little farther on, the roads were cut up by the early spring freighting. The two little flickering kerosene lamps could not have thrown their light a great distance, even if the glass casements had not been smoky on the inside and covered with dry mud on the outside. Maybe, too, Bill had been called to extra imbibatory exertions because of the fact of the " pro'bition crowd." Anyway, all of a sudden a horse scared and jumped, and the wheels on one side were lifted on to an embankment, and the top-heavy coach balanced on the lower wheels. The women screamed, and two of the men kicked lap-robes and trampled toes in a mad attempt to crawl out through a lower side door and head off their share of the wreck. The driver was busy caring for the frightened horses; but, happily, one of the men on the inside was seasoned, and he leaped through the upper door, placed his feet on the bottom of the coach, leaned far out, and was thus able to dissuade the coach from turning turtle. In another five minutes everything was calm, and the passengers were being thankfully joggled and jolted and bumped along through the desert and after-midnight cold.

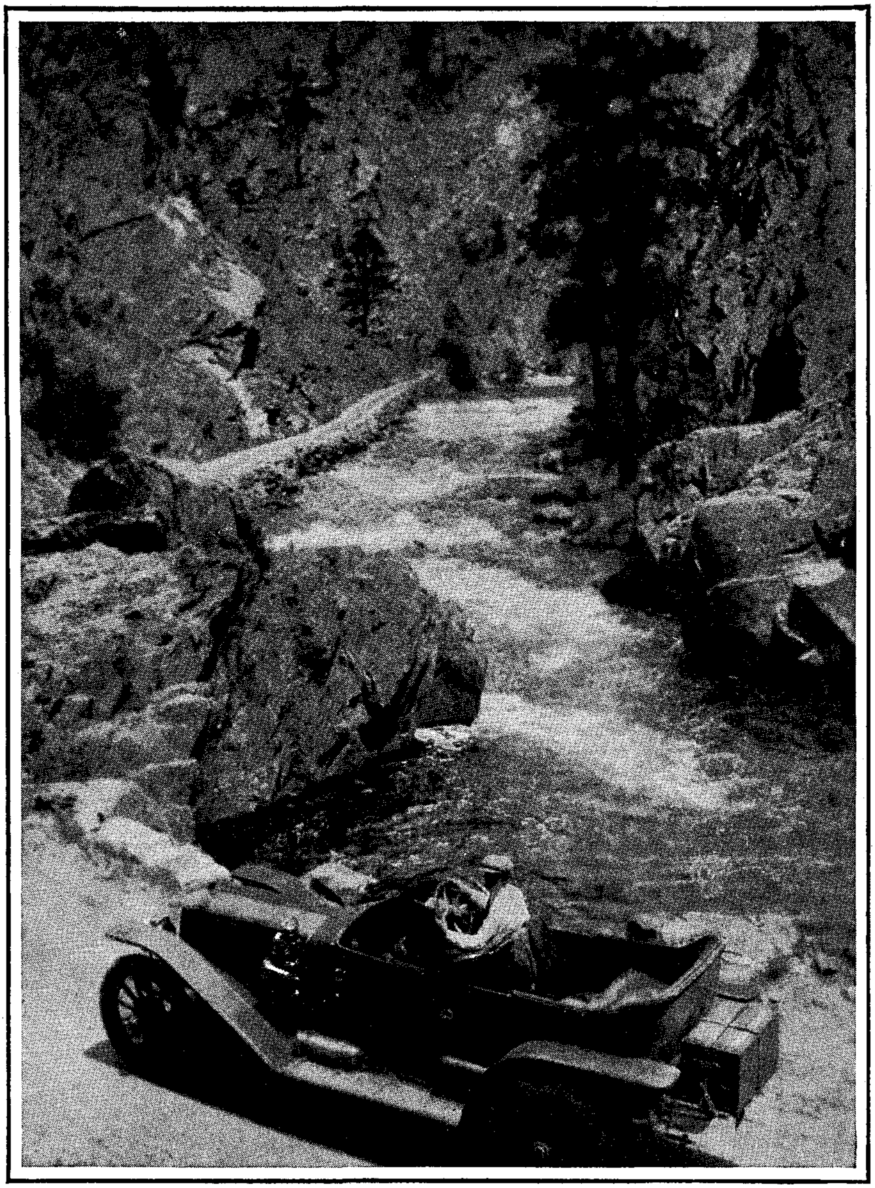
The night traveling was forced by close competition for the mail-carrying contract, and to make proper connections with the daylight trips of the stub railway train.

And so it is that stage-coach passengers to many of the larger interior points of the West must begin their trip in the night, and travel continuously, for from twelve to thirty-six hours or more, with only short stops for meals and when horses are changed. Of course there are extra daylight stages when the traffic warrants, which is not always, and only after the night stages are overloaded.

The old stage-coach, even though a pioneering relic, and a being-shuffled-off big brother of the Indian-fighting pony express, is still the veins and the arteries of the great interior sections of the West. These stage-coach lines usually radiate from the stub railway terminals, sometimes carrying their passengers inland for a straight distance half as far as from New York City to Washington, D. C. The stage-coach carries the news of the outer world, the fresh fruits from the tropics, the latest fashions that are too ephemeral and ethereal to wait for the crawling freight-wagons that haul back clothing, provisions, and barbed wire after they have delivered at the railway their overtopping loads of wool and hides.

But the last two years have seen the historical glory and the practical utility of the old stage-coach dimmed and sapped as never before in all the history of the West. Supposing, however, we jump back in our story to the screeching gasoline chariot that nettled tanned old Stage-driver Bill as it scooted past, with its load of prim passengers, and glided smoothly up the hill where Bill must order all the men of the stage-coach to roll out and walk for the relief of the four puffing horses.

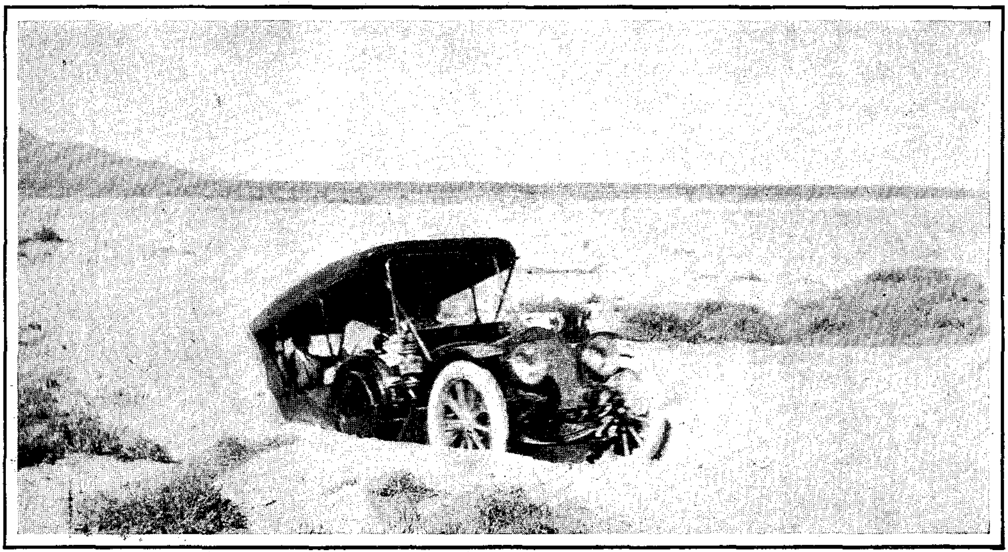
The stage-coach left Shandago at ten o'clock at night and completed its sixty-mile trip some time the next afternoon. The automobile crowd had waited until eight-thirty the next morning, and they arrived at the interior metropolis in time to walk about with the " boosters " for half an hour or more before noon luncheon. The stage-coach people had been chilled and baked and dust-smudged and jolted and bumped and peeved and



"THE SALESMAN NOW HAS A MUCH LARGER TERRITORY AND HE IS ABLE TO TOUCH THE SMALLER WAY POINTS"

soured, and had only waited for a bite to eat before they tipped the clerk for the quietest room in the hotel and left at the desk an indefinite don't-you-dare-bother-me call. Contrarily, the long morning dash of the automobile had pleasantly enlivened the passengers for an afternoon of business or sightseeing. The automobile has changed interior traveling from a physical racking bore to a distinct frontier outing and a pleasure trip.

A traveling salesman who makes interior points in Oregon, a few months after he began loading his trunks on the automobile stage rather than the stage-coach, was three weeks ahead of his schedule. In fact, it kept him busy marking up advance dates that were sent on ahead. And even with every precaution he often found himself arriving sooner than his latest announced date, which had been intrusted to the mails. He was, in fact, moving faster than Uncle Sam, whose conservatism did not permit him



"THE AUTOMOBILE WAS ALSO MOST USEFUL FOR PATROL WORK . . . IT WAS RUSHED TO WATCH THE DANGER POINTS"

to keep so snippishly up-to-date as an interior traveling salesman.

The drummer's expense account looked a bit overloaded and suggestive of joy-riding to the high-browed bookkeeper back at the city office when the automobile vouchers began coming in. But reference to the salesman's schedule showed that he was covering his territory almost twice as fast, and that his average sales per town were fully as good as best records. As a net result of the experiment the salesman now has a much larger territory, and he is able to touch the smaller way points that he could not reach before.

The sales manager has also proved that an automobile will soon pay for itself, so the pitied, beyond-the-frontier drummer is now more aristocratic than his city brothers, having a private touring car and a special and individual chauffeur for himself and samples. This salesman has also invaded with his automobile territory which can be reached by stub railway lines, finding that he often can equal the actual running time of the once-a-day mixed trains, and can stop at many more towns, and eliminate all of the nerve-eating waste time in making connections at the junction points.

The frequent emergencies of the frontier often give the automobile an opportunity to test itself against mere horseflesh. To start with a mild example, two stockmen of the Northwest were on their way to the metropolis of the State. They had been summoned before the Federal Court, and not to have appeared would have placed them in contempt and subjected them to humiliations and penalties. They had been unavoidably delayed along the road, and it became evident, as the quarter-hours passed, that it was physically impossible, so far as human power and horse muscle were concerned, to reach the terminal of the branch railway before the train departed. There was only one hope, just one. So they sat by the roadside waiting, waiting.

At last a sharp arrow of dust shot down the distant hillside, and the stockmen quickly hoisted their most flaming garments, and possibly more compelling instruments. The parleying began the instant the low, powerful stage automobile was brought to a standstill. At first the chauffeur would not hear to it—his turning back to retrace the thirty miles to the railway station. His schedule pointed ahead, on to the interior town sixty miles distant. Then money began to talk, and a neat little purse of some one hundred and fifty dollars was hung up for the race against time. The "Devil" was turned around and a still sharper arrow of dust shot back toward the railway terminal. As a second achievement, after the stockmen had been placed aboard their train, the "Devil" again retraced the thirty miles, and darted into the interior metropolis at the end of the customary ninety-mile run within the usual six hours of schedule time. To put the moral bluntly, the rescued stockmen would have

"THROUGH THE SAGE-BRUSH AND ACROSS THE FIELDS . . . HE WILL OCCASIONALLY LOSE AN HOUR IN SHOVELING A GRADE"

needed good horses and three days, instead of six hours, to have covered the same total one hundred and fifty miles.

During the period of the disastrous forest fires of the Northwest some time ago the automobile found other spheres of usefulness and made other converts. Horses become terrified and are most untrustworthy in the region of a racing, roaring, scorching sheet of flames in the heavy timber. The automobile can carry the rescue party much nearer, and, because of greater possible speed and its closeness to the ground and consequent better air, can often pass along roads where it would be impossible to ride or drive horses. Also, the speed of the automobile may be tested in keeping ahead of an advancing fire, for blankets of flames have been known to demoniacally race through the tops of the trees at breakneck horse speed. Thus a number of persons were rescued by automobiles during the terrible forest-fire days.

The automobile was also most useful for patrol work; with the fire-fighting soldiers and National guardsmen and foresters it was rushed to watch the danger points and to extinguish smaller fires before they should be whipped into a conflagration that all the firemen of ten cities could not face. As a result of these severe tests of the automobile, one conservative, seasoned old officer remarked: "We have finally broken away from the tradition that a soldier should only use a horse."

The automobile is more than sinew and life-blood, yea, is even almost the soul of the modernized new-old profession of the West called "boosting." Nor should the mistake be made of thinking that the booster thrives only in railway centers and at those metropolitan points indicated on the map in big black letters. The modern interior booster does not cling to nor wait for civilization; he is civilization's advance agent; he harps the community's faith; draws blue-prints; is always in his automobile, motioning just ahead of the slowly moving torch. The automobilized booster reasons that the big chiefs who authorize interior railway extensions are also human, that they are out to make their worn dollars grow big new dollars, just as is the booster; that all that is needed is fully to convince the public and then the railway giants that the new beyond-the-frontier country will pay dividends on railway investments.

The automobile is a booster and a railway scouting necessity. How else, for instance, could vast railwayless central Oregon have hoped recently to have been chosen for the summer touring ground for such men as Louis W. Hill, chief spokesman for James J. Hill, and a railway president on his own account; and Judge Robert S. Lovett, executive head of the great Harriman railway system? Previous to their junkets up and down and crisscross through this great inland area came another visitor, also automobilewise. The interior at first knew the silent, disguised personage who directed the two large machines as John F. Sampson. A reporter later nosed out, however, that this man was John F. Stevens, former chief engineer for the Panama Canal, and then executive and advance railway scout for the Hill system. Stevens was making a *sub rosa* tour of the great empire that for a long period had been considered exclusive Harriman territory.

Then Louis W. Hill followed into this vast interior area, as large as the State of Pennsylvania, that had never yet heard the whistle of a steam locomotive engine. The Hill party, carried by several automobiles, traveled hundreds of miles, zigzagged here and there from one hamlet and village to another, and were nearly always escorted by swarms of native automobiles.

Robert S. Lovett, executive head of the Harriman system, when he came later, proved to be more in a hurry, or not such a good mixer. His several autos were unloaded from the train at the far eastern border of the railwayless area; they were provisioned and equipped as if for a crossing-the-continent trip; and then long drives were made, which carried the party west almost through the entire length of the State.

Other automobiles and other railway officials have scouted out and estimated the territory in other of the interior sections of the West. But the booster and the booster automobiles do not alone entertain and assist railway officials. Every interior visitor who has even a shade of outside worldly prominence is showered by the native boosters with free automobile rides. It is business science with the booster. The automobile and the route and the quality of the crops have been tested in advance. The chauffeur drives leisurely past the field of tallest grain and the most heavily laden fruit trees, and "whips up his horses," as a native expresses it, when the trail of Jack Frost is neared.

The automobile has verily brought a new mental poise to some portions and parts of the unbroken and almost untrodden interior. For example, the aged man who lives out on an isolated sub-ranch of an Oregon cattle king talked of Portland and San Francisco and Salt Lake City as if they were only over the first of the hundred ridges and mountains that one must cross to reach the nearest inhabited ranch twenty miles to the east, or as if these cities were in the midst of the wide, almost twigless plain that stretches drearily away for ten of the twenty miles that separate the lone bachelor from the nearest ranch toward the setting sun.

The porch on which the old man sat was one hundred and thirty miles from the nearest railway station, fifty miles from the first town or village, and, incidentally, as far from a doctor, or barber shop, or restaurant. Yet this man was on a highway, an automobile highway, and on the vast level stretches between the hills an automobile can eat up distance in express-train fashion, and two hundred miles a day is not a very exceptional drive. The memory of the aged pioneer was dimmed to the picture of plodding mules and sore-footed ox-teams that brought him to the interior, the brutes crawling along at the rate of two or three miles an hour when the road was perfect, and two or three hours to the mile when it was otherwise.

In general, the automobile has already earned its way to esteem even in the land where, in the past, no good thing could be done excepting *on horseback.* There may be still an occasional man who will as muscularly and primitively express his automobile regards as did the old freighter on Jumbo Mountain. The brakes on the lead and on the trail wagons were hard set, and gratingly squealing out the fact that the down grade was both rough and steep. The old freighter heard the warning toot of the automobile, far down the hill. He was following the grade along a concave arch in the mountain side. The road was wide, and the freighter had meant to stop a short distance ahead. Even as it was, the lone man in the trunk-loaded automobile had plenty of room to pass. But the lead and the swing teams thought that the puffing gasoline car looked otherwise than like a bale of hay or a pan of oats. The autoist, being kind-hearted and perhaps new to the country, bethought to stop when his machine had cleared the wool-sacks on the trail wagon, and to wait until after the freighter had driven on. And to show further good faith, and to aid the freighter in training his horses to an appreciation of the good things of civilization, the auto-man hastened to help in quieting the teams and untangling them from the traces.

"Leave them horses alone!" shouted the freighter.

The auto-man hesitated, though he had better been cranking his machine.

"Nobody asked fer your help," the freighter slammed out again, as he slid down from the high wagon seat.

The auto-man still hesitated, looking toward the tangled horses. And the next thing the auto-man knew he was the center of considerable of a tangle himself, and in another few seconds he was the softest spot in a young avalanche. He carried back up the hill and away with him a resolve, and a bit of freighter philosophy to the effect that the automobile climbed up the worst hill on the road so saucy-like that any man who would thus try to make a fool of tired freight horses just ought to be licked out of the country.

Even the cattle kings and the sheep barons of the West are automobile converts, and to-day many a cowboy and sheep-herder can steer the gasoline car of his boss with almost as great skill as he can brand a calf or shear a sheep. In going from one ranch to another, or in catching up with the herds that are being driven to the railway, the big stockman may not bother to detour in order to follow a road. He will not make record runs through the sage-brush and across the fields and over the plains and low hills, and he will occasionally lose an hour in shoveling a grade across a deep ditch—but then life is too short to follow roads always, and, anyway, that is the way he always did on horseback. He may own two hundred saddle-horses, yet he now thinks twice before saddling up and riding twenty-seven miles to town. He could follow the old road and the cut-off trails down the cañon through the darkest hours of the darkest night that ever was, and nowhere else on earth does he feel as much at home as in the saddle—but there is a difference between from daylight till noon on horseback and a leisure hour on a leather cushion.

Some of the conservatives of the frontier are still critical. The automobile is a nice plaything, but, as one cowboy expressed it, "The durned autos break down half the time, but take a broncho and he's always there." Likewise, an Indian on the Klamath Reservation, who was ambitious to convert his little pony into white man gold, pointed out in favor of the steed that, "He no get punctured; no stop; and he go five—maybe twenty years."

The defenders of good old horseflesh and the stage-coach note and remember the exceptional incidents, which are a natural by-product of the daring days when the automobile is bowling over beyond-the-frontier traditions. For instance, the wide-awake young fellow will watch loaded stage automobiles dart past his homestead, and he will hear it told that each of the passengers paid twenty dollars for the privilege of a seat in the automobile when they might have had as much stage-coach room for a scant ten dollars. He counts the trips and the passengers during a week, and figures in charcoal marks on his grubbing-hoe that the automobile owner takes in something near a hundred dollars a day, on the average. The homesteader whiffs like a millionaire, and decides. He goes to town, hunts up the man who wanted to buy his timber claim; the next day he is the owner of a stage automobile. At least it is an automobile and he is going to make a stage out of it.

He tests it out with applied horse philosophy. If he can get into the saddle when trying a horse and can stay in the saddle, and if the horse can whirl and slide and run straight up the steepest roundabout hill without breaking his wind, then the horse is all right. He knows, however, that he can't exactly tell the first day just what the horse will do, and admits that it might be best to take along a pair of hobbles and to keep the bucking-strap on the saddle for a short time. So the owner of the new stage automobile recites many times the names of the various pieces of the machine, and takes along the descriptive booklet, just so as to be good and prepared if anything should happen.

All the most traveled stage roads are already pretty well supplied with passenger-carrying automobiles, so the homesteader picks up five or six people who want to cross the interior in a less-traveled direction.

To state a concrete example, and to allow the owner of the stage automobile a little experience, this is the load of passengers that was assembled: a young Eastern man who was trying to decide whether he wished to gamble with Uncle Sam on a homestead; a college-graduate surveyor with promise of a job in an interior town; a youthful prize-fighter who had ambitions and a set of boxing-gloves and a medicine-ball, and who thought that the interior ought to have another like young fellow and a little loose change; the proprietor of a soft-drinking establishment who was returning to the interior after a little vacation; a journalist who was crossing the interior for a city paper.

There was delay in starting, so the party voted to gain back the time and escape the sun glare by a night trip over a part of the one hundred and fifty miles. It was planned to reach an Indian Reservation agency, thirty miles out, in time for supper, but during the early evening several little things happened to the automobile, and by the time the agency was actually reached the ten o'clock electric lights had been turned off for an hour or more. The passengers had also cemented that quality of friendship that is born only in mutual trouble. Though none of the party knew very much about an automobile, they all together seemed to know infinitely more than the chauffeur. The chief trouble was that the auto stopped and balked, and didn't start until it got good and ready—spurs and quirt and horse-talk to the winds. All members of the party took turns at the crank hanger, the prize-fighter getting a delightful workout. The owner of the automobile was king only in the British sense, and the Lords and Commons voted to abandon the night trip. So several agency assistants were aroused and extra beds were begged in the Indian boys' dormitory.

Next morning it was voted that the stubborn automobile should be diagnosed and dissected. So the descriptive booklets were hunted up and the various working parts tested. One man thought the trouble was in the spark plugs, another swore that there was a short circuit, while a third knew that the carburetor and the magneto were all off. In the midst of so much science and art the owner became a bewildered nonentity. So each passenger pursued his theory and began to pick the thing apart.

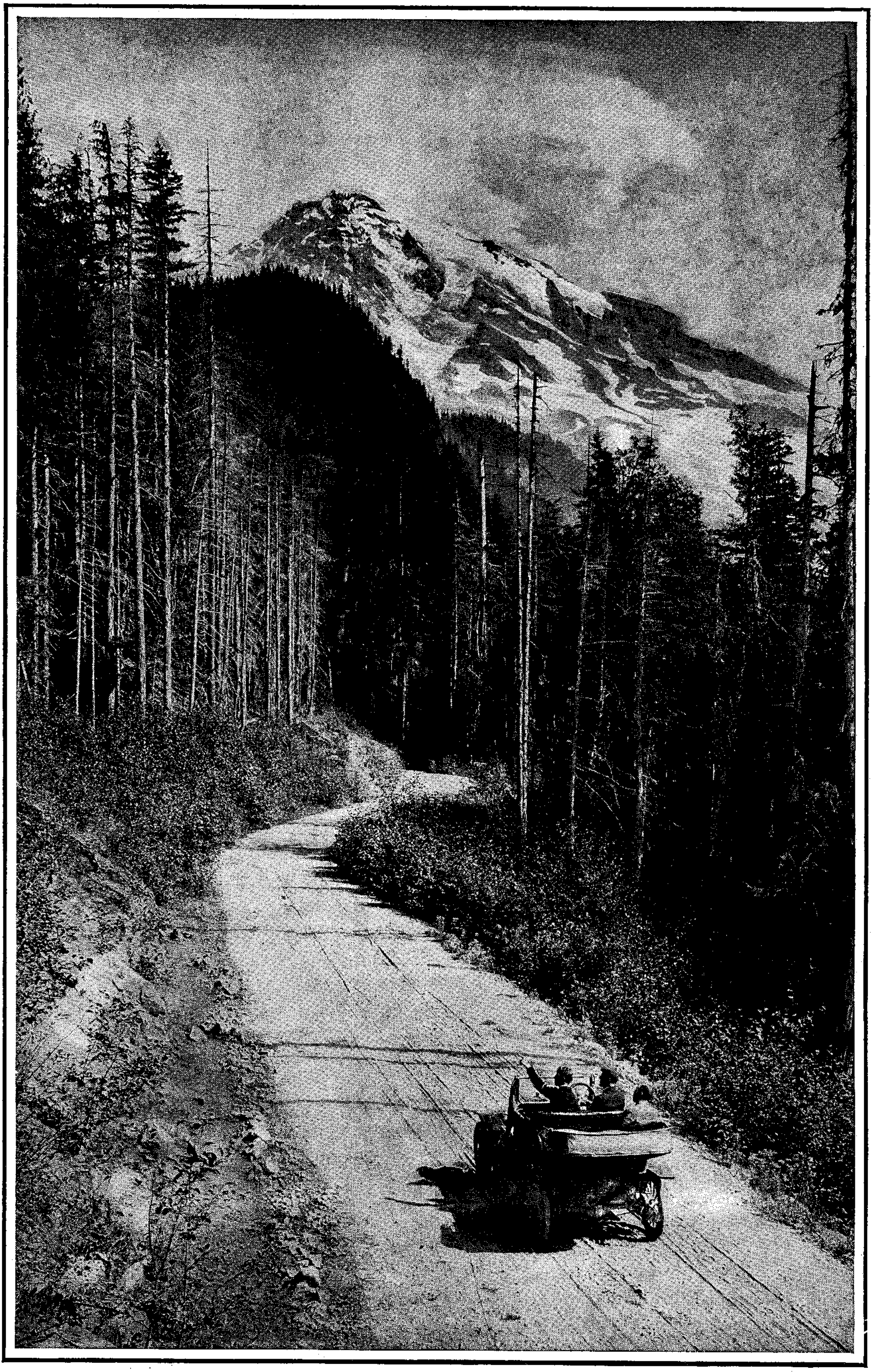
Through natural selection the soft-drinking proprietor had soon worked himself up to the position of commanding general, and, seconded by the prize-fighter, he was able to check the tendency to make the auto look like Chicago after the fire. The pieces and parts were assembled, cylinder oil generously scattered about, gasoline poured out and touched off, and the prize-fighter set to cranking like a middleweight championship bout. But the old machine could not be warmed up in the harness or scared into starting.

Then one of the Indian fathers of the Reservation made a suggestion. "All same balky horse, hitch 'nother horse up with him," he pleaded. This was the only suggestion that hadn't already been tried, so the automobile owner who had stopped at the agency store consented to come over, and his machine was hitched on ahead. Sure enough. The sick or tired or lazy stage automobile wheezed, coughed, and then the engine was alive and throbbing to go. All was as good as new and glorious for about four miles, and until it was necessary to slow down to cross a sagging pole bridge over a slough. Then the spark fluttered—and died. All hands could not push the heavy car up to grade from the bridge, and the atmosphere grew from dark to black.

The red man was again the rescuer. The Indian who happened along driving a strong, frisky team hitched to a hack was not enthusiastic about dragging the white brother's plaything out of the mire; but he didn't see any way to get past, so consented. Once more the automobile "got onto the magneto" and whirred and whizzed its way up the hill, everybody but the driver running along behind to push. After that, the ruts and angles were taken at running speed, and the driver galloped the machine over even the most shaky, slippery floating pole bridges Everybody held his breath on an up slope, and if the engine sounded a bit hoarse or acted faint or balky somebody would shout "all out," and the passengers, who were paying something like fifteen cents a mile, would hop or roll to the ground as best they could and run alongside, jumping logs and rocks and pushing, or would follow behind eating sand and gasoline smoke, and likewise pushing.

Once again the engine flickered on a steep up grade. By this time the sun was down, and it was more than fifty miles to the nearest little village, which might or might not afford an unoccupied bed or a chance for a midnight meal. So the counselors were desperate, and it was at last decided to try to get the auto "onto the magneto" by reversing and backing down the hill. It was tried, and, glory be, it worked; and, hallelujah again, the top of the hill was reached. Then several miles were clipped off in the wooded darkness and in the teeth of a wind that whistled down from a snowy-sided peak; and the auto was whipped across a wide prairie, where the wind was like an icicle drawn across the cheek. At the entrance into a second forest, where flickered a late camp-fire, it was whoopingly decided that the automobile should have half an hour rest on a down-grade slope.

The one woman of the freighter camp was peeling potatoes, slicing bacon, and grinding coffee for an early breakfast. With true Western good feeling, more wood was gathered for the fire, and, after a silent assent between husband and wife, the prepared breakfast was transformed into a midnight supper. With like hospitality, the senior freighter waved aside the coins proffered by one of the automobile passengers who was



THE AUTOMOBILE HAS VERILY BROUGHT A NEW MENTAL POISE TO SOME PORTIONS AND PARTS OF THE UNBROKEN AND ALMOST UNTRODDEN INTERIOR so citified as not to know that the average Westerner would have considered such an act an unpardonable insult.

Four miles farther on, on a straight and level road, the automobile suddenly decided that its day's work was done. The engine warningly barked, and then the spark of life slunk into the desert and the midnight stillness. But the passengers did not give up a last ghost of hope. The budding pugilist took another flying double round at the crank hanger. Then, with all the unanimity and concentrated feeling of a lynching party, the auto was given a final rush and a last attempt made to resurrect the breath of life by "getting onto the magneto." Coats were flung, faces were grimly set, hands clenched, toes dug into the heavy sand, and short, snappy words shot out. But the wheels only crunched, and the automobile remained a lumbering, inert, dead thing.

Two of the party turned the tonneau of the car and a lap-robe into a Pullman berth, a third drew his nightshirt over his overcoat and hunted a soft, sandy spot before the fire, and the final three spooned together on a folded-over robe that covered them almost from chin to knees. The automobile owner's final wish was that he was a sheep-herder's dog.

At daylight one member of the party, who was a bicyclist, unstrapped his wheel, rode thirty miles through the sand, and sent an automobile to the rescue. Incidentally, the rescuing chauffeur tinkered with the dead machine for a few minutes, and with a turn of the crank the auto was quiveringly begging for a chance to run; nor was there another balk through the remainder of the trip.

The interior automobilist who happens to be the first man over the road in the spring may also have volumes of experience. A seasoned man in one such instance surprised a tenderfoot by loading on such appliances as blocks and tackle, shovels, mattocks, saws, and axes. But the test soon came. In the low foothills the bridge across a rumbling mountain stream had been washed away. The passengers decided they would just as soon cross on the trunk of a fallen tree and let the chauffeur rush the stream alone. The unexpected depth of the water, the big boulders, and the slippery bottom stopped the engine in mid-stream. The general, however, merely waited long enough for one of the party to snap a picture, and then hitched his car to a tree on the bank. All parties then took a good grip, and in ten minutes more the block and tackle had made the crossing.

Farther along there were uprooted trees to saw through or cut around, broken limbs to clear away, and the flooring of loose log bridges to replace. Later on a snow-bank was charged.

The roads of the interior West are not all hard surfaced and oiled; and at many of the cross-roads, where there isn't a house in ten miles, nobody has ever thought of putting up sign-posts to guide the man who wants to select his route while clipping off forty miles an hour. Before the automobile trounced all interior traveling precedents into the dust, the traveler was not too busy to stop and inquire directions from every man he met. And such a query was an introduction that warranted the stranger in asking all about yourself, your family, and your business ambitions.

The automobile has sapped a vast amount of good old-time brotherly comradeship from the interior West—but the automobile has also crowded the old-time frontier almost off the map.

THE CENTRAL OREGON OVERLAND STAGE

THE SPECTATOR

LIFE in a small French-Canadian village is so open an existence that the Spectator needed no gift of Asmodean power to become acquainted with the myriad businesses of the *habitants* of Saint-Michel. Through open doors, near which cord after cord of firewood rose like steeplechase barriers, and in littered yards which on one side of the road ran to Lac Kiagamack and on the other to the wood-lots, he could see all sorts of work in progress.

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Joseph Flogold was plucking a lamb which had escaped the shearing. Its lone bleat was pitiful, and, considering the freshening wind which sent streamers of cirri scudding before it, timely and righteous. But in the house Madame Flogold was at her loom, and a coarse woven fabric was taking form under her deft fingers. Narcisse Bellerose was at the grindstone. His diminutive son, similarly garbed even to tiny *bottes sauvages* and divers-colored mackinaw shirt, furnished the power. Axes with heavy polls and rough-hewn handles lay on the ground near them. Madame Farlan was baking many loaves of bread, and Willie, bewhiskered and gaunt as a bear in early spring, sewed industriously at a fast-disappearing rent in an awkward-looking buckskin moccasin. Adelard Perron carefully filed the regular series of irregular notches of a large double saw. His daughter Alicette, graceful despite hulking clothes and the masculine effect of widespread feet, was scouring a huge iron pot which looked like a giant's Dutch oven.

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In other houses and in other yards villagers were busy with similar tasks. Though he understood the object of each enterprise, the Spectator was unable to penetrate the secret of this general activity. In New England he had seen the housewives prepare for Thanksgiving Day, and in Pennsylvania he had marveled at the extensive arrangements for the "hog-killing;" but the labor of these Quebec countrymen had an undercurrent of serious contention far different from a holiday spirit. At the cross-road which ran along the upper stretches of La Rivière Mantawa toward Lac des Baies he was overtaken by a number of wagons, some laden with bales of hay and bags of grain, others with axes, saws, wedges, stoves, and blankets, and, clinging around the various baggages, men, women, and a few children. The Spectator had consulted the large blue-print map in the general store of M. Archimbault, and he knew there was no village along that by-road, for he had decided to follow it because it would carry his feet to a real wilderness. In answer to a question essayed in his best French he was told that the entire party was indeed bound for the woods. Further questions elicited the astounding assertion that the whole of many of Saint-Michel's families would soon go into the "bush" to make logs for the paper-mills.

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The Spectator was burdened with a shoulder-pack in which he carried his change of raiment and several books: Captain Marryat's "The Settlers in Canada," Francis Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World," and a small French school dictionary with a supplement for Quebec. He was nevertheless able to keep within sight of the heavy wains, and presently was joined by several of the men. One insisted that he be allowed to take the pack, which he pronounced very light. All managed some English, but this fellow, whom the others called Joe Boucher, though he hesitated before speaking, and even then stumbled and stuttered as he mispronounced choice Yankee idioms, had at his command a good vocabulary. The road ran close to the river, leaving it only where rocky bluffs turned it aside. Then the roar of the rapids, denoting hasty steps in the river's march to its confluent, made conversation impossible. In the lulls when the river marked time between rapids, while the other men joked with one another, the locution "*une belle fille*" ever present in their gibes, the Spectator's *portageur* told of trips to "Monreal," "Keebec" and "Tronto."

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To wander, in the Spectator's opinion, is really to know life. Rather patronizingly, then, but encouragingly, he urged his narrator to visit south of the line some time, "in the States." "You been ever in Woonsocket?" was the laconic question-response. The Spectator acknowledged that he had. "Well, I been there too," with a rising inflection, "for three years." "Why did you come back here?" not so enthusiastically.

"Everything too quick there, everybody like machinery fast, no big trees, no clean river, always spend, no little savings."

The Spectator was convinced, but not ready to give in completely. "But you made more money working in the mills."

"Yes; but a man need to buy more to satisfy. I go into the wood to skid log for thirty-five dollars a month. I take with me socks warm"—and he opened his coat, revealing his entire wardrobe in the inside pocket—"and maybe I spend few dollars for tobacco; I save, anyway, one hundred fifty dollars. When I tell friends mine in Woonsocket I go back Saint-Michel, bunch ask to be along. Down other side Saint-Michel, near Lac des Pins Rouges, living little family, five children and widow, came after old man kill in mill. He work by me, always say he make land in Canada, but wheel catch him first."

"But men are killed in the woods, too, by falling trees; and of the men who drive logs in the spring, how many are drowned?"

"Yes, that true; but it seem easy to die in the wood, under the tree, with the sky blue up there. See by the rapid, that cross; many *canots* turn over when the river is flood, but we rather take chance than carry *canots* and tump packs over the portage."

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The cross to which he pointed was crudely made; a young spruce had been trimmed of branches and its tip cut away at the height of a man's head to make the cross-bar, which was wattled in place with spruce roots. It was in humble contrast to others that the Spectator had seen. These roadside shrines are often decorated with hammers, pincers, nails, and less often with ladders and spears; in the larger villages there may be a small image of the Saviour and a box with a glass front to hold flowers that the priest has blessed. These signs of religion, which persist to the very edge of the farthest north wilderness, to the *Domaines Vacants de la Couronne*, seemed to the Spectator's fancy to be ever-present reminders that, if the arm of the law were of no effect in the Quebec "bush," the hand of the Creator was there to restrain if restraint were needed.

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But these *habitant* loggers in whose company he was traveling did not seem to the Spectator to be even mildly suggestive of the lumber-jack swaggerers of fiction. There was, of course, the cockerel who mouthed his queer blasphemies as if they really meant something. This young man, the Spectator learned later, was the cook's assistant, or "cookee." Two of the men had gigantic frames, but the other nine were really small men. But when they stooped to help one of the wagons over a huge rock, the muscles beneath their sweaters and mackinaws bulged unnaturally, and when they lifted together the heavy weight rose as surely as if a powerful jack had done the work. Even the younger men wore full beards, and this, with the loose mackinaw or home-woven woolen clothing, gave them a forbidding appearance. But this impression faded quickly. As they plodded along, now six abreast, now less as the way narrowed, two or three would run off together, for all the world like romping boys, and the chase would end in a wrestling match, and the conqueror would celebrate his victory and call upon the pines to witness it by shouting long and lustily. When the caravan turned away from the river to follow a series of wagon tracks through the trees, the romping had its end. Then the five women were helped from their nooks among the duffle, and the little children handed down from one strong arm to another. One little girl quickly tired of the scramble along the rocky trail. At the first murmur of discontent her father, who seemed mere legs and arms in a bundle of rainbow-hued cloth, lifted her to his shoulder. For two hours, while the *voitures* covered four miles among the rocks and pines, the father walked jauntily along, seemingly unconscious of his burden.

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The stop for dinner was made where the wagon tracks crossed a small brook. Two old feed-bags were thrown from the top of the largest wagon. One held half a dozen loaves of bread. The cord around the mouth of the other bag broke and a large piece of salt pork, a bag of tea leaves, a large tin teapot, tin basins, knives, forks, and spoons fell among the horses' feet. The pork was rescued first, dipped into the water and scraped. The teapot was filled, two handfuls of tea thrown into the water, and the vessel set in the fire to boil. Each person scrambled for a knife and a fork, and the Spectator got none. The largest boy, at a word from one of the men, offered his, with a Raleighan bow and a murmured "*Ça, monsieur, pour vous*," and he bowed again as politely as a courtier of Louis XIV. The Spectator accepted, and tried to acknowledge the gift as graciously as it was made. The utensils were rusty veterans of the sort common in lumber camps, but he used them to cut chunks of bread and to spear pieces of pork, and the rough food tasted very good. The boy used the Spectator's pocket set, a knife, a fork, and a spoon which fitted snugly into a little leather case, and he was the admired of young and old.

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The Spectator had early discovered that every French-Canadian is keenly interested in the money value of each unfamiliar object. The man in Quebec who asked the cost of his stick-pin was not a customs officer, nor was it a bootmaker who asked the price of his chrome-tanned *bottes sauvages*. He was not surprised, then, when Noel Boelargeon, the patriarch of the group if whiskers were any sign, reached across the slab of pork to take the neat table implements from the proud little fellow, balance them in his great palm, and suggested, as naturally as one repeats a *Credo*, "Monsieur must have paid well for these." The assembled hands, lips, and jaws were still, and the Spectator became embarrassed. Joe Boucher came to his aid. "They give everything away in the States with tobacco." There was a general upraising of heads around the circle; the women said, "*Oui?*" but the men understood, "*Oui, oui, oui*," and they nodded sympathetically. Joe Boucher's statement stamped him an observant man, for the knife and fork alone had an unsubstantial air; when they were put away in the leather case, they looked as unpractical as most premiums. The Spectator has discarded these "gimcracks;"

when he visits the woods, he falls back upon his jackknife and a pointed stick.

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The trail became merely an opening cut through the forest. Large trees, seed trees left from the original stand of timber, towered among the second growth of spruce, hemlock, and pine. Stubs rose at every step to catch unwary feet. Each wagon was lightened; bales of hay, bags of grain, casks of salt pork, hogsheads of molasses, and barrels of peas and of beans were piled indiscriminately in the underbrush. "This will be a fine road when the snow covers all the bad places," suggested the Spectator. "Yes; him not so bad," half agreed Noel, "when snow heap so high." He pointed among the lower limbs of a large birch, where an unhealed blaze showed, twelve feet above the ground. "Those blaze mark the winter road," explained Joe. "It hard to get in now, but end of next month be quick drive with sleigh from camp to Saint-Michel. Take all day now; four or five hour then."

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It was taking all day. The narrow swath wound round and over hills, through valleys so narrow as to be almost gulleys, all by easy gradients, till the range of hills was reached beyond which the Spectator was told lay Lac Rond and Boelargeon's camp. When the ridge was topped, the little lake, really a perfect circle of winnowing water, reflected the horizontal rays of the setting sun like burnished copper. "There the *cabines*," said Joe. The Spectator had already seen them, for the slash through the forest guided his eyes to the large clearing in which stood the squat houses of logs. He hurried on after the two woodsmen, as glad as they to reach the journey's end. In the darkening twilight the wagons were unloaded. The fodder was stored under a lean-to and the cooking utensils and provisions were carried into the cabin.

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The Spectator walked down to the lake to catch a glimpse of the multitude of hungry fish, which snapped viciously for flies and darting water-bugs. When he turned toward the cabin again, he saw the last horse, the harness ends neatly coiled, step over the logs which formed the door jamb. He hurried to the opening and discovered that beasts and men were to spend the winter under one roof. A table of halved logs, with fixed benches, ran along one side of the cabin. A row of saplings set up on ends shut off one corner. A narrow space was left near the wall for the entrance to this private chamber. A large cast-iron box stove, on which two *chaudrons* were already steaming, stood in the middle of the room. A platform, on which spruce boughs had been spread, extended about three yards from the wall, and occupied almost half of the space on the side of the cabin opposite the table. The rest of this space was given over to the horses. The floor was made of split logs not too well matched. The ceiling was low. The cranny between this and the peaked roof was filled with hay. On one side of the door the "cookee" had begun to pile his fuel. On the other a shelf supported the communal basin; beneath the shelf stood a bucket of lake water.

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While Madame Boelargeon prepared the supper Noel and Joe fed the horses and one of the children placed knives and forks about the table. The resinous smell of sawed wood was lost in the odorous steam which poured from the *chaudrons* each time Madame Boelargeon raised a lid. Bowls of steaming pea soup were set on the table. Three of the women went behind the partition to eat. Madame Boelargeon was busy over the stove during the time the men were eating, and one of the women, a meek body, refilled the cannikins and moved about with dishes of beans and salt pork. The children squatted on the floor or sat on the bench at the foot of the bunk. The men were rising from the table, some with pipes already filled, when, without any warning knock, the door opened and a stalwart man with gray hair and a head that would have pleased Saint-Gaudens stepped over the threshold. He was greeted warmly and enthusiastically, but the Spectator detected beneath the greeting a note of pity.

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During the evening the conversation centered about this visitor. The men worked as they talked. Noel Boelargeon and the newcomer summed up series of strokes and crosses made in pencil on a large board. The Spectator felt sure that this was a tally of the logs the older man had cut. Joe Boucher placed his moccasin boots in a bucket of water, then poured water inside them till it ran over the tops, asserting that so long as the leather was damp it would be waterproof. One man carved a lever and latch for the door. Another filed the edge of an ax. Two others carried a pot full of boiling water outside and returned immediately with narrow strips of ash which they had steamed, and these they fastened between two arched rows of pegs. A large stone was tied to one end of each stick. Joe Boucher explained that the steaming process would be kept up until the sticks were bent into snowshoe frames. Three men oiled harness. Two read a paper-bound book, which the Spectator supposed was a romance by the *habitant* "best seller." The title was easy to translate: "The Immaculate Girlhood of the Reverend Mother Marie-Rose."

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At intervals each man went to look over Noel's shoulder and stood a moment listening to his chant as he added successive fives. These trips became more frequent, the men attended carefully upon the counting, and very soon those who were reading closed the book, and the makers of snowshoes, the workers with harness, and those who did nothing but smoke and expectorate ceased toiling and idling and stood by the stove with hands behind backs. The Spectator asked Joe Boucher why all were so interested in the counting. It was not a long story nor an unusual one. What impressed the Spectator was the horror in his voice when he said, "And the poor man owe so to the big boss who give him timber contract he maybe work all winter and not do more than pay his owe." Added to man's natural fear of debt was the thought of five months' struggle with cold and storm in an uncharitable wilderness for no reward, unless freedom from debt be a reward. No wonder Noel sobbed when he announced that the logs cut in two months were only half as many as must be cut in each remaining month if spring were to see the debt paid. The men crowded about the unfortunate fellow, and to each who grasped his hand he gave the same answer. They were high-sounding, brave words, and the Spectator got his dictionary. He took the first English equivalent after each French word, and the translation stood, "I revel in honest poverty." How rich that *habitant* was!

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At half-past eight Noel rose from his seat and walked toward the bunks. The men followed him and all kneeled on the bench, bowed heads touching the spruce boughs. Noel began, "*Ave Maria gratia plena*," and the men repeated each phrase. He spoke quickly, and they merely mumbled in response, but the Spectator remembered having read in an old book that it was the custom of goodly men to shut up the day with prayer, and he too bowed his head. Before crawling into his sleeping-bag he went out into the night to free his lungs from tobacco smoke. There was no moon, but there were many stars, and toward the north the conical tips of the trees were outlined in mellow light, and streamers of the Aurora Borealis zigzagged toward the north star, disappeared, and were followed by others, always mounting toward the zenith. The Spectator was glad to be alone, and in spite of the chill he watched the darting lights until they ceased.

THE NEW BOOKS

Peter Ruff and the Double Four. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.25.

Lovers of detective stories will find Peter Ruff's acuteness and cleverness almost as fascinating as those of the late Sherlock Holmes. At first a criminal himself, later a private detective who works for criminals as well as for those who have been wronged by criminals, he finally becomes the chief of the "Double Four," an amazingly powerful and totally improbable criminal society which has its center in Paris. This society graduates from crime into international politics. Peter is a master-hand both at concealing and detecting crime. The author has a strong hold upon lovers of plot-story, and no doubt this particular piece of invention will be avidly read by many thousands.

Wrong Woman (The). By Charles D. Stewart. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

Many readers have a warm spot in their hearts for the author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," and a smaller number, but perhaps a more discriminating group of readers, love even more Mr. Stewart's "Partners of Providence." Now he takes as his real subject the Texas sheep country, and especially the way in which the lonely shepherd cares for the young lambs. This does not sound like a notably promising subject for romance, yet through the introduction of a light-hearted and wholesome girl, a would-be school-teacher, who has lost her way on the prairie, and is rescued and treated with true courtesy and helpfulness by a ranch-owner acting for the time as shepherd, Mr. Stewart manages to combine local background with a curious story of misunderstanding in a novel way. The book is written with a deliberateness which some will find provoking and others will find delightful, and is gently and agreeably humorous.

Whistler's Pastels and Other Modern Profiles. By A. E. Gallatin. The John Lane Company, New York. $2.50.

This little book is printed with all possible delicacy and fineness, and is a thoroughly tasteful example of typography. Its reproductions of pastels, water-colors, and chalk drawings by Whistler, and of a few pictures by Winslow Homer and others, are almost beyond praise in their execution. Mr. Gallatin's discussion of the relative values of these pictures and the predominant qualities in the methods of the artists thus represented is sound and interesting.

France of Joan of Arc (The). By Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard. Stanley Paul & Co., London.

Of the making of books about Joan of Arc there is no end—and rightly so, for no story of human interest and inspiration is more striking or appeals more to the heart. Lieutenant-Colonel Haggard, who is, we believe, a brother of the newly knighted Sir Rider Haggard, is wise in telling the story instead of discussing mooted questions. We have had quite enough of the latter sort of thing, and those who wish to make a historical study of Joan may go elsewhere. This book is written in narrative style which takes account of color and atmosphere and background. The incidents of the short, heroic, strange life of Joan are brought out effectively and vividly. We find it good reading and cordially recommend it as a popular and readable work.

Surgeon's Log (The). By J. Johnston Abraham.
E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

This is almost action, for the author tells his curious experiences and impressions in the Far East usually in the form of dialogue or semi-dramatic narrative. As a consequence the book is very positively amusing and is easy reading, although sometimes it impresses one as a little irresponsible and over-facetious.

Library of Amateur Photography. In 4 vols.
American School of Art and Photography, Scranton, Pennsylvania. $10.

This is mainly a condensation and revision of the "Self-Instructing Library of Practical Photography," published in eight volumes a year or two ago. The usefulness and popularity of the larger work, designed as it was for professional photographers, are likely to be equaled by the present compendium as an instruction book for amateur workers. Written in a popular and easily comprehended style, this "Library" will be especially useful to amateurs who desire to go somewhat thoroughly into the technique of the various photographic processes. There are many illustrations, both descriptive and pictorial, with data as to how the latter, in their original photographic form, were taken.

Education of Women in China (The). By Margaret E. Burton. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

Miss Burton, the daughter of Professor Ernest E. Burton, of the University of Chicago, has published a very interesting, thorough, and suggestive study of the education of women in China. As she truly says, of all the remarkable changes which have taken place in China during the last decade, none is more significant than the change of attitude towards the education of women. "China is coming to recognize that if she is to be genuinely strong in the new era of her history upon which she is entering, her women must be given such education as will purify and elevate national life at its very source—the home." Women will, to a certain degree, determine the character of the new China. And the character of these women will largely depend upon the kind of education they get. Up to the present their education has been noticeable by its absence—to use a Hibernicism. We mean not only mental but physical education; for if ever girls needed proper exercise, it is needed by Chinese girls, descended from generations of bound-footed women. A few years ago the girls in China began to get some sort of an all-round education. But it was difficult to make them take advantage of anything beyond the merest common school requirements. A high school course was out of the question for many girls, owing to the desire for their service at home and to the custom of early marriages. Now, however, many parents are eager to have their daughters remain through the entire school course, and the desire of educated young men for well-educated wives has begun to militate against the early marriages. Miss Burton reviews the opportunities afforded by the Christian, the Government, and the gentry schools—the last named having been organized by private patrons. Even the Christian school teaching has not always been "the strong and vigorous work which the situation demands," this lack, so we learn, having been due not to the teachers' inability but because they are too overworked to do that of which they are capable. The great need is apparently for trained teachers. Some of the teaching can, of course, be done by girls with a high school education. But the best work, as our author points out, can be done only by college-trained women. Hence the need for women's colleges in the Empire. They should be, says Miss Burton, either controlled by a union of Protestant forces in the territory in which each college is to be established, or else upheld by some American or English college, as is the college recently established by Yale in China.

Travels in the Confederation, 1783-1784. By Dr. Johann David Schoepf. William J. Campbell, Philadelphia. In 2 vols. $6.

During the early years of the American Confederation Johann David Schoepf journeyed here. In 1777 he had been appointed surgeon to some troops in the British army, and during the war was on hospital duty at New York and Philadelphia. After the declaration of peace he traveled through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Florida, and the Bahama Islands. Not only was Dr. Schoepf one of the first to journey in the young Republic, but he was also the first formal student of American geology. In his "Travels in the Confederation" we have reminiscences of the Revolution and many observations characterized by much good sense, together with the flavor of a real personality. The text has been translated from the German by Dr. Alfred J. Morrison, and has been published in two small volumes. It seems strange that it should not have been translated and published long ago. The work both forms an original document in our history and retains the appeal of a contemporary anecdotal account.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

TWO DONKEY LEGENDS

In the Spectator's article in a recent Outlook he refers to the tradition of the marking of the donkey (across the withers, I presume) as distinguishing the "family that Christ rode on earth." This tradition may be stored away in my memory's elusive cell. The nursery story associated with the donkey's markings makes the stripes the hasty blows of Balaam. Are there two traditions?

(Rev.) ARTHUR ROWBOTHAM.

Roanoke, Virginia.

TO WHIP OR NOT TO WHIP?

I take exception to this sentence on page 595 of The Outlook for November 4, 1911: "We do not believe that any one has ever learned that it is better never to whip a child, for it is not possible to learn what is not so." Thus much in answer to Mr. Dole's assertion that "thousands of parents and teachers have learned to do better than ever to whip a child." My experience of forty years as a teacher confirms what you say is "not possible to learn," as does that of "thousands of parents and teachers." Indeed, I read over and over again your statement to see whether I had read it correctly. For I had supposed that nothing had been more firmly established in respect to the best management of children than that corporal punishment is debasing to the child and also to parent and teacher.

In my own experience with hundreds of pupils there never was a blow struck by myself nor by my associate teachers. Just for once I came near putting my hand on a boy who was annoying a female teacher. But reflection came, and I quietly led him from the room abashed before his fellow-pupils. Besides the many authorities to whom I might refer you, note what Tolstoy says on this topic when dealing with the rude children whom he was teaching in his schools on his own estate in Russia. This was when he was engaged in active life, and before he had fallen into what some may consider the vagaries of his later years. "Spare the rod and spoil your child" is, in fact, an antiquated maxim.

G. C. S.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

OUR COMMERCE WITH LATIN AMERICA

Latin America looms so large on our horizon now that it is important that the real cause of our lack of first-class steamship communication with the chief Southern countries should not be misunderstood. It is not slow cargo craft of which there is most need, but swift mail and passenger ships, with frequent, regular sailings. Mr. Roosevelt clearly pointed this out when President; Mr. Taft has done the same. "Our absurd and obsolete navigation laws," which Mr. Baldwin arraigns in the Outlook article of October 21 on "The Brazil of To-Day," have but the faintest relation to this problem.

There has not been a time for a dozen years when Congress would not have gladly granted free registry or any privilege to American citizens who would undertake the maintenance of a swift mail line to Brazil and Argentina; but nobody has applied. These National mail services are not created that way in the history of commerce. There must be fixed contracts, adequate compensation, and proper recognition of their distinctively National character. And such services are seldom established by ships borrowed from other flags.

The legislation which Presidents Roosevelt and Taft both recommended gave fit compensation for postal and naval reserve requirements, and, in stipulating that these National mail-ships should be built in the United States, followed the enlightened practice of other Governments. Let Mr. Baldwin examine the Cunard contract; he will find there a like stipulation—that the ships performing it shall be "built in the United Kingdom." So, too, with the Imperial mail service of the North German Lloyd, and the new law of France. When Mr. Baldwin urges that before we aid American lines to the Southern countries we should "repeal our absurd and obsolete navigation laws, so that an American, like a German, may buy his ships in the cheapest and best market," he should know that neither German nor Briton necessarily has that privilege on national mail routes like those proposed to South America. These national mail-ships are usually built for naval reserve use, and Governments and peoples of the Old World have a temperamental dislike to intrusting such work to aliens, rivals, and possible enemies, even though they might save a few dollars by so doing.

Along our seaboard that also is the dominant view of the American people. Executive recommendations for American postal ships on these Southern routes have been pretty solidly sustained by the maritime States, and defeated by the votes of public men whose constituencies are a thousand miles from either ocean.

WINTHROP L. MARVIN.

Boston, Massachusetts.

[Mr. Marvin refers to "our lack of first-class steamship communication" with South America. But we have sufficient cargo boats and fair passenger steamers, the latter maintaining a regular service between New York City and Rio de Janeiro, about forty-eight hundred miles, in seventeen days: the best steamers from Hamburg take twenty-two days. Traffic hardly warrants swifter and larger passenger steamers at present. Our people do not go to South America for health and pleasure, as they go to Europe. If swift and expensive steamers were provided for the limited number of commercial travelers, the steamship lines would require an enormous subsidy in order to be saved from loss. The Cunard, North German Lloyd, and French steamers may enjoy a practical subsidy, but the largest line in the world—the Hamburg-American—has no subsidized mail service; it therefore purchases its ships wherever it is best suited. As to the naval reserve, converted merchant vessels have not played much of a rôle in naval wars. They are serviceable as transports, but transports can be obtained at any time. The American merchant marine can be put on a satisfactory basis (1) if our navigation laws are repealed; (2) if our tariff is reduced to the average in Europe; (3) if our laborers will go to sea and accept the wages paid in England or Germany.—THE EDITORS.]

THE LESSON OF THE DYNAMITE CASES

There is need of close and accurate thinking, and no less plain speaking, upon the labor question in connection with the McNamaras' confession. The Outlook has several times explained the fact (but at a time when few people paid much attention to it) that the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners and the common trade-unionists base their struggle on behalf of labor on radically different grounds. The Western Federation and men of its stamp believe, or pretend to believe, that all the wealth in the world has been produced by manual labor, and that the reason that it is not still held by those who labor with their hands is because they have been "robbed" of it by men of keener intellect and greater ability, but who, possessing no moral right to the property they have thus taken, are as actually robbers as the pirate or highwayman of the Middle Ages. They believe that the property held by capital is "stolen property," and should be recaptured by those to whom it rightfully belongs; that it is not only permissible but highly patriotic to cripple one's enemies by any and every means recognized by so-called civilized warfare. They hold that there is to-day just as truly a war between capital and labor as there is between Turkey and Italy, or between the rebels and the Chinese Government. These men believe, and openly say, that those laborers who haggle about "wages" are traitors to their cause, and that they should be held in as great contempt as would any one in Italy who would propose to abandon Tripoli for a money consideration, or a Chinese rebel who would agree to submit peaceably to the Manchu dynasty if paid a sufficient price, or the propagandist of Russia who would support a Stolypin Ministry if paid enough for it.

This is the doctrine of the Western Federation of Miners, and it is openly advocated by such men as Haywood, Moyer, and others of the extreme radical labor leaders, those whom President Roosevelt at one time designated as "undesirable citizens." Because the position held by these men has not been understood by the ordinary people, they have been left free to pursue their own course, and have accordingly grown bolder and bolder until we are suddenly confronted with the fact that we really have industrial war in this country, not in a figurative but in a very real and actual sense.

On the other hand, there is the great body of wage-earners in this country, ably and nobly led by men of the stamp of John Mitchell, who not only do not hold these views, but most of whom have not the slightest idea that any one on earth does hold them. They think capital and labor are partners, and, if not partners, then at least they are co-workers, and that the one is as necessary to the other as the other is to the one. To be sure, the ordinary trade-unionist firmly believes that capital is getting more than its share of the joint product, and that it is his duty to fight for a larger portion than he has been in the habit of getting; but with him the outcome of the struggle is not actually to destroy capital and cause every man to work at some trade with his hands (in other words, not to capture the enemy's country as is done in war), and thereby to wipe out the present government, but simply to compel what to him seems a fairer and more equitable division of the proceeds of the joint efforts of both. He believes sometimes in competition, sometimes in co-operation, but, whichever is used, he wants his share of the results.

The confession of the McNamaras has bewildered the labor world, and brought upon the unhappy victims the wrath of the labor unions, because the unions have been blind to, or ignorant of, the fact that certain loud-mouthed labor agitators (I dislike to call them labor leaders) have always held, though not always proclaimed, these same principles of warfare. And now, while the eyes and ears of the whole industrial world are alert because of the spectacular happenings at Los Angeles, is, in my opinion, the opportune time to enlighten them as to the true situation. If this opportunity shall be allowed to pass with only personal denunciations of a few of the participants, a pillorying, so to speak, of the McNamaras, the McManigals, and the Harry Orchards, those who serve only as privates on detailed duty to execute the orders of some superior, having no choice but to obey, then the great opportunity of the present occasion will have been lost, and the victims, the McNamaras on the one side and those killed by the "Times" explosion on the other, will have suffered in vain, for the world will be no whit in advance by reason of it.

E. F. SAWYER

Cadillac, Michigan.

BY THE WAY

If incongruity is the basis of humor, what funny fellows some American workmen are! Here is an example: A recent fire in a newly opened hotel in New York City was started, so it is reported, by workmen who smoked cigarettes while they were unpacking furniture wrapped in excelsior! And how about the managers who permitted such an exhibition of humor?

Miss Louise F. Brown, of Wellesley College, has the distinction of being the first woman to win the prize offered biennially by the American Historical Association for the best essay on European history.

The raising of deer on plots of waste land has attracted some venturesome capitalists, whose methods are described in "Outing." Wild deer, says the owner of a successful deer farm in Texas, are easily tamed. "The wildest fawn, if taken from the herd when young, will in a few hours become as gentle as a pet dog." Deer increase very rapidly; one New Jersey farmer, who began with nineteen deer, in ten years had a herd of four hundred; and a Pennsylvania hunting club has a herd of three thousand, sprung from ninety deer acquired eight years ago.

"Who is the most useful citizen of this town?" a writer in "The World To-Day" asked nine different men in Boston lately. Three of them answered: Louis D. Brandeis. Then he asked seven other men, "Who is the most troublesome man in Boston?" and two of the seven said: Louis D. Brandeis. The vote for other useful and troublesome citizens being scattering, the plurality winner of the contest was declared elected. A larger plebiscite would doubtless confirm the verdict.

There are more than 200 foreign students at Columbia University, New York City, this year, 175 at Cornell, 167 at Harvard, and 89 at Yale. Most of these men are notable for their good scholarship, some of them are making brilliant records, and a few excel in athletics as well as in intellectual work.

The Canon of Westminster, so we are told in his recent book, "Some Pages of My Life," once asked Queen Victoria a question about Disraeli's novel "Coningsby." "Her Majesty pursed up her lips and answered that she 'didn't care for his novels.'" Disraeli was, she said, "an able man with a fine imagination; great, but not as great as her present Prime Minister [Lord Salisbury]." Bismarck's characterization of Lord Salisbury, it may be recalled, was less flattering—"a lath painted to look like iron."

The world's largest trade union composed entirely of women is said to be the Cotton Operatives' Union of Lancashire, England, where labor troubles are just now attracting attention. This union has 80,000 members.

A "Country Editor," apologizing for the mistakes in his paper, says, ironically, that they were certainly inexcusable, as "all he has to do is to hunt news and set type, pen short items and fold papers, talk to visitors and read the proofs, dun delinquents and hunt the shears with which to write editorials." Evidently this country editor is somewhat slothful, for he makes no mention of running the press, superintending the job department, or acting as school trustee during his leisure hours.

Roadside mirrors for motorists, which have been introduced in England, are not meant to enable dust-begrimed joy riders to "fix up" before entering a town, but are used for the utilitarian purpose of preventing accident. They are placed at dangerous road corners, and enable the motorist to see approaching vehicles. Such mirrors, says "Good Roads," are in successful use in Norwich and in other districts of England.

Getting rich quick by means of the lottery still appeals to a multitude of gullible persons. A list of several hundred lotteries is given in the "United States Official Postal Guide," and postmasters are warned against delivering mail matter in the interest of these concerns. The list includes lottery schemes in places as remote as Tasmania, the Fiji Islands, Rumania, and Venezuela. Strange to say, the largest number of these concerns are located in Germany.

Sixty-five storage battery electric cars are now in use in New York City, more than half of these having been installed in 1911.

A thousand-foot ship is to be added to the fleet of the White Star Company; and a nine-hundred-foot skyscraper is projected to take the place of the burned Equitable Building. This would seem to be carrying things to extreme lengths on both land and sea, but, lest we become puffed up with pride, let us not forget that both Noah's ark and the Tower of Babel were built a good while ago.

At the sale of the Hoe library recently one of the curiosities disposed of was a copy of "The Vicar of Wakefield" bearing the inscription, "From the author," in Goldsmith's own handwriting. This was the first copy of the first edition. It brought $1,450.

Fulton Market in New York City, having outlived its usefulness, is soon to go the way of Centre Street Market, Catharine Market, and other markets which have been abandoned because of shifting streams of trade in the metropolis.

Professor T. N. Carver, of Harvard University, in a recent address before the American Economic Association, deplored the excessive amount of litigation in this country, with its accompanying diversion of useful talent from other occupations to the legal profession. "It is certainly as great a waste of human energy," he said, "to have a man taken out of productive industry and have him devote his time to fighting individual quarrels as it is to have another man taken out of productive industry and devote his time to fighting national quarrels."

While the Commercial Travelers' Association is trying to do away with tips, along comes a man whom the newspapers headline as a "one-day millionaire," who says his principle in the matter of tips is, "For every cent I spend I give away the same amount in tips." What can the commercial travelers do toward reforming waiters when spendthrifts like that are at large?

The Alps are becoming a great winter resort, though heretofore they have been known principally to the summer tourist. Abundant sunshine, exhilarating atmosphere, and freedom from cutting winds are the meteorological attractions, and the winter sports of tobogganing, ski-ing, curling, and bob-sleighing furnish exciting outdoor diversions. The newly discovered efficacy of cold, fresh air for pulmonary troubles has also had its effect in popularizing a winter sojourn in Switzerland.

Spraying large building surfaces with paint applied by a hose instead of with a paint-brush has proved successful as a labor-saving device, and this idea has now been imitated in the "cement gun," which sprays cement instead of paint, and gives a rock-like surface to anything against which it is directed. It has been used on the Panama Canal to strengthen crumbling rock, and may be used to cover frame houses so as to give the appearance of stone.

The director of a Paris newspaper was recently found guilty of corrupting youth, and was sentenced to a year in prison and fined five hundred francs. In a similar case in America the proprietor of a metropolitan newspaper was fined $30,000; this he calmly handed over and then walked out of court. Paris is supposed to be somewhat easy-going as to social sins, but in this matter the comparison is in her favor.

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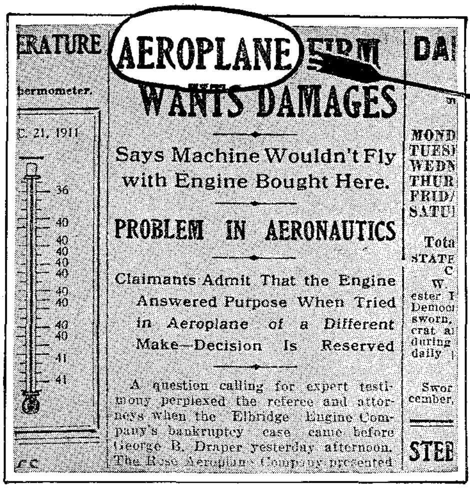

ERATURE

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C. 21, 1911

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AEROPLANE FIRM WANTS DAMAGES

Says Machine Wouldn't Fly with Engine Bought Here.

PROBLEM IN AERONAUTICS

Claimants Admit That the Engine Answered Purpose When Tried in Aeroplane of a Different Make—Decision Is Reserved

A question calling for expert testimony perplexed the referee and attorneys when the Elbridge Engine Company's bankruptcy case came before George B. Draper yesterday afternoon. The Rose Aeroplane Company presented

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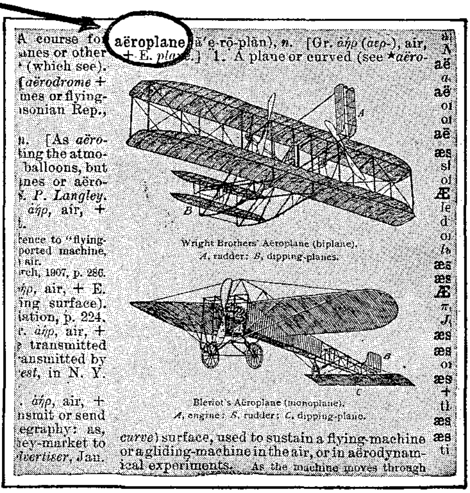

aëroplane (ā′e-rō-plān), *n.* [Gr. ἀήρ (ἀερ-), air, + E. *plane*.] 1. A plane or curved (see ★*aëro-curve*) surface, used to sustain a flying-machine or a gliding-machine in the air, or in aërodynamical experiments. As the machine moves through

Wright Brothers' Aëroplane (biplane).
A, rudder; *B*, dipping-planes.

Bleriot's Aëroplane (monoplane).
A, engine; *B*, rudder; *C*, dipping-plane.

A course fo
anes or other
(which see).
[*aërodrome* +
mes or flying-
nsonian Rep.,

n. [As *aëro-*
ting the atmo-
balloons, but
nes or aëro-
S. P. Langley.
ἀήρ, air, +

ence to "flying-
ported machine,
air.
rch, 1907, p. 286.
ἀήρ, air, + E.
ing surface).
iation, p. 224.
ἀήρ, air, +
transmitted
ansmitted by
est, in N. Y.

ἀήρ, air, +
nsmit or send
egraphy: as,
ey-market to
dvertiser, Jan.

and the

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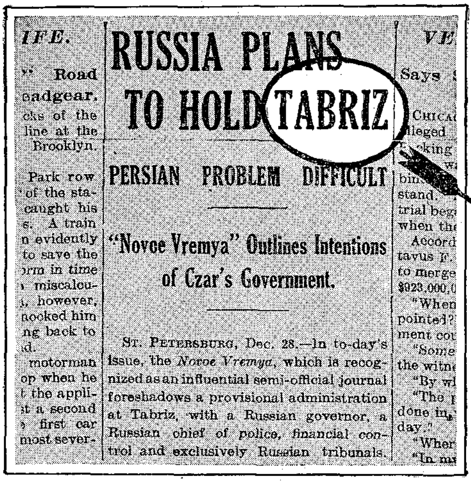

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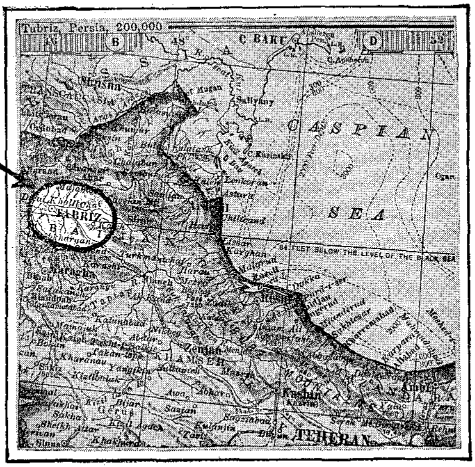

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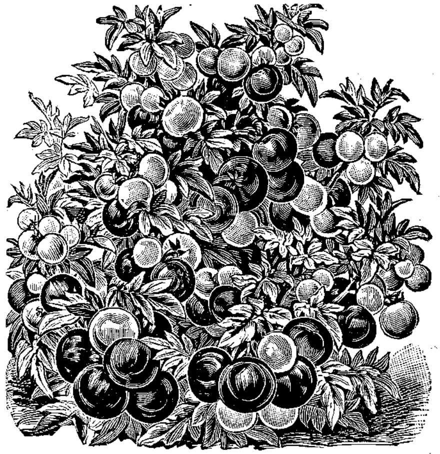

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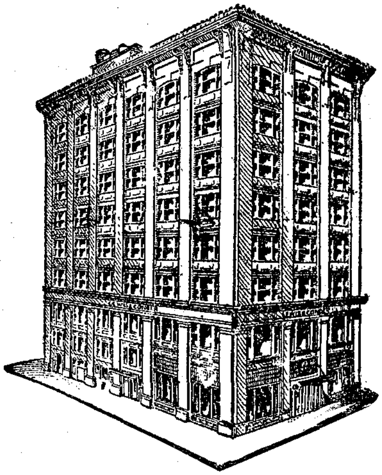

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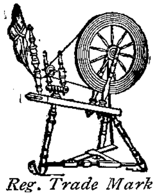

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